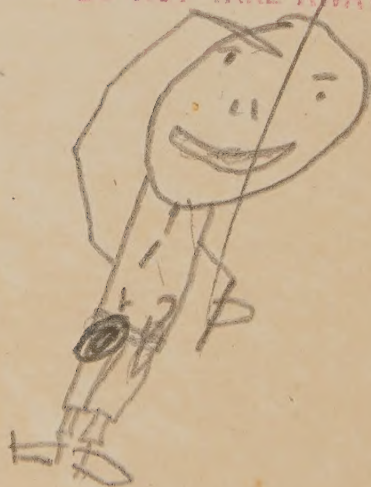


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The Voice of Praise

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THE VOICE OF PRAISE

A Compilation of the Very Best
Sacred Songs for use in

Sunday Schools and Praise Services

. . Edited by . . .

J. LINCOLN HALL, IRVIN H. MACK, C. AUSTIN MILES
and others.

SYNOPSIS of CONTENTS.

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HALL-MACK COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

PHILADELPHIA

1018 and 1020 Arch Street

NEW YORK

156 Fifth Avenue

PREFACE.

"THE VOICE OF PRAISE" REPRESENTS THE HIGHEST ATTAINMENT, OF THE PRESENT AGE, IN THE COMPILATION OF SACRED SONGS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND PRAISE SERVICES. THE SOLE PURPOSE OF THE EDITORS WAS TO COMBINE QUALITY AND VARIETY. THE **QUALITY** OF THE SONGS IN THIS BOOK IS THE HIGHEST ATTAINABLE. THE POEMS ARE **SCRIPTURAL IN CHARACTER**; THE MUSIC EXACTLY SUITED TO THE WORDS. TOGETHER THEY MAKE A HARMONIOUS AND BEAUTIFUL COMBINATION, EASILY LEARNED, LASTING IN USE. THERE IS THE GREATEST **VARIETY** THAT MONEY AND INTELLIGENCE COULD PRODUCE. EVERY SONG OF IMPORTANCE IS IN THIS COLLECTION. NEARLY EVERY AUTHOR IS REPRESENTED. WE FEEL THAT WE HAVE SUCCEEDED IN COMPILING THE MOST SUITABLE AND USEFUL BOOK, FOR THE PURPOSE, EVER ISSUED.

THE EDITORS.

MARCH. 1904.

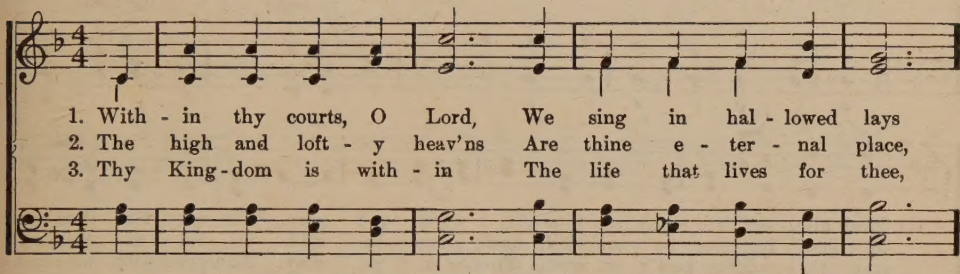
The Voice of Praise.

No. 3.

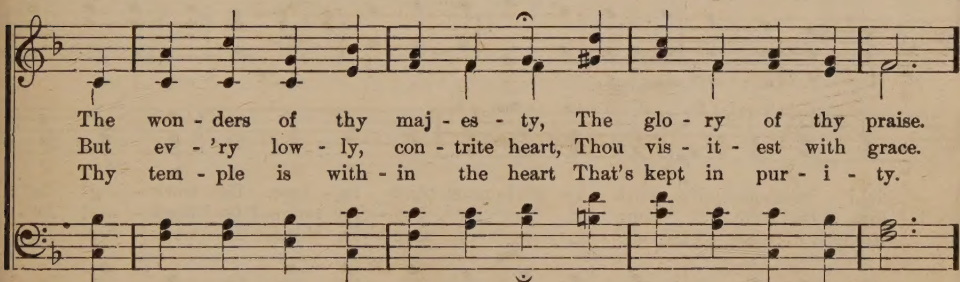
Within Thy Courts.

CHAS. A. HOLMES.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

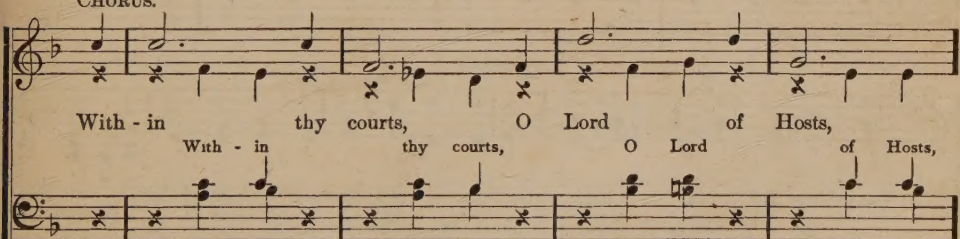


1. With - in thy courts, O Lord, We sing in hal - lowed lays
2. The high and loft - y heav'ns Are thine e - ter - nal place,
3. Thy King - dom is with - in The life that lives for thee,

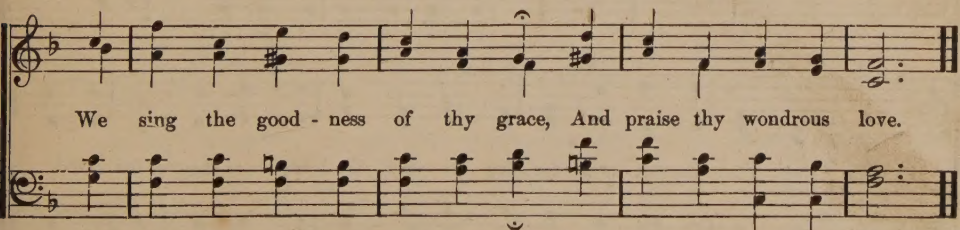


The won - ders of thy maj - es - ty, The glo - ry of thy praise.
But ev - 'ry low - ly, con - trite heart, Thou vis - it - est with grace.
Thy tem - ple is with - in the heart That's kept in pur - i - ty.

CHORUS.



With - in thy courts, O Lord of Hosts,
With - in thy courts, O Lord of Hosts,



We sing the good - ness of thy grace, And praise thy wondrous love.

Working, Watching, Praying.

POWELL G. FITHIAN.

1. Go forth! Go forth for Je - sus now, Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! The
2. Go forth! Go forth to all the world! O stay - not! De - lay - not, But
3. Go forth! Let heart and hand be strong! Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! O
Go forth! Go forth!

Lord him - self will teach you how To watch and pray. 'Tis not for thee thy
let love's ban - ner be unfurled, And grace be told. O let re - deeming
stay the mighty pow'r of wrong Wher - e'er ye may. Equipped with love and

field to choose, No work he gives must thou re - fuse, Be work - ing! Be
love be sung, A song of joy on ev - 'ry tongue! Be work - ing! Be
strength di - vine, The vic - to - ry is sure - ly thine, Be work - ing! Be

watching! Be pray - ing! Go forth to work, to watch and pray! 'Tis Je - sus who
Go forth!

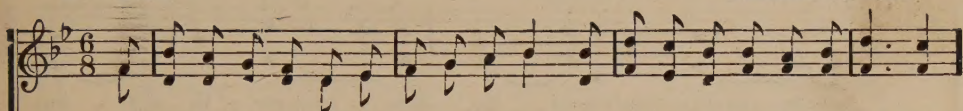
calls thee; The harvest waits for thee to-day, Go bring some sheaves for God.
Go forth!

No. 5.

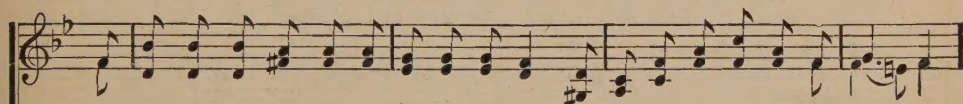
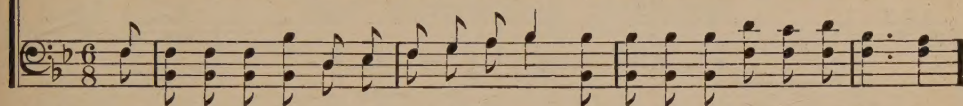
He Keepeth His Promise.

S. C. KIRK.

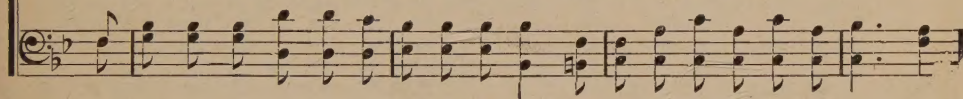
HERBERT J. LACEY.



1. The Lord hath declared and the Lord will perform; "Behold! I am near to de - liv - er,
2. Who seek him shall find him, shall find him today, The word is to all, "who-so-ev - er!"
3. Tho' oft - en my toil seems but la - bor in vain, I leave with the Lord my en - deav - or;
4. My heart may sink low in the depths of its woe, But nev - er, he tells me, O nev - er!
5. The bonds that unite us in earth's dearest ties, The rude hand of Time will dis-sev - er;



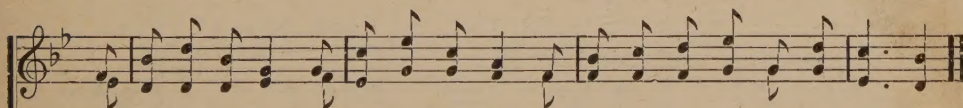
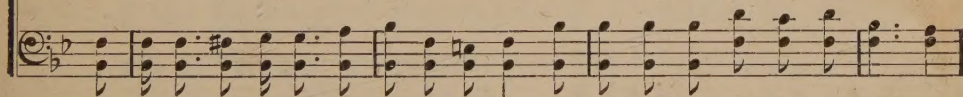
A ref - uge and fortress, a covert in storm;" He keep-eth his promise for - ev - er.
 No soul that en-treat-eth, he turn - eth a - way; He keep-eth his promise for - ev - er.
 I pa - tient - ly wait for the sunshine and rain—He keep-eth his promise for - ev - er!
 The frail, bruised reed will he break; and I know He keep-eth his promise for - ev - er.
 But we shall re - new them a - gain in the skies; He keep-eth his promise for - ev - er!



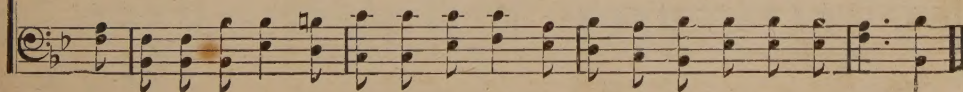
CHORUS.



For - ev - er! For - ev - er! O not for a day! He keepeth his promise for ev - er!



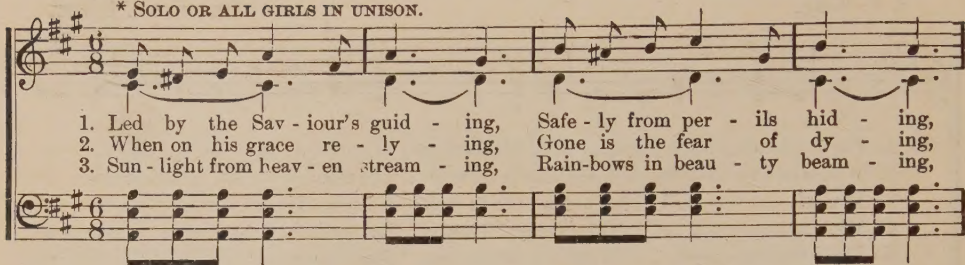
To all who believe, to all who o - bey, He keepeth his promise for - ev - er!



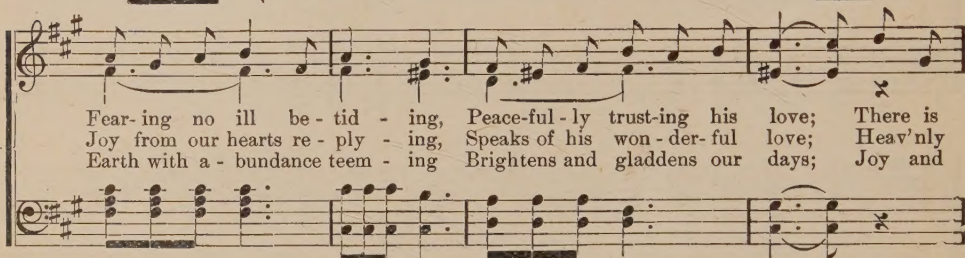
IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

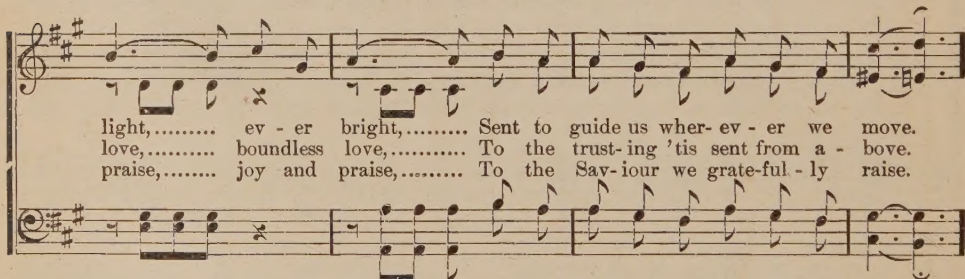
* SOLO OR ALL GIRLS IN UNISON.



1. Led by the Sav-our's guid - ing, Safe - ly from per - ils hid - ing,
 2. When on his grace re - ly - ing, Gone is the fear of dy - ing,
 3. Sun - light from heav - en stream - ing, Rain - bows in beau - ty beam - ing,

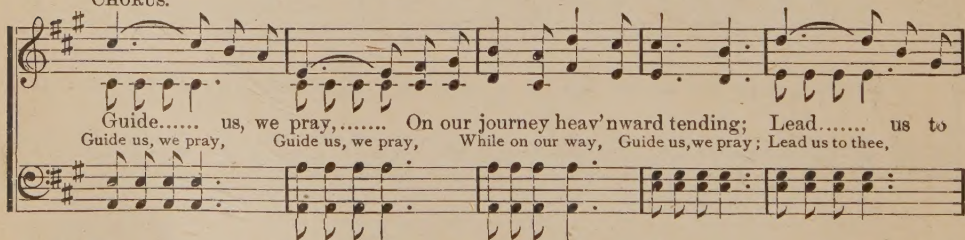


Fear - ing no ill be - tid - ing, Peace - ful - ly trust - ing his love; There is
 Joy from our hearts re - ply - ing, Speaks of his won - der - ful love; Heav'nly
 Earth with a - bundance teem - ing Brightens and gladdens our days; Joy and



light,..... ev - er bright,..... Sent to guide us wher - ev - er we move.
 love,..... boundless love,..... To the trust - ing 'tis sent from a - bove.
 praise,..... joy and praise,..... To the Sav - iour we grate - ful - ly raise.

CHORUS.



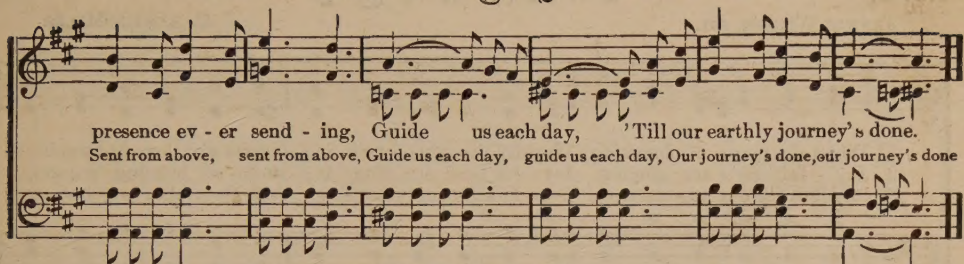
Guide..... us, we pray,..... On our journey heav'nward tending; Lead..... us to
 Guide us, we pray, Guide us, we pray, While on our way, Guide us, we pray; Lead us to thee,



thee,..... As the blossoms seek the sun;..... Light..... on our way,..... From thy
 Lead us to thee Guide us, we pray, Lead us to thee; Light on our way, Light on our way,

* The stanza can be sung as Soprano and Alto duet by repeating sustained notes.

Guide Us, We Pray.—Concluded.



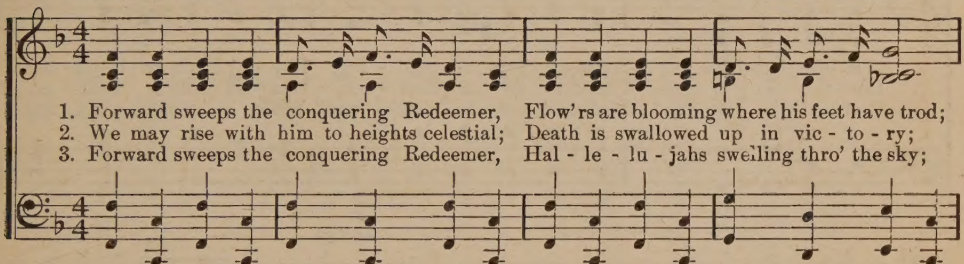
presence ev - er send - ing, Guide us each day, 'Till our earthly journey's done.
Sent from above, sent from above, Guide us each day, guide us each day, Our journey's done, our journey's done

No. 7.

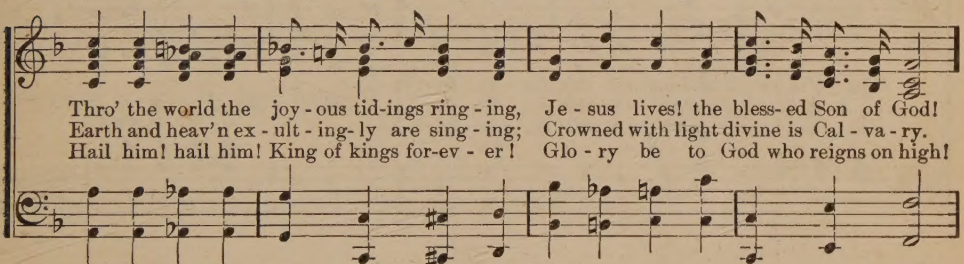
The Conquering Redeemer.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

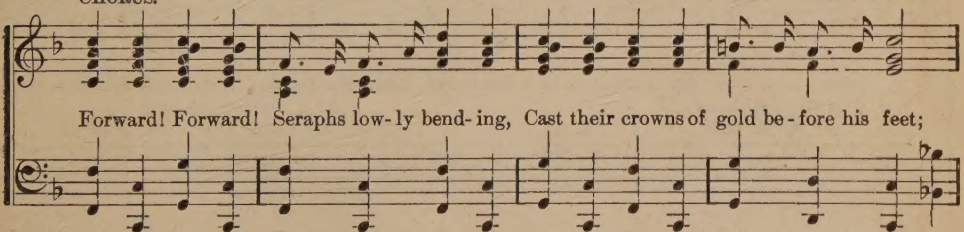


1. Forward sweeps the conquering Redeemer, Flow'rs are blooming where his feet have trod;
2. We may rise with him to heights celestial; Death is swallowed up in vic - to - ry;
3. Forward sweeps the conquering Redeemer, Hal - le - lu - jahs swelling thro' the sky;

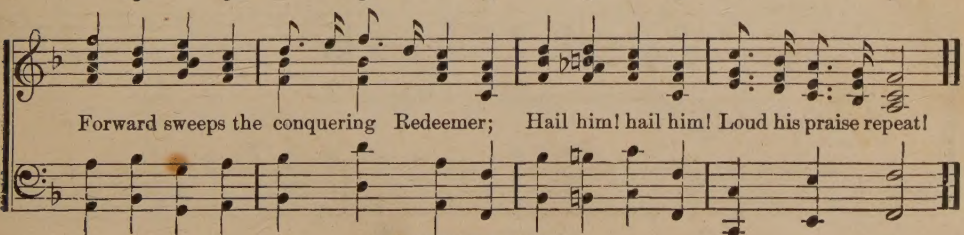


Thro' the world the joy - ous tid - ings ring - ing, Je - sus lives! the bless - ed Son of God!
Earth and heav'n ex - ult - ing - ly are sing - ing; Crowned with light divine is Cal - va - ry.
Hail him! hail him! King of kings for - ev - er! Glo - ry be to God who reigns on high!

CHORUS.



Forward! Forward! Seraphs low - ly bend - ing, Cast their crowns of gold be - fore his feet;



Forward sweeps the conquering Redeemer; Hail him! hail him! Loud his praise repeat!

No. 8.

The Sabbath Day.

JENNIE WILSON, art.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When the morn is breaking, Worldly thoughts forsak- ing, Hearts with love are waking—
2. Joy - ful hearts are singing, Joy - ous bells are ring - ing, Rich - est blessings bringing,
3. Strength for our to - morrow, Com - fort for our sor - row, All from thee we bor - row,

[illegible]

'Tis the Sab-bath Day! Songs of joy as-cend-ing, Hap-py voice-es blend-ing,
On this ho-ly day; Christ to-us is dear-er, Heav-en still is near-er,
Bless-ed, ho-ly day! Pledge of rest re-main-ing, Where is no com-plain-ing,

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. The system concludes with a double bar line.

CHORUS.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff in treble clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing beamed sixteenth notes. The system ends with a double bar line.

Sing of love un-end-ing On this ho - ly day! } O day of rest,..... of joy and
Faith is growing clearer On this ho - ly day! } O day of rest,
Glimpse of heaven gaining On this ho - ly day! }

The first system of musical notation for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of several measures of music, primarily using quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The notation is clear and legible, typical of a printed musical score.

peace!..... An earthly to - ken of heaven's best!..... With joy we
of joy and peace! of heaven's best!

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

hail..... thy welcome dawning, O bless-ed day of rest!
With joy we hail O bless-ed day of rest.

No.

Lead Me.

REV. T. M. EASTWOOD.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. O Fa - ther, when my troubled soul Is toss'd on storm - y sea,
 2. And when the night is drear and dark, So that I can - not see,
 3. When in the cheerless wild - er - ness, I far a - stray may be,
 4. O Fa - ther, lead me all my way, And make my foot - steps free,

When bil - lows roar, and tor - rents pour, Come, Lord, and lead thou me.
 No gleam of star, no moon a - far, Come, Lord, and lead thou me.
 The path un - known, my - self a - lone, Come, Lord, and lead thou me.
 The way to go I nev - er know, Come, Lord, and lead thou me.

CHORUS.

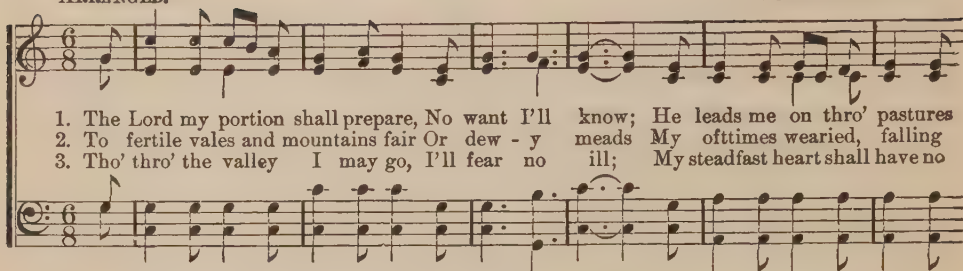
Lead me when the bil - lows roar, Lead me when the torrents
 Lead me when the bil - lows roar, O lead me, Lead me

pour, when the tor - rents pour, O lead me Lead me on the storm - y
 when the tor - rents pour, O lead me Lead me on the storm - y

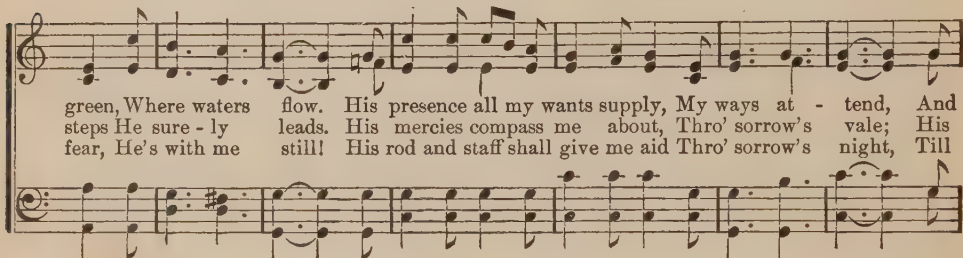
sea,..... Bless - ed Saviour, lead thou me. O lead thou me.
 on the storm - y sea, Bless - ed Sav - iour, lead thou me.

ARRANGED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

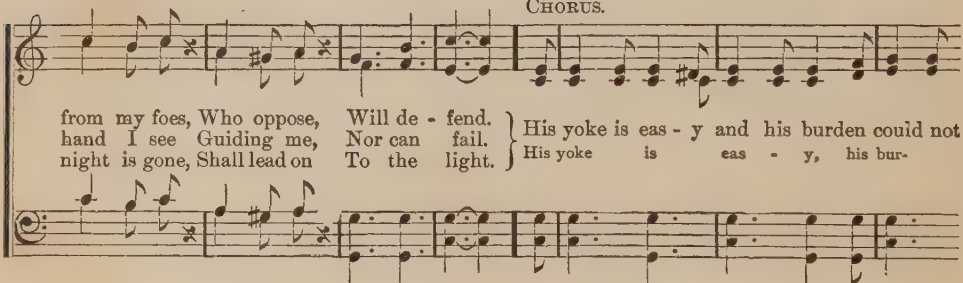


1. The Lord my portion shall prepare, No want I'll know; He leads me on thro' pastures
 2. To fertile vales and mountains fair Or dew - y meads My oft-times wearied, falling
 3. Tho' thro' the valley I may go, I'll fear no ill; My steadfast heart shall have no

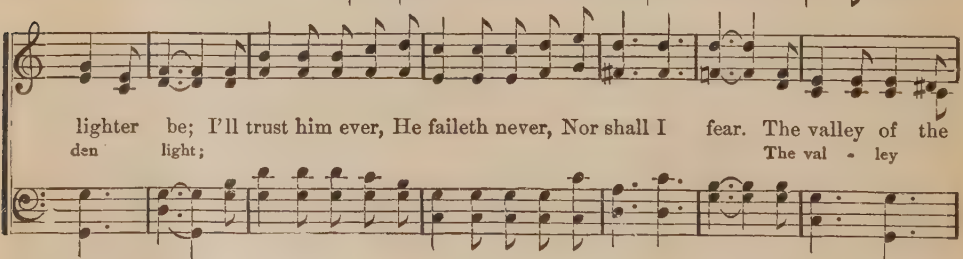


green, Where waters flow. His presence all my wants supply, My ways at - tend, And
 steps He sure - ly leads. His mercies compass me about, Thro' sorrow's vale; His
 fear, He's with me still! His rod and staff shall give me aid Thro' sorrow's night, Till

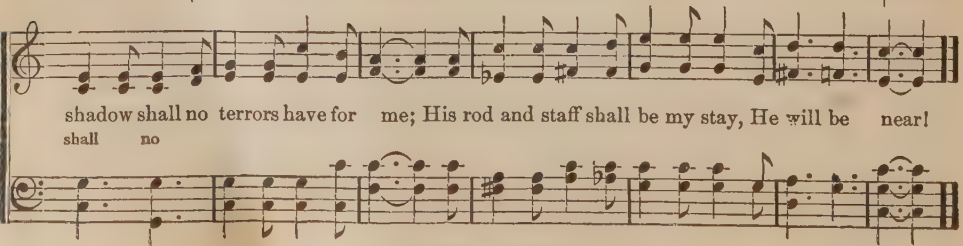
CHORUS.



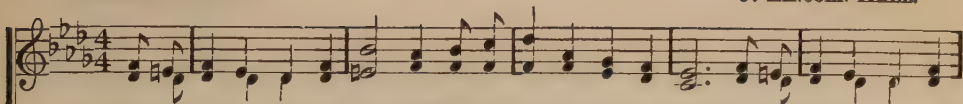
from my foes, Who oppose, Will de - fend. } His yoke is eas - y and his burden could not
 hand I see Guiding me, Nor can fail. } His yoke is eas - y, his bur -
 night is gone, Shall lead on To the light.



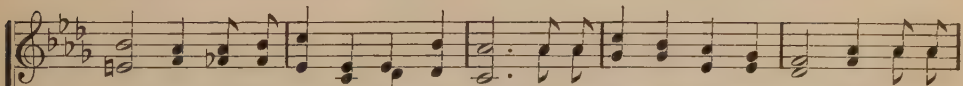
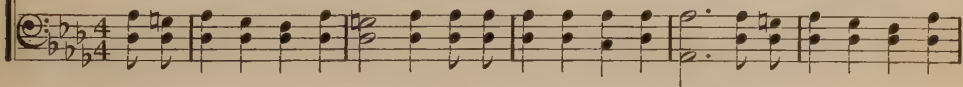
lighter be; I'll trust him ever, He faileth never, Nor shall I fear. The valley of the
 den light; The val - ley



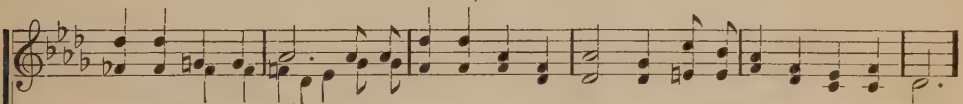
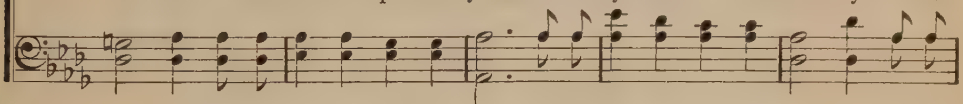
shadow shall no terrors have for me; His rod and staff shall be my stay, He will be near!
 shall no



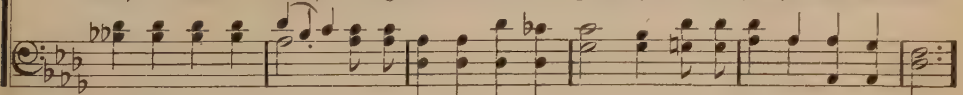
1. When the cares of life are crowding Thick and fast upon your soul, And your light has turned to
2. What a blessing when temptations Come with overwhelming pow'r, And a sin seems O so
3. When our souls are freed from sorrows, And the glad new day has dawned, We shall see with brightened



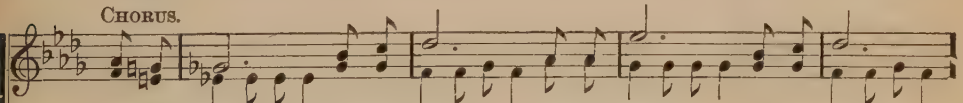
darkness Ere you reach the longed for goal, Let your heart be brave and trusting, While you
lit - tle, In the weakness of the hour, That we have a lov - ing Je - sus By whose
vis - ion Where the dark despairs had yawned. We may look in-to the beau - ty Of his



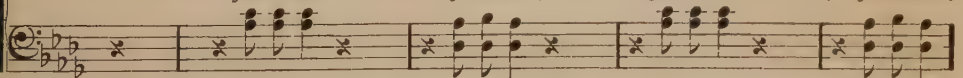
clasp the Saviour's hand; For, no matter what the bur - den, He will surely understand.
grace the soul ex - pands, Gaining strength to meet and conquer, Just because he understands.
face, in that fair land, Seeing all its love and glo - ry When we, too, shall understand.



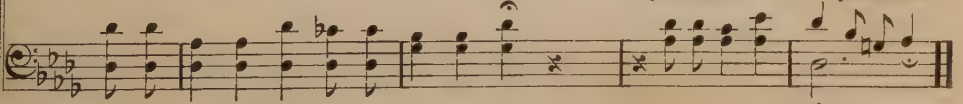
CHORUS.



Just to know Je - sus cares, Just to know Je - sus cares;
Just to know Jesus cares, Just to know Jesus cares;



In the darkest night, O what wondrous light! Just to know he cares.
Just to know Jesus cares.

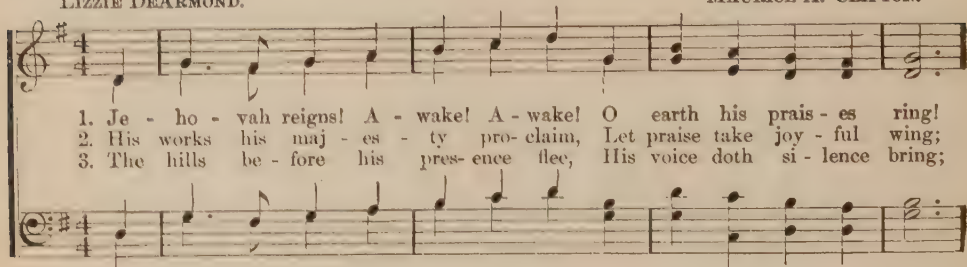


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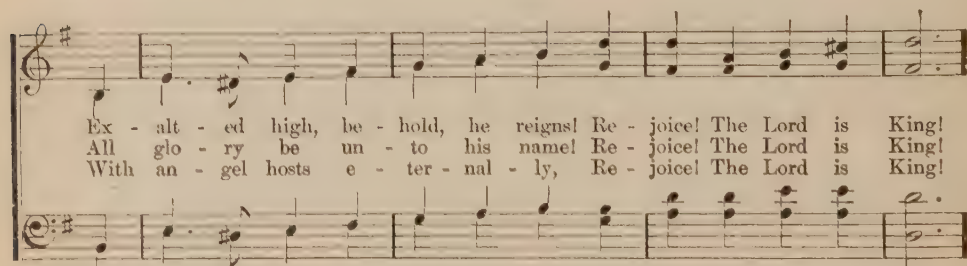
Rejoice! The Lord is King!

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

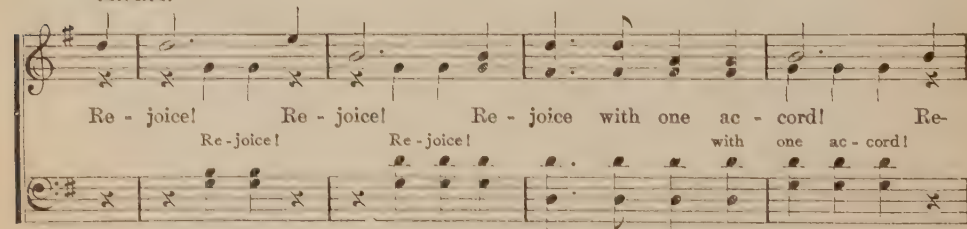


1. Je - ho - vah reigns! A - wake! A - wake! O earth his prais - es ring!
 2. His works his maj - es - ty pro - claim, Let praise take joy - ful wing;
 3. The hills be - fore his pres - ence flee, His voice doth si - lence bring;

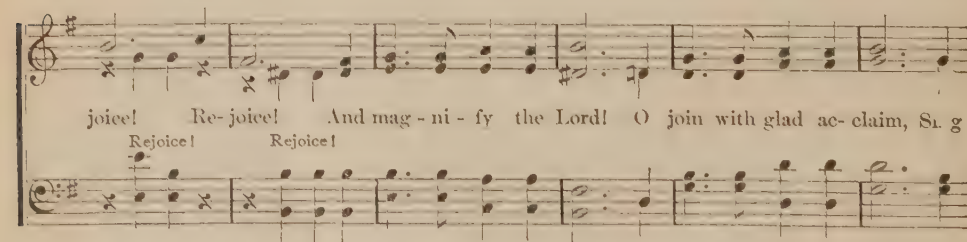


Ex - alt - ed high, be - hold, he reigns! Re - joice! The Lord is King!
 All glo - ry be un - to his name! Re - joice! The Lord is King!
 With an - gel hosts e - ter - nal - ly, Re - joice! The Lord is King!

Chorus.



Re - joice! Re - joice! Re - joice with one ac - cord! Re -
 Re-joyce! Re-joyce! with one ac - cord!



Re-joyce! Re-joyce! And mag - ni - fy the Lord! O join with glad ac - claim, Si - g



Re-joyce! Re-joyce! Re-joyce! The Lord is King!
 Re-joyce! Re-joyce! Re-joyce!

No. 13.

While the Days are Going By.

GEORGE COOPER.

ARTHUR WILTON.

SOLO.

1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher-ish, While the days are go-ing by; There are
 2. There's no time for i - dle scorning, While the days are go-ing by; Let your
 3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by, One by

DUET.

wea - ry souls who per-ish, While the days are go-ing by; If a smile we can re-
 face be like the morning, While the days are go-ing by; O the world is full of
 one we leave behind us, While the days are go-ing by; But the seeds of good we
 x. If a smile, etc.

new, As the jour - ney we pur-sue, O the good we all may do,
 sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes; Help your fall - en brother rise,
 sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will keep our hearts a-glow,

CHORUS.

While the days are go-ing by. Go-ing by, go-ing by,
 Go-ing by, go-ing by

O the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by.
 the good may do,

No. 14.

Fling Abroad the Gospel Banner!

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Fling abroad the gos-pel ban-ner! Let it ev-er be un-furled Till it floats in
 2. Fling abroad the gos-pel ban-ner! Loy-al arm-ies of the King; Where its crimson
 3. Fling abroad the gos-pel ban-ner! Onward un-to vic-to-ry! Emblem of the

GIRLS.

pride and beauty O'er the nations of the world! It shall tell the wondrous sto-ry Of sal-
 folds are gleaming, Hopes unfading it shall bring. Ev-er swiftly on ad-vancing, Hosts of
 cross of Je-sus, Let the world its glory see! Fal-ter not! His cause is glorious! Forward

va-tion, full and free, Bringing joy to all the na-tions, Circling ev'ry land and sea!
 sin shall flee a-way; And the darkness all shall van-ish At the glo-ry of the day.
 go! Rejoice and sing! Ye shall surely be vic-to-rious 'Neath the banner of the King!

CHORUS.

Fling a-broad the gos-pel ban-ner! Let it ev-er be un-furled
 Fling a-broad the gos-pel banner! Let it ev-er be unfurled

Till it floats in pride and beau-ty O'er the na-tions of the world!

Anywhere, Everywhere.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

1. In the work we have to do, We may render service true, An - y-where, ev'ry-
2. There's a need for willing hands, Hearts that heed the King's commands, An - y-where, ev'ry-
3. We will labor not alone, Close to him who guides his own, An - y-where, ev'ry-
Anywhere,

where; We can sow the seeds of love, Spread the sunshine from above, An - y-
where; Need for kindly words and deeds, Ho - ly lives as well as creeds, An - y-
where; In a fel - low-ship so sweet, Toils and triumphs we will meet, An - y-
ev'rywhere;

where, ev-'rywhere. In the name of our blessed Saviour King,
Anywhere, ev'rywhere; Saviour King.

Pressing on, while our glad ho-san-nas ring; He will list-en to our
gladly ring;

prayer, Give us strength to do and dare, And the gos-pel banner bear An-y-where.

Let the Gospel Light Shine Out.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Standing, like a lighthouse, on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of
 2. There are human shipwrecks ly - ing all around; O what mor - al darkness
 3. Do not let the bush - el cov - er up your light, Keep your Lamp in or - der,
 4. Try to live for Je - sus till this life is o'er, For a - long this pathway

dark - ness, sin and crime, O - pen up your windows, there's a work sublime:
 ev - 'rywhere is found! Warn some oth - er ves - sels off from dang'rous ground:
 trimmed and burning bright; Try to be a bless - ing, bright - en up the night:
 you will pass no more; Till he bids you welcome on the oth - er sho - e,

CHORUS.
 Let the gos - pel light shine out..... Let the gos - pel light shine

out, shine out, Let the gos - pel light shine out; While your lamp is
 shine out; shine out;

burn - ing, keep the win - dows clean, Let the gos - pel light shine out.

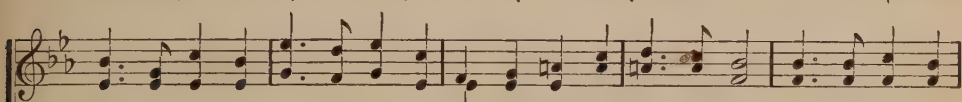
Church of Jesus.

IRVIN H. MACK.

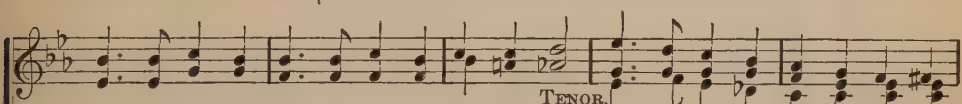
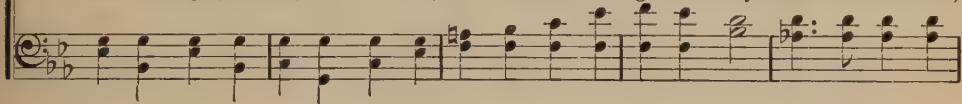
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Church of Je - sus on - ward mov - ing O - ver time's de - cay - ing years,
 2. Church of Je - sus, host un - numbered, Yet to know a sure in - crease,
 3. Church of Je - sus we will fol - low, Let the en - sign blaze the way,



Haste, ye peo - ple, up and do - ing, Till the Christ him - self appears! In the wake be -
 Ev - er on to great - er glo - ry, Led by love that can - not cease! More and more, yea,
 Out of night, of sin, of sor - row, Lo! it leads to glo - rious day! Past the low - lands,



TENOR.

hold upspring - ing Life e - ter - nal, beau - ty rare! Lo, the blind by sight re - vealing,
 more they're coming, Hastening on from ev'ry land; This, the blood - wash'd throng triumphant,
 o'er the hill - side, Soon the high - er ground is trod, To the sparkling dayspring fountains,

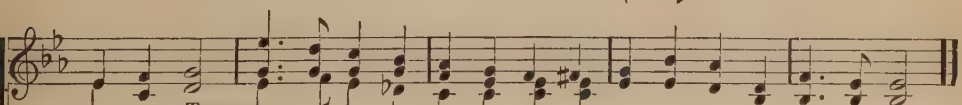


INST.



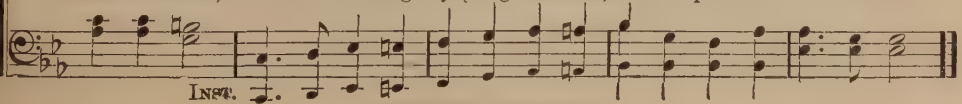
CHORUS.

Lib - er - a - tion from de - spair! }
 Soon before God's throne shall stand. } Church of Je - sus! Church of Je - sus! Follow where the
 To the pres - ence of our God. }



TENOR.

saints have trod, To the sparkling dayspring fountains, To the pres - ence of our God.



INST.

No. 18.

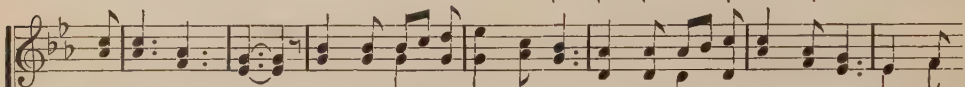
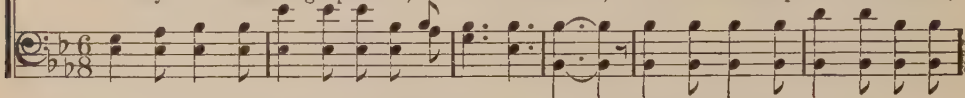
When Love Shines In.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

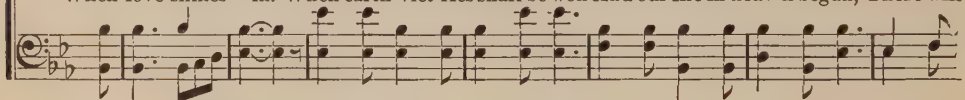
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



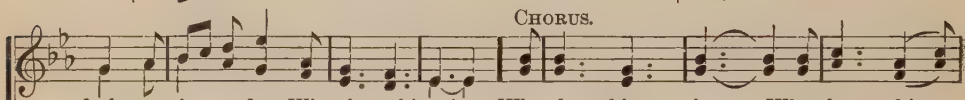
1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev'ry life that woe can sadden,
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart rejoice in duty,
3. Darkest sorrows will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest burden, lighter,
4. We may have unfading splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship true and tender,



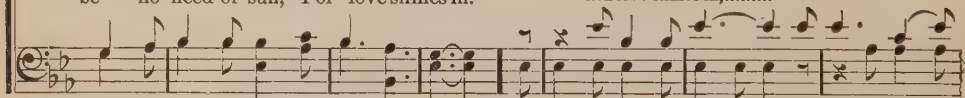
When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray; Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our
 When love shines in. Trials may be sanc-tified, And the soul in peace abide, Life will
 When love shines in. 'Tis the glory that will throw Light to show us where to go; O the
 When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won And our life in heav'n begun, There will



CHORUS.



darkness in - to day, When love shines in. When love shines in,..... When love shines
 all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in. }
 heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
 be no need of sun, For love shines in. When love shines in,.....



When love shines in when love shines in, When love shines



in, How the heart is tuned to singing, When love shines in;..... When love shines
 When love shines in;..... When love shines



in, When love shines in, when



in,..... When love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
 in,..... when love shines in.



love shines in, When love shines in,

The Golden City.

MINNA FOOTE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There is a cit - y far beyond the skies,..... A heav'nly home with mansions bright and
2. There is no sun to light its streets of gold;..... The Son of God the light thereof shall
3. O strive to reach that golden city's gate,..... In hope press on nor yield to dark de-
4. Some day I'll see that golden city's King,..... Some day I'll walk its streets, its glories

fair, Fill with good deeds each moment, as it flies,..... That you may
be, No mor-tal tongue its beauties e'er has told,..... No mor-tal
spair, Thy Lord and King with an-gel hosts a - wait..... To give his
see, Till then I'll wait and, waiting, ev - er sing..... Glad songs of

CHORUS.*

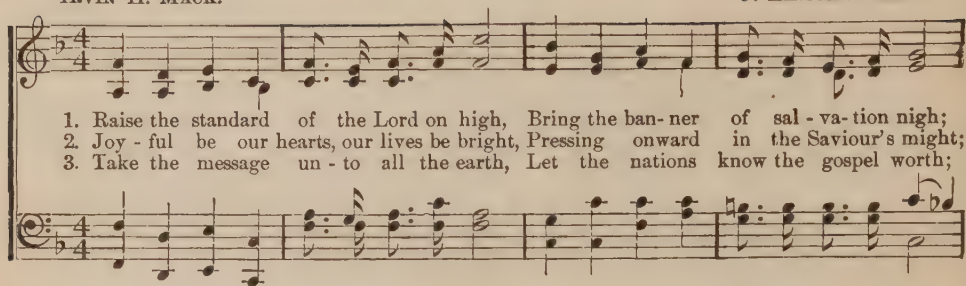
find a treasure waiting there.....
eye its glories e'er shall see..... } O cit-y fair,..... O cit-y bright,.....
own a royal welcome there..... } O cit-y fair, O city bright,
praise to him who waits for me.....

O land of love, where Je-sus is the light,..... There is no death.....
O land of love, he is the light,

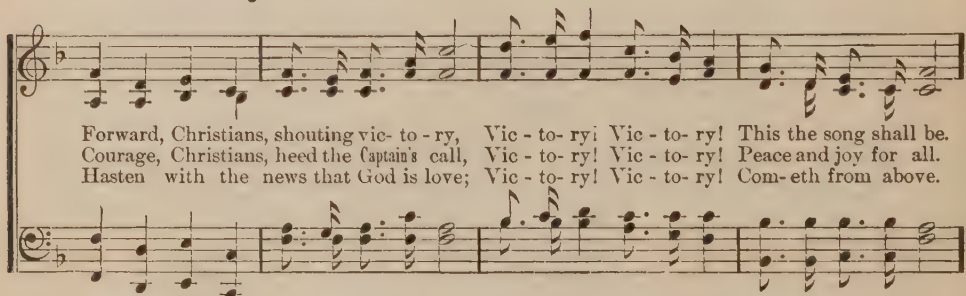
rit.
nor parting there,..... In that blest home, the golden cit-y fair.....
nor parting there, in that blest home, the gold-en, golden cit-y fair.

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* Melody in large notes; upper notes for instrument; alto in small notes, to be sung an octave lower.

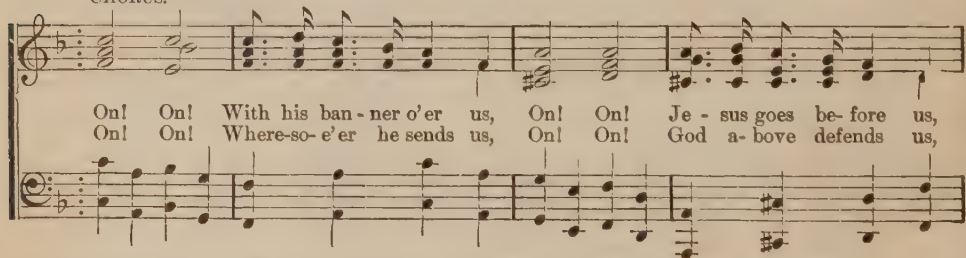


1. Raise the standard of the Lord on high, Bring the banner of sal - va - tion nigh;
 2. Joy - ful be our hearts, our lives be bright, Pressing onward in the Saviour's might;
 3. Take the message un - to all the earth, Let the nations know the gospel worth;

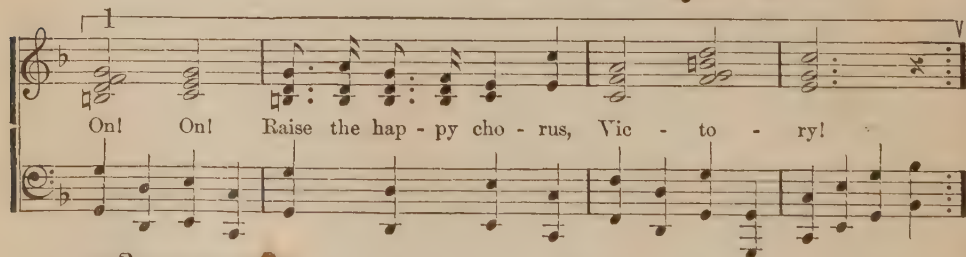


Forward, Christians, shouting vic - to - ry, Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry! This the song shall be.
 Courage, Christians, heed the Captain's call, Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry! Peace and joy for all.
 Hasten with the news that God is love; Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry! Com - eth from above.

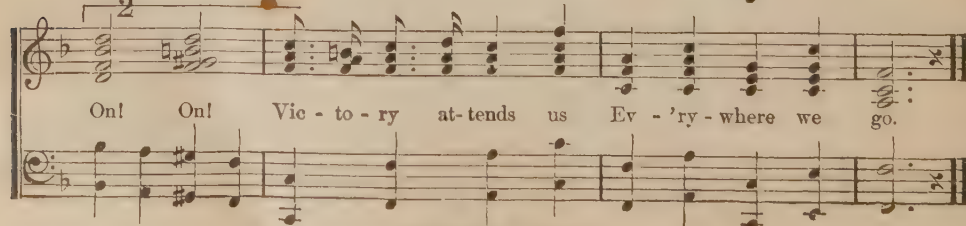
CHORUS.



On! On! With his ban - ner o'er us, On! On! Je - sus goes be - fore us,
 On! On! Where - so - e'er he sends us, On! On! God a - bove defends us,



1
 On! On! Raise the hap - py cho - rus, Vic - to - ry!

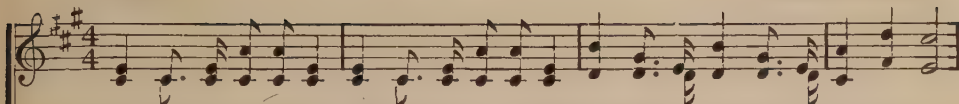


2
 On! On! Vic - to - ry at - tends us Ev - 'ry - where we go.

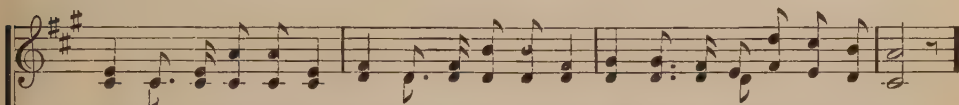
Sing, Ye Ransomed.

ARRANGED.

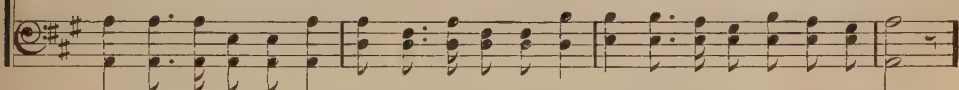
C. AUSTIN MILES.



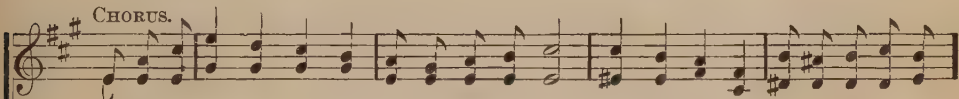
1. Praise unto thee we sing, Who, only, art the King, Songs we will raise un - to thee this day;
2. Thou who hast trod the road, Thou who hast borne the load Sin laid on thee, who no sin hath known,
3. No earthly crown was thine, O Son of God divine, Yet in our hearts thou shalt reign alone;
4. An - gels before thee now Low-ly in worship bow, We would exalt thee as hosts a - bove;



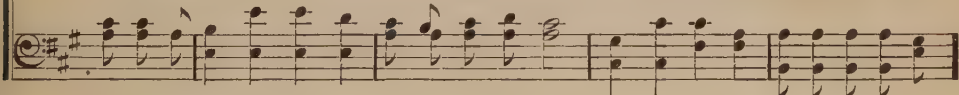
Save us from earthly woe, Guard us from ev-'ry foe, Lead us a-long our earthly way.
 Hear, as to thee we bow, Seek-ing thy fav-or now, Bend-ing be-fore thy heav'nly throne.
 All shall give place to thee, Nor would we ev-er be Seek-ing a fav-or not thine own.
 Thou, on-ly, art the King, Thy glo-ry we will sing, Thee we would praise for thy great love.



CHORUS.



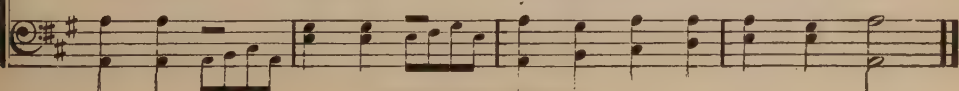
O sing ye ransomed, wake your noblest, sweetest strains, Sound his praises o'er and o'er again;

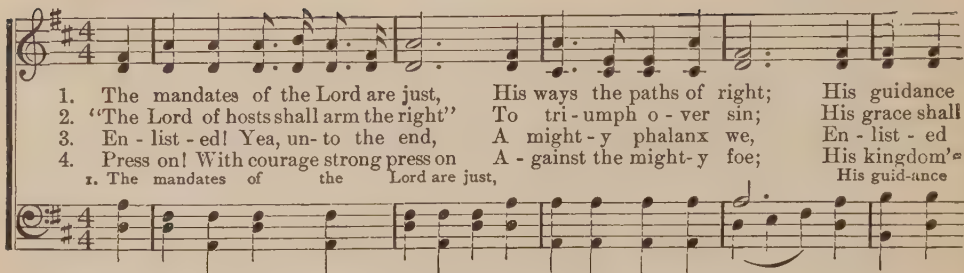


Our King vic-to-rious, glo-rious, Ov-er ev-'ry foe shall vic-tor be,



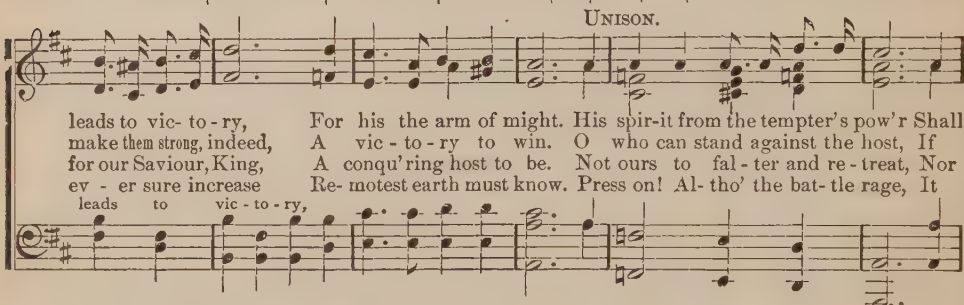
Praise him, praise him, He shall reign e-ter-nal-ly.





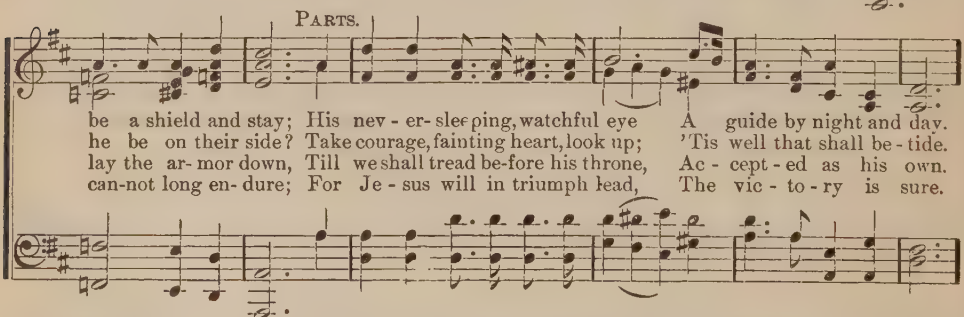
1. The mandates of the Lord are just, His ways the paths of right; His guidance
 2. "The Lord of hosts shall arm the right" To tri-umph o-ver sin; His grace shall
 3. En-list-ed! Yea, un-to the end, A might-y phalanx we, En-list-ed
 4. Press on! With courage strong press on, A-gainst the might-y foe; His kingdom's
 r. The mandates of the Lord are just, His guid-ance

UNISON.



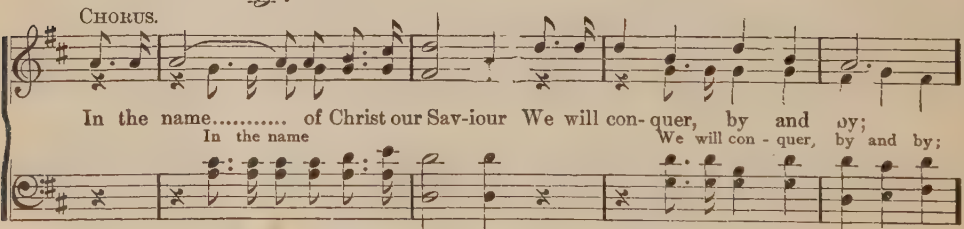
leads to vic-to-ry, For his the arm of might. His spir-it from the tempter's pow'r Shall
 make them strong, indeed, A vic-to-ry to win. O who can stand against the host, If
 for our Saviour, King, A conqu'ring host to be. Not ours to fal-ter and re-treat, Nor
 ev-er sure increase Re-motest earth must know. Press on! Al-tho' the bat-tle rage, It
 leads to vic-to-ry,

PARTS.

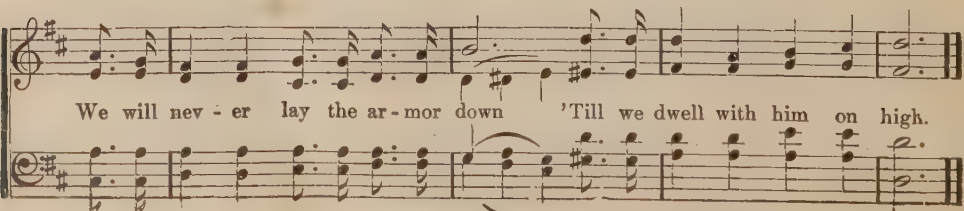


be a shield and stay; His nev-er-sleeping, watchful eye A guide by night and day.
 he be on their side? Take courage, fainting heart, look up; 'Tis well that shall be-tide.
 lay the ar-mor down, Till we shall tread be-fore his throne, Ac-cept-ed as his own.
 can-not long en-dure; For Je-sus will in triumph lead, The vic-to-ry is sure.

CHORUS.



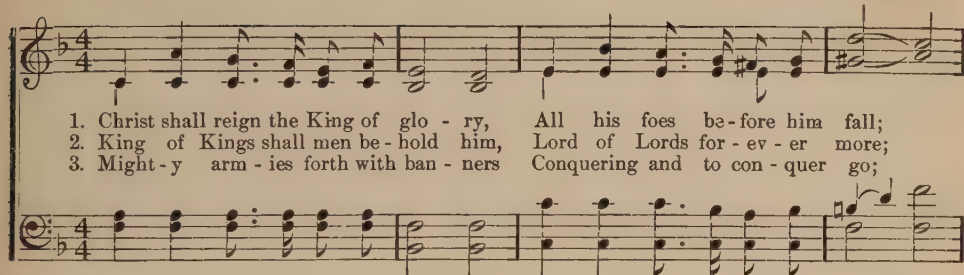
In the name..... of Christ our Sav-iour We will con-quer, by and oy;
 In the name We will con-quer, by and by;



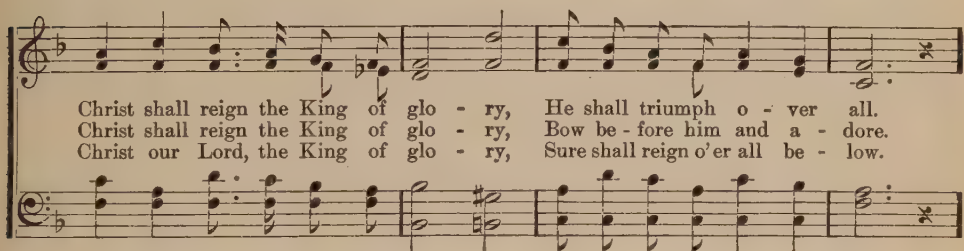
We will nev-er lay the ar-mor down 'Till we dwell with him on high.

ARRANGED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

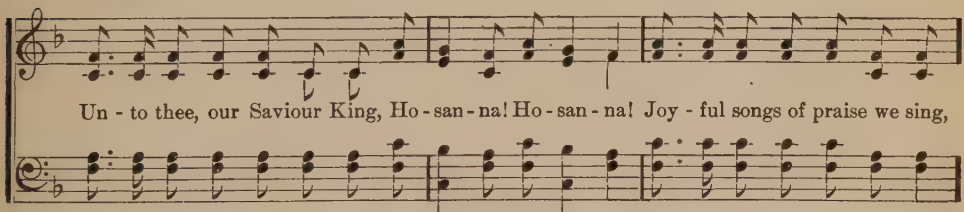


1. Christ shall reign the King of glo - ry, All his foes be-fore him fall;
 2. King of Kings shall men be-hold him, Lord of Lords for-ev-er more;
 3. Might-y arm-ies forth with ban-ners Conquering and to con-quer go;

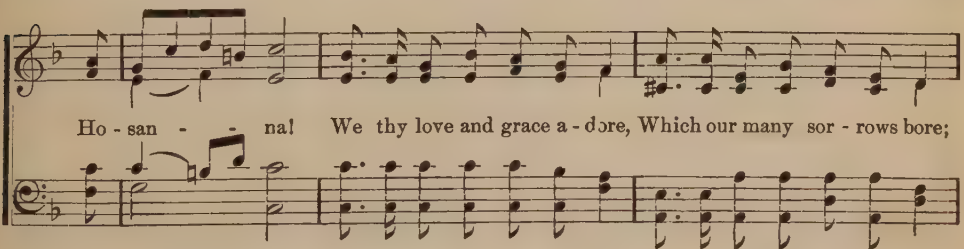


Christ shall reign the King of glo - ry, He shall triumph o - ver all.
 Christ shall reign the King of glo - ry, Bow be-fore him and a - dore.
 Christ our Lord, the King of glo - ry, Sure shall reign o'er all be - low.

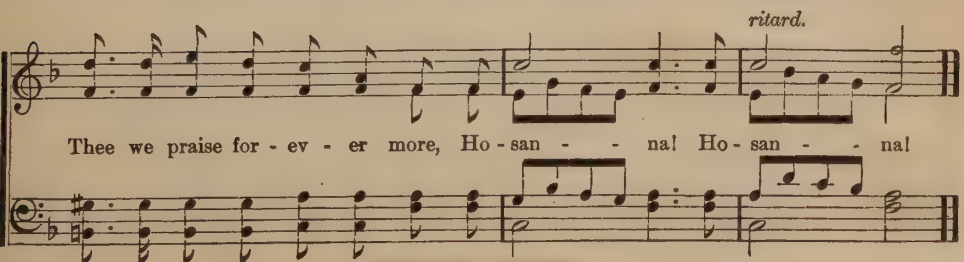
CHORUS.



Un - to thee, our Saviour King, Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! Joy - ful songs of praise we sing,



Ho-san - na! We thy love and grace a - dore, Which our many sor - rows bore;



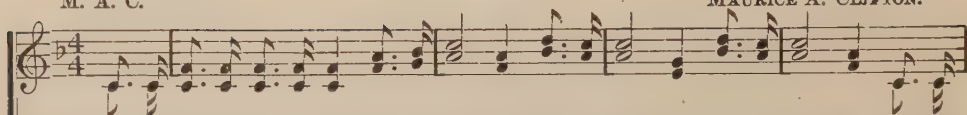
Thee we praise for-ev-er more, Ho-san - - na! Ho-san - - na!

No. 24.

To the Harvest.

M. A. C.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

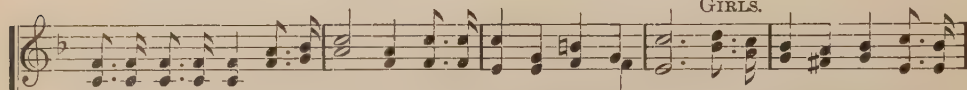


1. Hear the Master's earnest call, "To the harvest;" To the harvest, to the harvest; Hasten,
2. Hear the reapers loudly cry, "To the harvest;" To the harvest, to the harvest; Soon the
3. We will come, O blessed Lord, to the harvest; To the harvest, to the harvest; We will

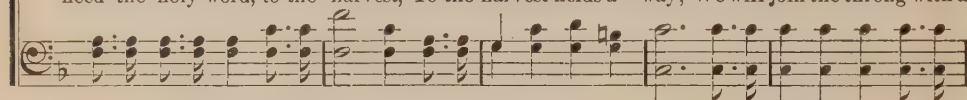
To the harvest, to the harvest;



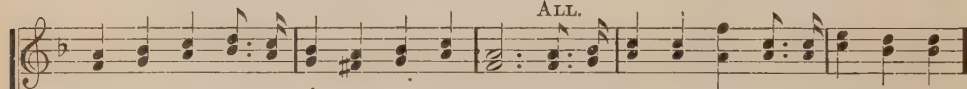
GIRLS.



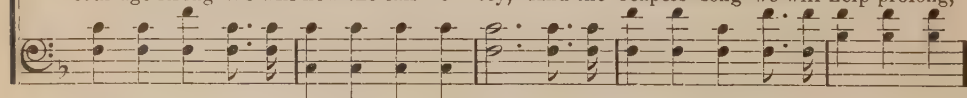
ere the shadows fall, to the harvest, To the harvest fields a-way; Work with patience there in the
 sea - son passeth by—to the harvest, To the harvest fields a - way; There is work to do, there is
 heed the holy word, to the harvest, To the harvest fields a - way; We will join the throng with a



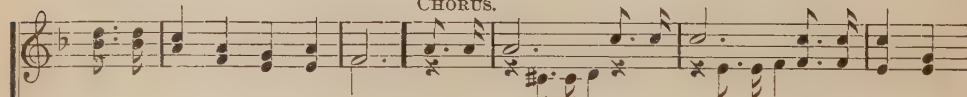
ALL.



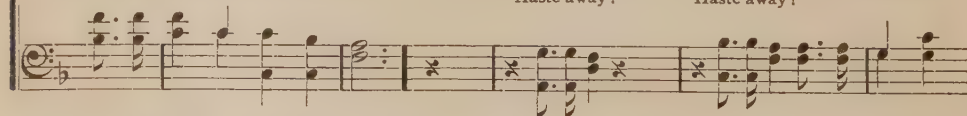
fields so fair, Reap the golden grain to - day; Soon will sink the sun, ere the work is done,
 work for you, Join the reapers while you may; Haste to do your part, go with willing heart,
 courage strong We will now the call o - bey, And the reapers' song we will help prolong,



CHORUS.



To the harvest fields a - way. Haste a - way! Haste a - way! To the harvest
 Haste away! Haste away!



fields a - way! Soon will sink the sun, ere the work is done, To the harvest fields a - way!
 haste away!



No. 25.

Victory for Jesus.

S. C. KIRK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O ye her-alds, take good cour-age! Yield ye not, nor faint, but pray! For the
 2. As the air the wide earth cir-cles, As the sea from pole to pole, Shall the
 3. Not un-til the waves have rounded Ev-'ry land from sea to sea; Not un-

gos-pel waves are mov-ing, Mov-ing on-ward day by day; You may hear the
 gos-pel bil-lows wid-en And the bless-ed ti-dings roll; Roy-al arm shall
 til the song has sound-ed On the ear its mel-o-dy, Shall the her-alds

sound of con-quest, As the bil-lows surge a-long: "There is vic-to-ry for
 not im-pede it; Sa-tan all his pow'rs may lend; For the Lord of hosts hath
 of the sto-ry Cease the good news to pro-claim! Then the world's song shall be

CHORUS.

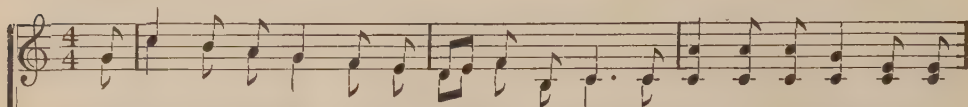
Je-sus" Is the bur-den of the song,
 said it, Ev-'ry knee to him shall bend. } On-ward! On-ward! Hear the billows
 "Glo-ry, Glo-ry be to Je-sus' name!" }

surge a-long! "There is vic-to-ry for Je-sus" Is the bur-den of their song.

No. 26. The Story of Jesus is Sweeping Along!

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

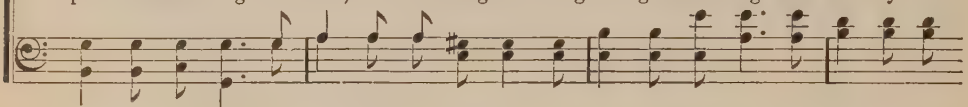
J. LINCOLN HALL.



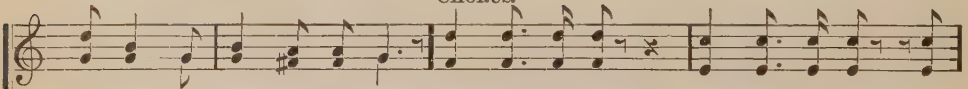
1. Ye lands, where the flag of the Lord is unfurled, Re-joice, for it soon shall en-
2. The pow'r of the wrong shall at last be o'erthrown; The na-tions in darkness for
3. Go for-ward with cour-age, ye hosts of the King; Press on till the world with his



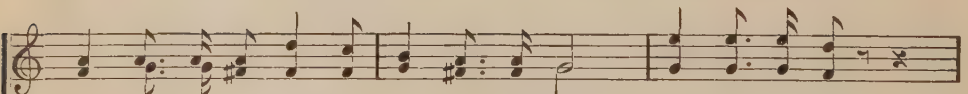
cir-cle the world! In glad in-vi-ta-tion and soul-stir-ring song The sto-ry of
Christ shall be won! All lands shall in cho-rus u-nite in the song; The sto-ry of
prais-es shall ring! Fear not, for his kingdom is growing more strong! The sto-ry of



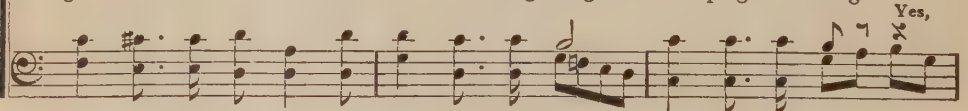
CHORUS.



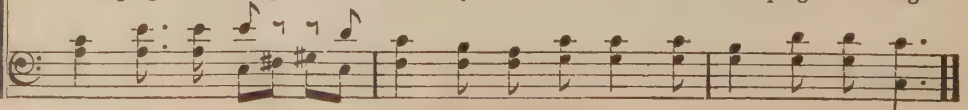
Je-sus is sweep-ing a-long! Sweep-ing a-long! Yes, Sweep-ing a-long! In



glad in-vi-ta-tion and soul-stir-ring song! Sweep-ing a-long! Yes,



Sweep-ing a-long! The sto-ry of Je-sus is sweep-ing a-long!



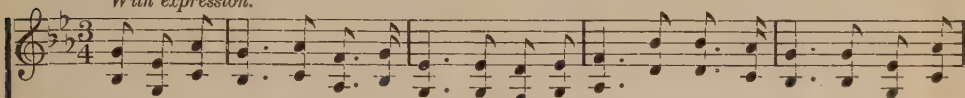
No. 27.

He Did Not Die in Vain.

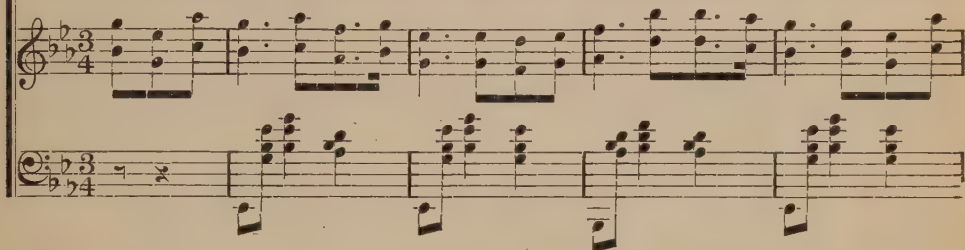
MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

DUET FOR MEZZO SOPRANO AND TENOR, OR UNISON CHORUS.

With expression.

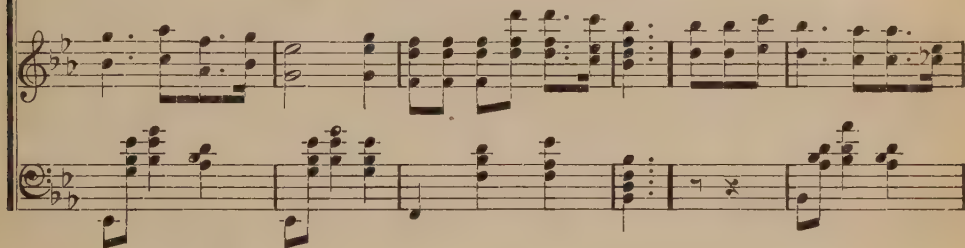
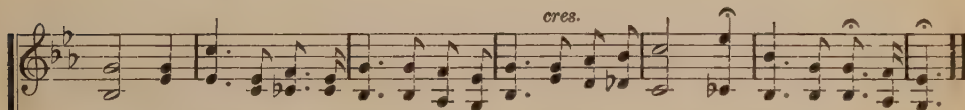
1. My blessed Lord was cru - ci - fied, And day was dark, and grief was wide, For hope was
2. He brings his great sal - va - tion nigh, And on his love bids us re - ly; He bought our
3. O wondrous news of life and love! That Je - sus lives and reigns a - bove! He made the



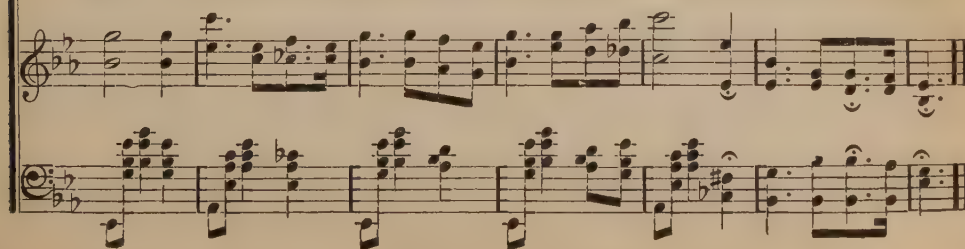
CHORUS.



crushed, and all seemed vain, Un - til the Saviour rose a - gain. } Ring out the bless - ed news a -
 peace thro' grief and pain; But O! He did not die in vain! }
 path to glo - ry plain; Ah, no! He did not die in vain! }

*cres.*

gain! O bear aloft the strain; The mighty Lord is ris'n in pow'r—He died, but not in vain!

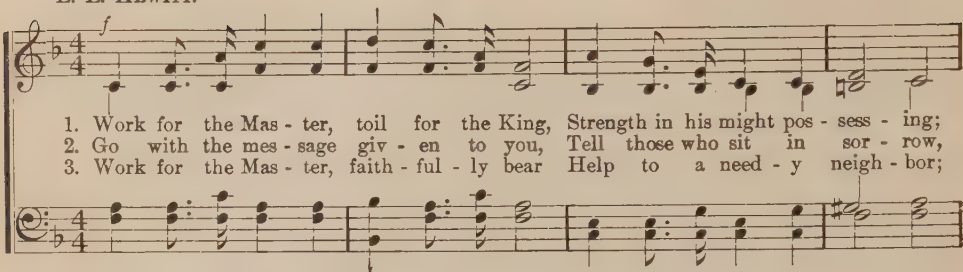


Work for the Master.

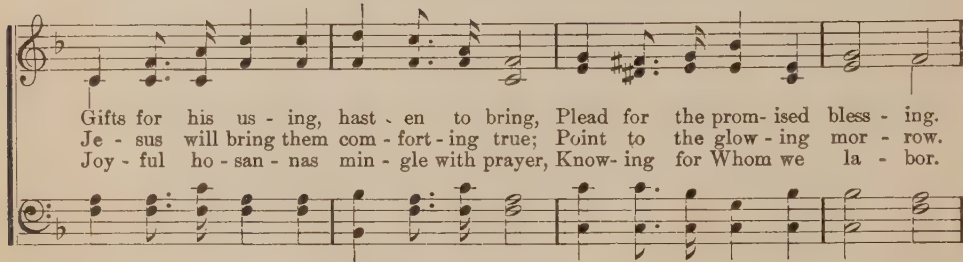
E. E. HEWITT.

G. DONIZETTI.

f

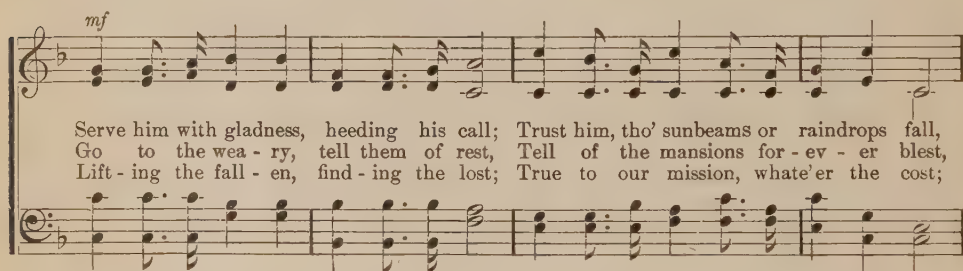


1. Work for the Mas - ter, toil for the King, Strength in his might pos - sess - ing;
 2. Go with the mes - sage giv - en to you, Tell those who sit in sor - row,
 3. Work for the Mas - ter, faith - ful - ly bear Help to a need - y neigh - bor;

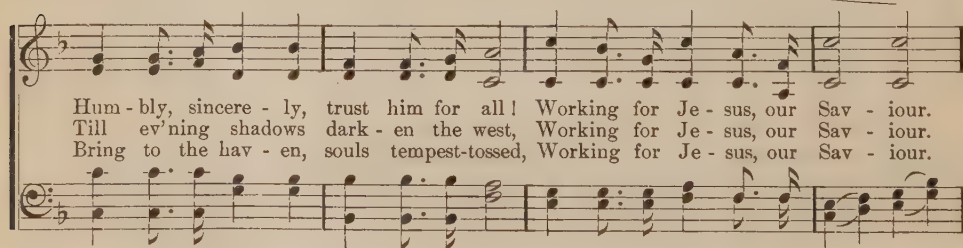


Gifts for his us - ing, hast - en to bring, Plead for the prom - ised bless - ing.
 Je - sus will bring them com - fort - ing true; Point to the glow - ing mor - row.
 Joy - ful ho - san - nas min - gle with prayer, Know - ing for Whom we la - bor.

mf

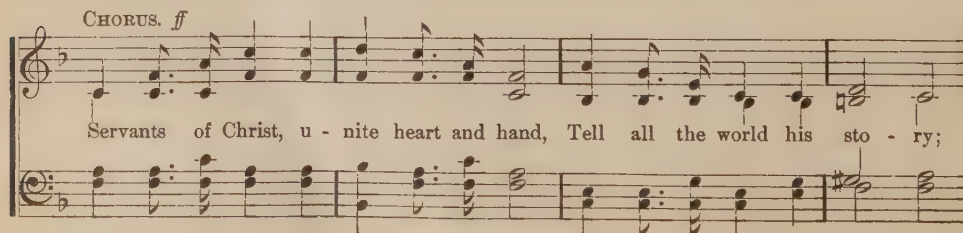


Serve him with gladness, heeding his call; Trust him, tho' sunbeams or raindrops fall,
 Go to the wea - ry, tell them of rest, Tell of the mansions for - ev - er blest,
 Lift - ing the fall - en, find - ing the lost; True to our mission, whate'er the cost;



Hum - bly, sincere - ly, trust him for all! Working for Je - sus, our Sav - iour.
 Till ev'ning shadows dark - en the west, Working for Je - sus, our Sav - iour.
 Bring to the hay - en, souls tempest-tossed, Working for Je - sus, our Sav - iour.

CHORUS. *ff*



Servants of Christ, u - nite heart and hand, Tell all the world his sto - ry;

Work for the Master.—Concluded.

Glad - ly o - bey his roy - al command; His the kingdom, the pow'r and the glo - ry!

No. 29.

Battling for the Right.

E. E. HEWITT.

EUGENE ARNOLD.

1. Gather 'round the banner of the Lord, our King, Battling for the right, Trusting in his might;
2. Girding on the armor, helmet, shield and sword, Battling for the right, Trusting in his might;
3. Ma - ny fierce temptations, many snares we meet, Battling for the right, Trusting in his might;
4. Whatso - ev - er dangers shall around us throng, Battling for the right, Trusting in his might,

Soldiers of the kingdom, let us glad - ly sing, Trusting in the Saviour's might.
 He will stand beside us, timely help af - ford, While we trust his sav - ing might.
 Plenteous grace is giv - en at the Mer - cy - seat, We will trust his sav - ing might.
 Christ is our sal - va - tion, he our strength and song; Glo - ry to his sav - ing might.

CHORUS.

Joy! Joy! Vic - to - ry we sing! Keeping close to Je - sus ev - er - more! He will
 Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy!

help us ev'ry hour, Give us o - vercoming pow'r, Till we praise him on the golden shore.

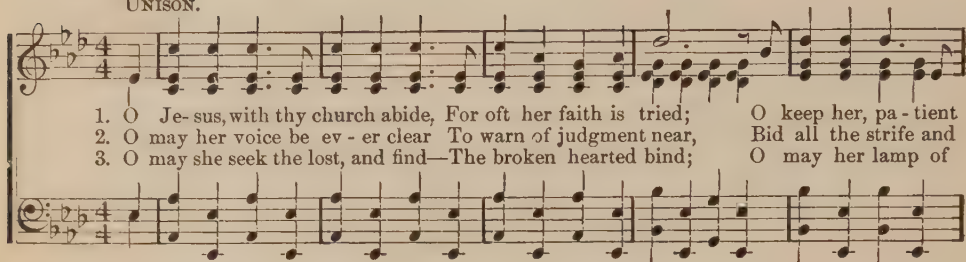
No. 30.

O Jesus, with Thy Church Abide!

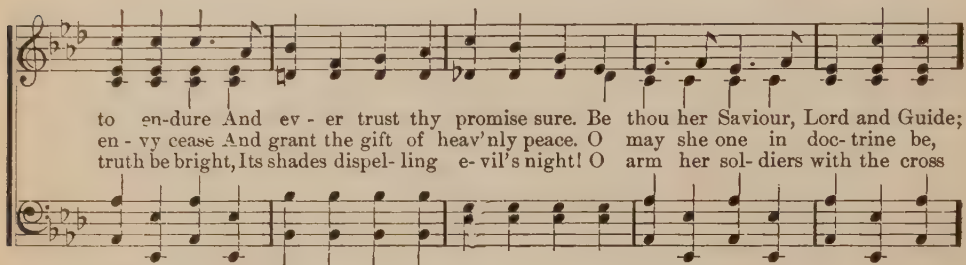
ARRANGED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

UNISON.

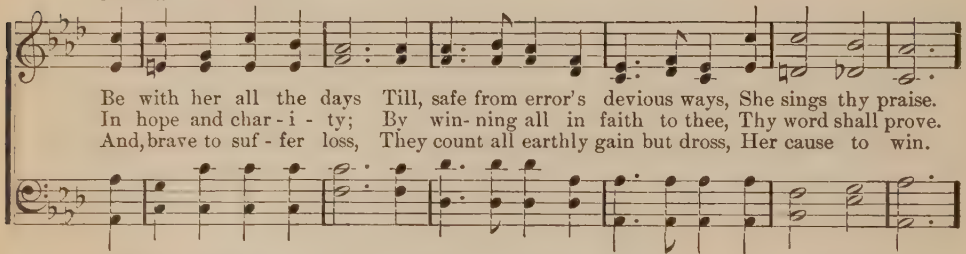


1. O Je-sus, with thy church abide, For oft her faith is tried; O keep her, pa-tient
 2. O may her voice be ev-er clear To warn of judgment near, Bid all the strife and
 3. O may she seek the lost, and find—The broken hearted bind; O may her lamp of



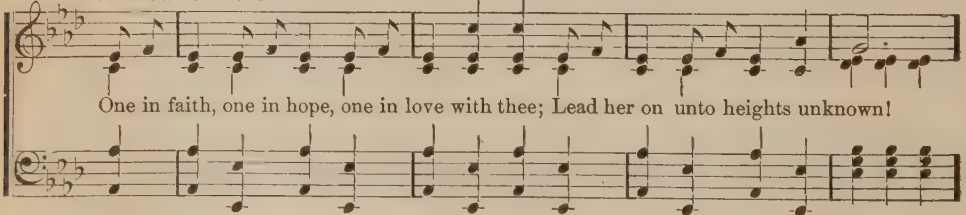
to en-dure And ev-er trust thy promise sure. Be thou her Saviour, Lord and Guide;
 en-vy cease And grant the gift of heav'nly peace. O may she one in doc-trine be,
 truth be bright, Its shades dispel-ling e-vil's night! O arm her sol-diers with the cross

PARTS.

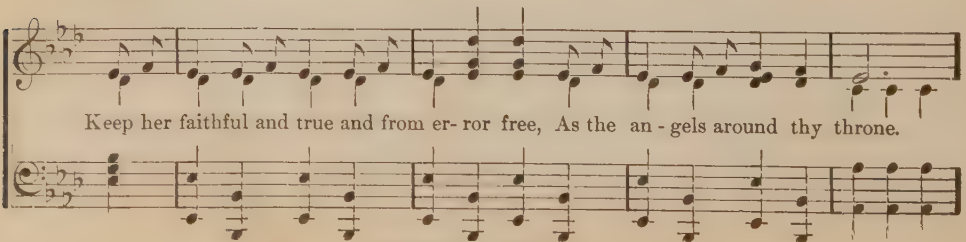


Be with her all the days Till, safe from error's devious ways, She sings thy praise.
 In hope and char-i-ty; By win-ning all in faith to thee, Thy word shall prove.
 And, brave to suf-fer loss, They count all earthly gain but dross, Her cause to win.

CHORUS. UNISON.



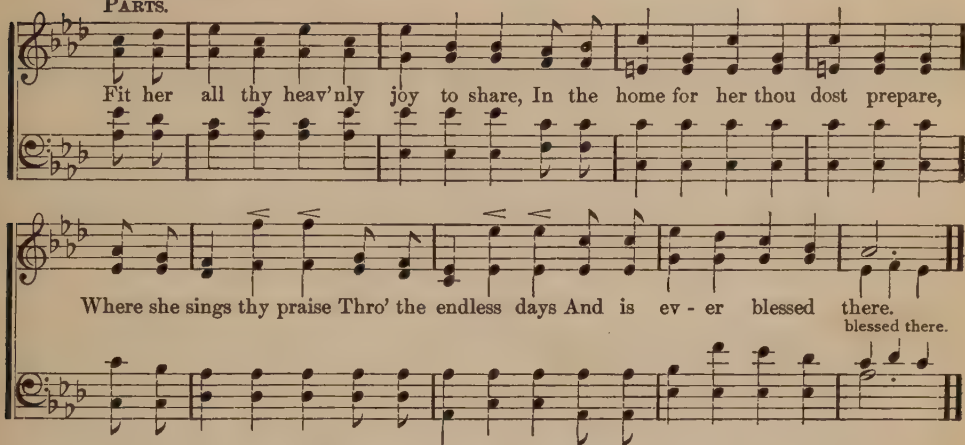
One in faith, one in hope, one in love with thee; Lead her on unto heights unknown!



Keep her faithful and true and from er-ror free, As the an-gels around thy throne.

O Jesus, with Thy Church Abide!—Concluded.

PARTS.



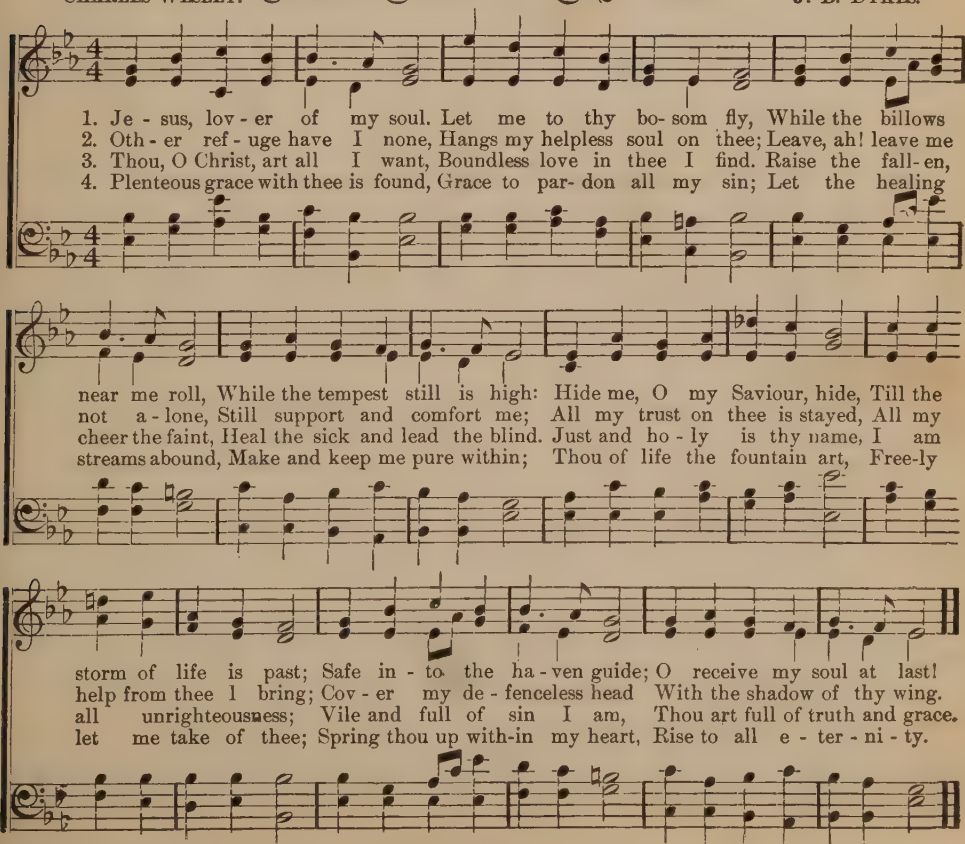
Fit her all thy heav'nly joy to share, In the home for her thou dost prepare,
Where she sings thy praise Thro' the endless days And is ev - er blessed there.
blessed there.

No. 31.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

J. B. DYKES.

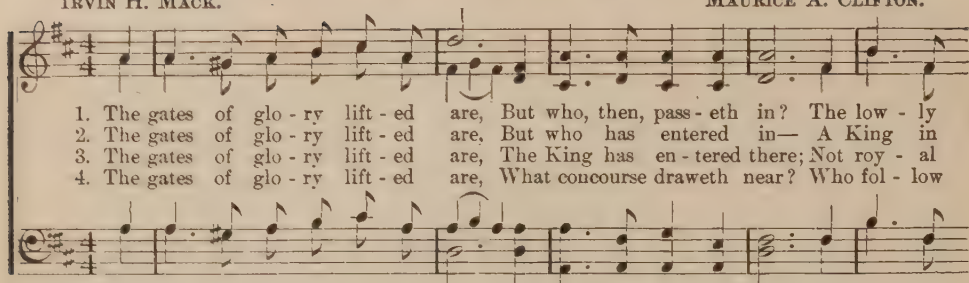


1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul. Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the billows
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, ah! leave me
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, Boundless love in thee I find. Raise the fall - en,
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to par - don all my sin; Let the healing
near me roll, While the tempest still is high: Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the
not a - lone, Still support and comfort me; All my trust on thee is stayed, All my
cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is thy name, I am
streams abound, Make and keep me pure within; Thou of life the fountain art, Free-ly
storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O receive my soul at last!
help from thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.
all unrighteousness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
let me take of thee; Spring thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

The Gates of Glory.

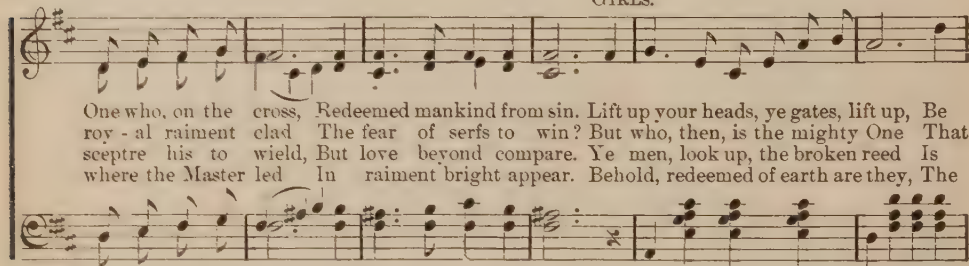
IRVIN H. MACK.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.



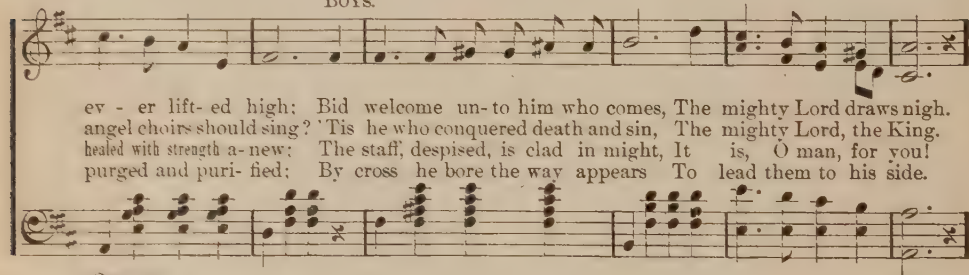
1. The gates of glo - ry lift - ed are, But who, then, pass - eth in? The low - ly
 2. The gates of glo - ry lift - ed are, But who has entered in— A King in
 3. The gates of glo - ry lift - ed are, The King has en - tered there; Not roy - al
 4. The gates of glo - ry lift - ed are, What concourse draweth near? Who fol - low

GIRLS.



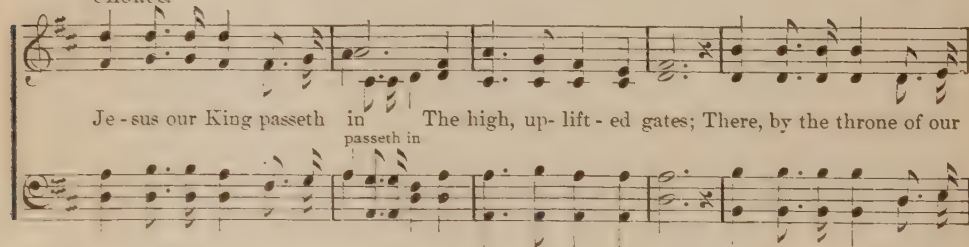
One who, on the cross, Redeemed mankind from sin. Lift up your heads, ye gates, lift up, Be
 roy - al raiment clad The fear of serfs to win? But who, then, is the mighty One That
 sceptre his to wield, But love beyond compare. Ye men, look up, the broken reed Is
 where the Master led In raiment bright appear. Behold, redeemed of earth are they, The

BOYS.

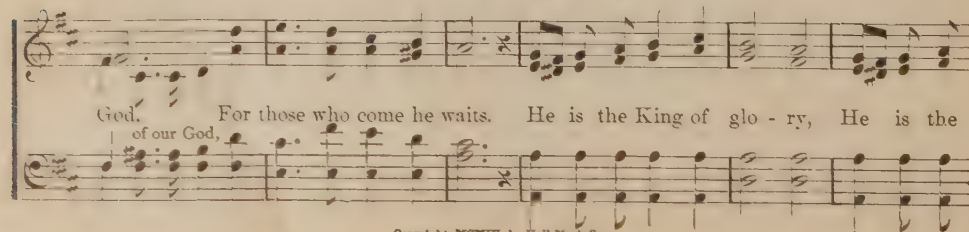


ev - er lift - ed high; Bid welcome un - to him who comes, The mighty Lord draws nigh.
 angel choirs should sing? 'Tis he who conquered death and sin, The mighty Lord, the King.
 healed with strength a - new: The staff, despised, is clad in might, It is, O man, for you!
 purged and puri - fied: By cross he bore the way appears To lead them to his side.

CHORUS.



Je - sus our King passeth in The high, up - lift - ed gates; There, by the throne of our
 passeth in



God. For those who come he waits. He is the King of glo - ry, He is the
 of our God,

The Gates of Glory.—Concluded.

King of glo - ry, The Lord of hosts, The mighty One, He is the King of Glo - ry.

No. 33. Render Gratitude.

IRVIN H. MACK.

ARTHUR WILTON.

1. What shall be giv - en to him who be - stows Blessings unnumbered, but bountiful, free?
 2. Life is a strug - gle; but lo, it is blest, Oft when the hour is most darksome and drear,
 3. Hap - pi - ness comes un - to him that will seek, Peace unto those whom the Saviour hath blest,
 4. Thanks be to him who has given us all, Thanks for the gifts of his wonderful love,

What for the mercies and love that God shows, Giv - en in good - ness to you and to me?
 Com - fort is giv - en; the guidance is sure, Je - sus the Sav - iour in mer - cy is near.
 All that we have has been rendered in love, Je - sus gives comfort and bringeth us rest.
 Thanks unto him ev - er guiding a - right, Leading from darkness to brightness above.

CHORUS.

Ren - der your grat - i - tude un - to the Lord, Ren - der thanksgiving and praise;

'Tis but a lit - tle to give in re - turn, For blessings thro' all of life's days.

No. 34.

Sing to Jesus.

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Sing-ing to Christ our King as we march a-long, Tell-ing his love to all
 2. Tell-ing the sto-ry old, how he died for men, An-gels with harps of gold
 3. Praise him for mercies past, for his lov-ing care, Praise him for blessings giv'n

with a happy, happy song, Praise him with heart and voice all a-long our way,
 tell of how he rose a-gain, Liv-ing in heav'n a-bove, yet on earth be-low;
 we should with the need-y share, Praise him while life shall last, till his face we see,

CHORUS.

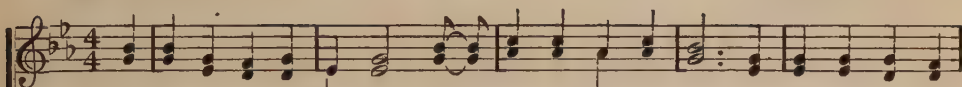
And trust in him for all we need, he guides us ev-'ry day. } Sing, sing,
 His blessings fall up-on us all wher-ev-er we may go. } Sing to Je-sus, sing to Je-sus,
 Then sing his praise thro' endless days, thro' all e-ter-ni-ty. }

Sing to Je-sus ev-'ry day, Sing, sing, Sing to Je-sus all the way;
 Sing to Jesus, sing to Jesus,

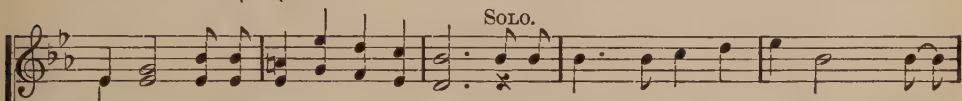
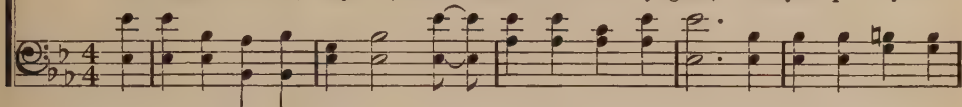
Onward go with hearts aglow and burning with his love, Je-sus who reigns a-bove.

EMILY ROWLAND.

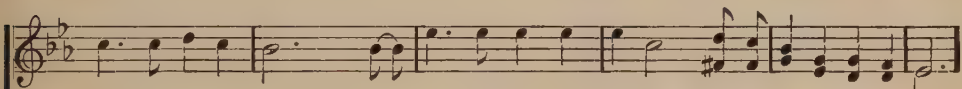
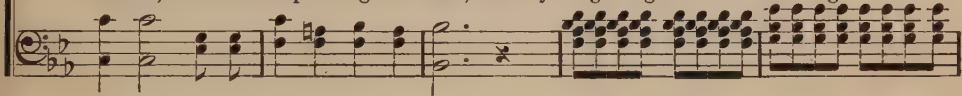
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. I love this world of beau - ty, With its shadowy, state - ly trees, The mov - ing of calm
2. I love this world of mu - sic, The sigh - ing of the trees, The mel - o - dy of
3. Ah! sweet to me my sojourn, Tho' I know its earth - ly grief, The sym - pa - thy that



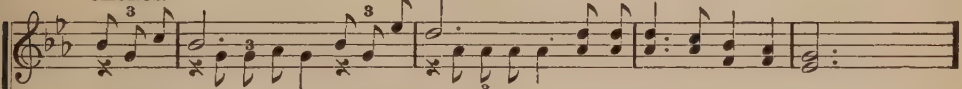
riv - ers, And the maj - es - ty of seas; But mine eyes have seen a vis - ion Which no
 songsters, And the drowsy hum of bees; But my rap - tured ears have list - ened To the
 bless - es, And the help that gives relief; But my long - ing soul is hear - ing A



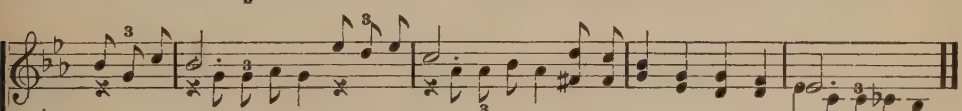
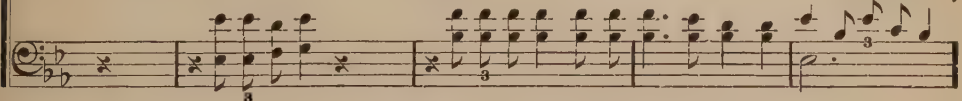
earth-born shadow mars; A vis - ion of the splendor Of my home beyond the stars.
 song 'twixt prison bars Of the o - ver - flowing mu - sic Of my home beyond the stars.
 voice that heals the scars; My Saviour's loving welcome To his home beyond the stars.



CHORUS.



Beautiful home! Beautiful home! Which no shadow ev - er mars;
 Beau - ti - ful home! Beau - ti - ful home! Beautiful home;




Beautiful home! Beautiful home! O my home beyond the stars!
 Beau - ti - ful home! Beau - ti - ful home! Beautiful home.



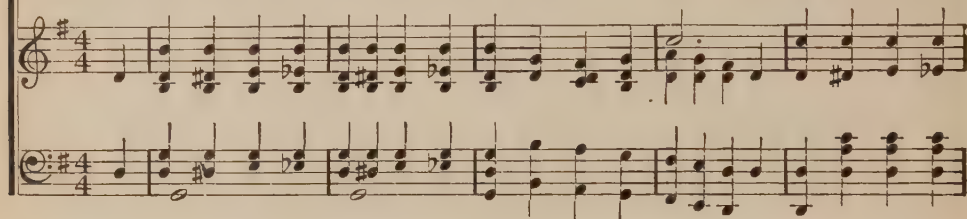
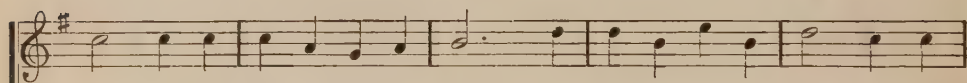
Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

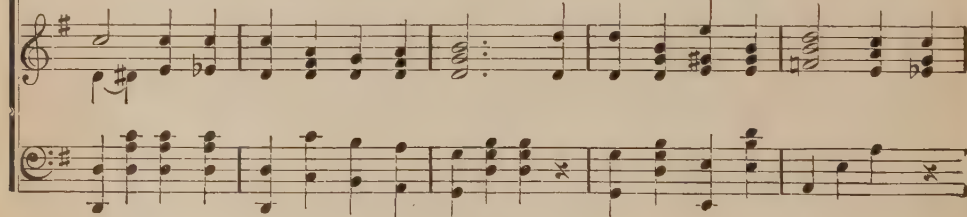
ADAM GEIBEL.



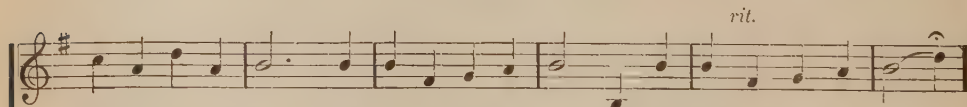
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey, Forth to the mighty
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of


ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vict'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
 con - flict, In this his glorious day; "Ye that are men now serve him" A -
 fail you, Ye dare not trust your own; Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each
 bat - tle, The next, the victor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A



rit.



arm - y shall be lead, Till ev'-ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 gainst unnumbered foes; Let courage rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
 piece put on with prayer; Where duty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er wanting there.
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.



rit.

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS. HARMONY.

Stand up stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;... Lift

high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not, it must not suf - fer loss.

No. 37.

The Throne of Grace.

M. LOUISE SMITH.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. How blessed is the throne of grace That calls from ev-'ry care; There Je-sus
2. With con-fi-dence we come to him As child to fa-ther dear; We lay our
3. If we approach the throne of grace, Then will our doubtings cease; For there is
4. Our earthly joys do not a-bide, And troub-les may as-sail, But thro' the

CHORUS.

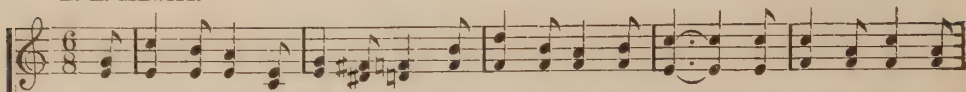
waits, with smiling face, And list-ens to our prayer.
bur-dens at his feet; He fills our souls with cheer.
help, in times of storm, And all - a - bid - ing peace. } O blessed throne of grace! With
darkness shines the throne Where help will never fail.

gladness we draw near, For, happy thought, the King di-vine Will our pe-ti-tion hear.

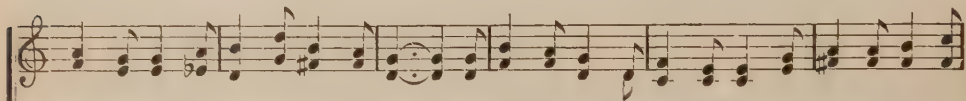
A Light Along the Way.

E. E. HEWITT.

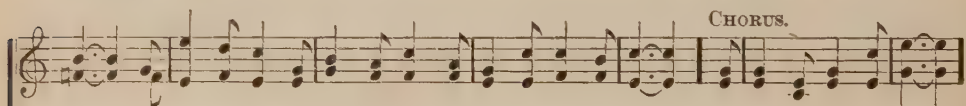
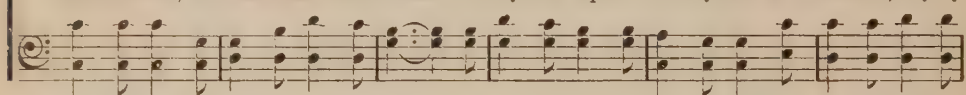
J. LINCOLN HALL.



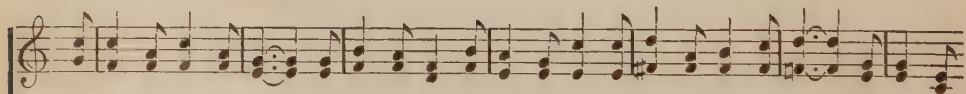
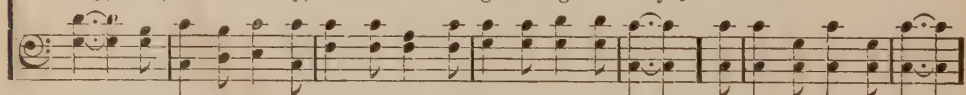
1. The Lord hath made this world of ours Most beauti-ful and bright, The golden sun to
2. So ma-ny need a helping hand, A kind-ly word of cheer, To tell them of the
3. Some lives shine out like beacons grand, Some seem but candles small, But if we tru-ly



rule by day, The moon and stars by night; But souls are wand'ring far from him, In darkened paths a-mighty Friend Whose grace is always near. O make me prompt to hear thy voice, And ready to o-shine for him, The Lord hath need of all. O may his Spirit fill my soul And lead me, day by



stray; So make me, Saviour, more and more, A light along the way. }
 bey, That I may be, to saddened hearts, A light along the way. } A light along the way,
 day, That, tho' unworthy, I shall be A light along the way. }



Make me, dear Lord, I pray; Love's happy rays show forth thy praise, A light along the way. A light a-



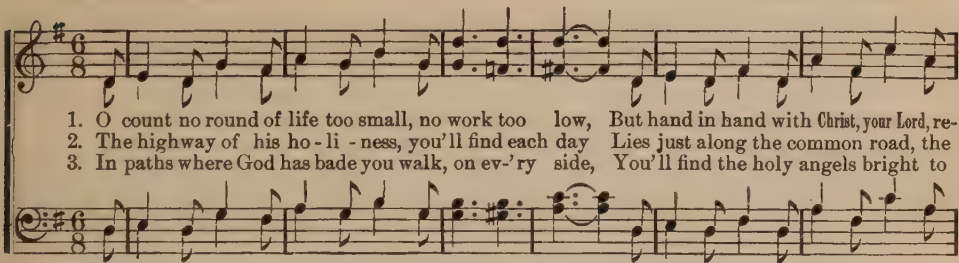
long the way, Make me, dear Lord, I pray; Love's happy rays Show forth thy praise, A light along the way.



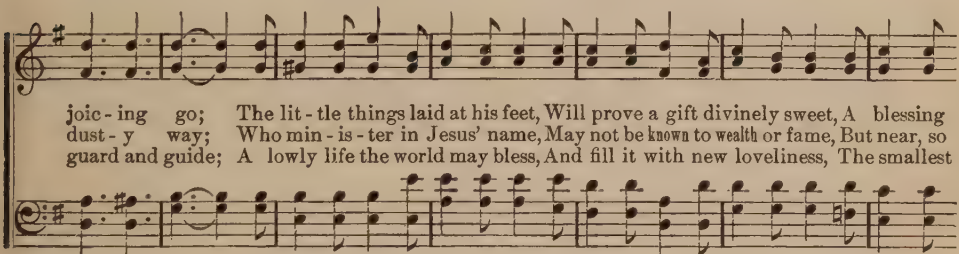
Go Hand in Hand with Christ.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

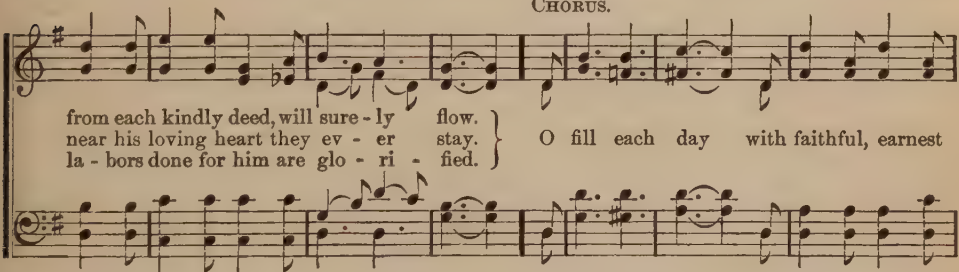


1. O count no round of life too small, no work too low, But hand in hand with Christ, your Lord, re-
 2. The highway of his ho-li-ness, you'll find each day Lies just along the common road, the
 3. In paths where God has bade you walk, on ev'-ry side, You'll find the holy angels bright to

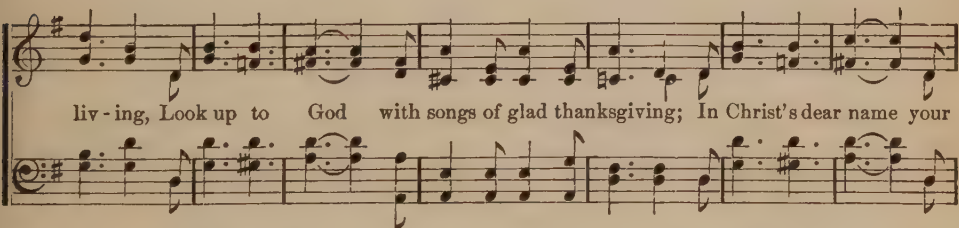


joic-ing go; The lit-tle things laid at his feet, Will prove a gift divinely sweet, A blessing
 dust-y way; Who min-is-ter in Jesus' name, May not be known to wealth or fame, But near, so
 guard and guide; A lowly life the world may bless, And fill it with new loveliness, The smallest

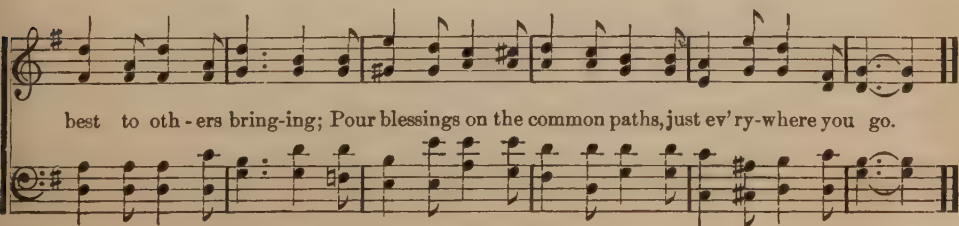
CHORUS.



from each kindly deed, will sure-ly flow. }
 near his loving heart they ev-er stay. } O fill each day with faithful, earnest
 la-bors done for him are glo-ri-fied. }



liv-ing, Look up to God with songs of glad thanksgiving; In Christ's dear name your



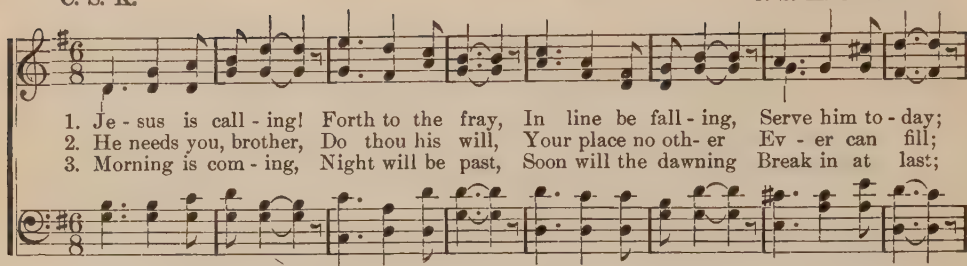
best to oth-ers bring-ing; Pour blessings on the common paths, just ev'-ry-where you go.

No. 40.

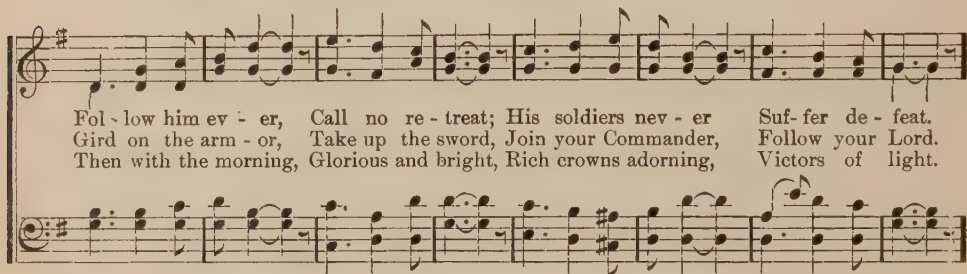
On to Victory.

C. S. K.

C. S. KAUFFMAN.

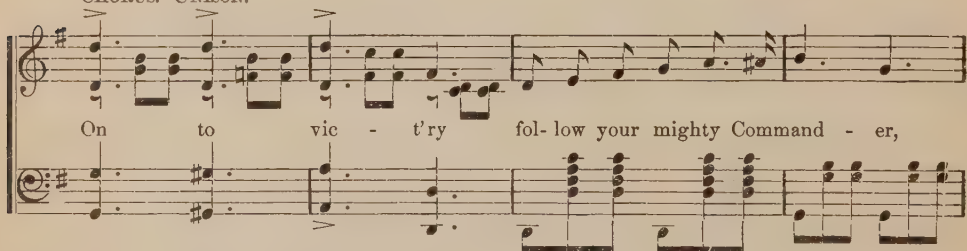


1. Je - sus is call - ing! Forth to the fray, In line be fall - ing, Serve him to - day;
 2. He needs you, brother, Do thou his will, Your place no oth - er Ev - er can fill;
 3. Morning is com - ing, Night will be past, Soon will the dawning Break in at last;

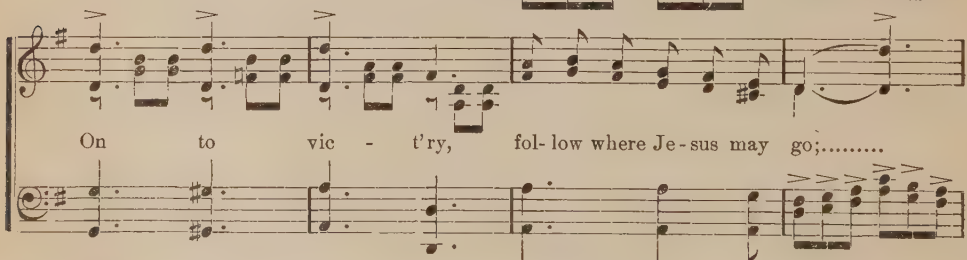


Fol - low him ev - er, Call no re - treat; His soldiers nev - er Suf - fer de - feat.
 Gird on the arm - or, Take up the sword, Join your Commander, Follow your Lord.
 Then with the morning, Glorious and bright, Rich crowns adorning, Victors of light.

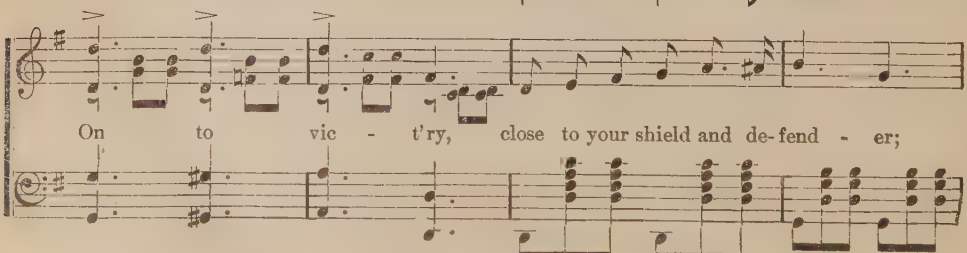
CHORUS. UNISON.



On to vic - t'ry fol - low your mighty Command - er,



On to vic - t'ry, fol - low where Je - sus may go;.....



On to vic - t'ry, close to your shield and de - fend - er;

On to Victory.—Concluded.

On to vic - t'ry, conquer - ing ev - 'ry foe.....

No. 41.

A Soldier of the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

IRA D. SANKEY.

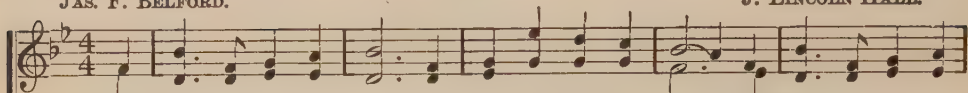
1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross— A fol - low'r of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord!

And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy Word.

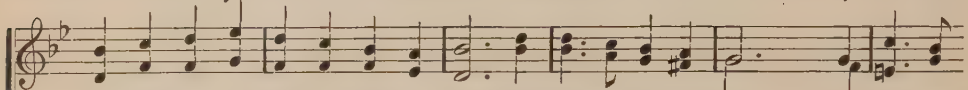
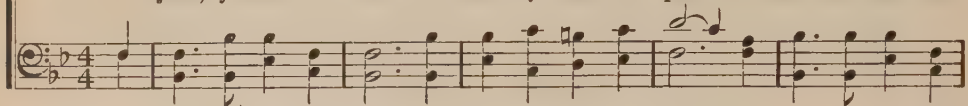
CHORUS.

In the name..... of Christ the King, Who hath purchased life for
 In the name of Christ the King,

me, Thro' grace I'll win the promised crown, Whate'er my cross may be.

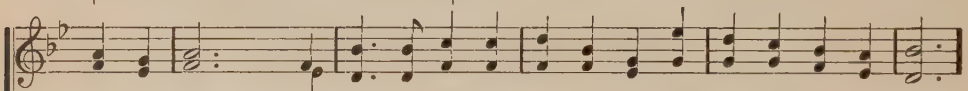
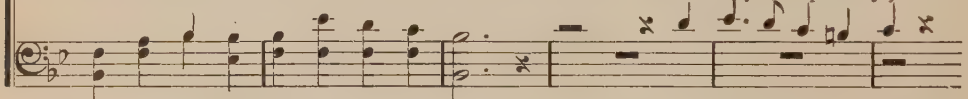


1. Re - joice, ye saints of God! Be - fore your wea - ry eyes The shin - ing mansions
 2. With - in those gates of pearl Nor sin, nor death can come; No night, nor sor - row
 3. Speed on, O pilgrim host, With feet that nev - er tire; Soon shall you reach that
 4. Re - joice, ye saints of God! The wea - ry warfare's past And death and hell are



of the blest On Jordan's bank a - rise. Strike all your harps in joy! Loud let your
 shall o'ercloud The soul's e - ter - nal home. Rest shall be yours from toil; Sweet peace, in -
 gold - en strand The goal of your de - sire. Hark! 'Tis an angel's song, Borne to you
 trampled down Beneath your feet at last. Throughout unending years Glad praises

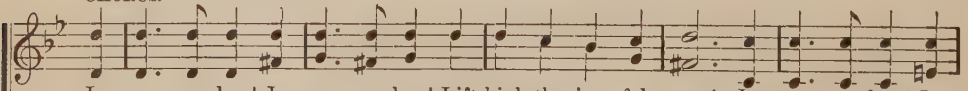
1. Strike all your harps in joy!



prais - es ring! It is the new Je - ru - sa - lem, The cit - y of the King!
 Loud praises ring! The discord of the earth shall cease, The love of God shall reign.
 stand of pain; Sweet peace from pain;
 on the wind, "Come, faithful souls, and in your Lord E - ter - nal sol - ace find."
 Borne on the wind, With - in the new Je - ru - sa - lem, The cit - y of the King!
 shall you sing, Glad praises sing,



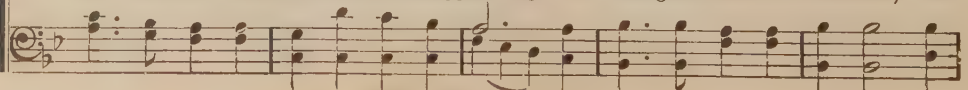
CHORUS.



Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Lift high the joy - ful song! Je - ru - sa - lem! Je -



ru - sa - lem! Toward which we've struggled long! As strangers we have wandered, far



Rejoice, Ye Saints of God!—Concluded.

in a des-ert land; Our ex-ile now is o-ver, behold our na-tive strand!

No. 43.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

Animato.

Sing Out!

CARL RAYMOND.

1. Sing out! Sing out! And with a joy-ful heart, O do not be dis-mayed;
2. Sing out! Sing out! And tho' the storm-clouds low'r, Hope's rainbow soon will shine;
3. Sing out! Sing out! O let "thy will be done!" In sweetest mu-sic ring;

The Lord of hosts is on your side, How can you feel a-fraid?
O look a-bove, with eyes of faith, Where gleams a light di-vine.
In life, in death, there is vic-t'ry Thro' Christ, the might-y King.

CHORUS.

Sing out! Sing out a song of praise! Let love in-spire your voice!

Sing out! Sing out! The Lord doth reign! Re-joice! Re-joice! Re-joice!

Lead On!

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Lead on, King of Love, and keep thine own from straying A - way from the path that
 2. Lead on, day by day! Where'er our steps be falling; Thy voice, ev - er kind, shall
 3. Lead on! Tho' the way be fill'd with toil and sorrow; Tho' hope nearly gone, and
 4. Lead on! For the vale shall glow with light supernal; No fear shall we know, for
 r. Lead on, King of love, Away from the path

leads to light and thee! Thy voice may we hear, in gen - tle accents saying, "Fear
 guide our wea - ry feet; Sweet rest comes at last, with an - gel voic - es call - ing Our
 faith be weak and frail; Lead on! For the light be - speaks a glad to - morrow, And
 Je - sus waits us there; His love all the way shall point to life e - ter - nal, Where
 Thy voice may we hear,

CHORUS.

not, for I thy guide and strength shall surely be." } Lord, we would fol - low thee All the way,
 souls redeemed to enter in - to rest complete.
 faith renewed by fervent pray'r shall never fail.
 saints redeemed shall dwell in mansions bright and fair.

day by day; Our hand shall clasp thine own, Nor would we stray. Onward and upward, heaven discerning,

O - ver the hills of time! Lead thou in safety all who are pressing On to heights sublime.
 to heights sublime.

Some of These Days.

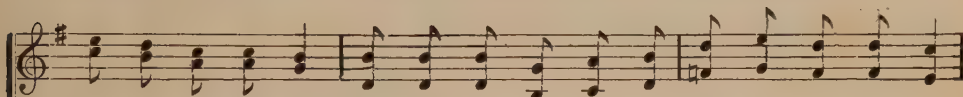
F. L. S.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

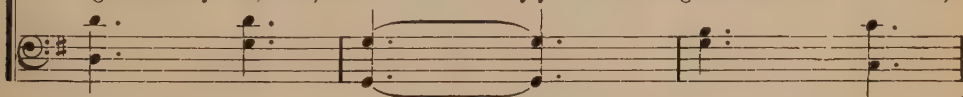
DUET. (SOPRANO AND ALTO.)



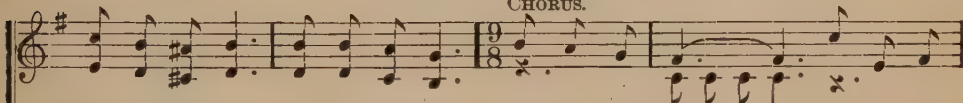
1. Some of these days all the skies will be brighter—Some of these days all the
2. Some of these days in the des-erts up-springing, Fountains shall flash, while the
3. Some of these days! Let us bear with our sor-row; Faith in the future—us



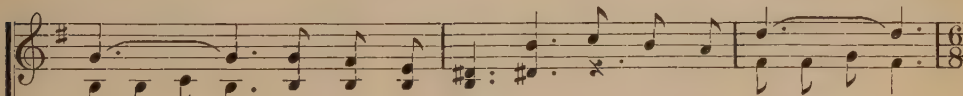
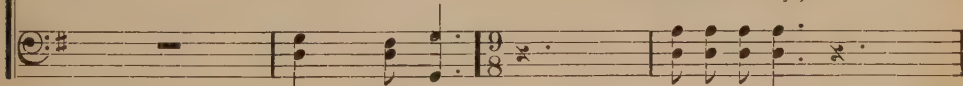
bur-dens be light-er; Hearts will be hap-pi-er, souls will be whit-er—
 joy-bells are ring-ing; And all the world, with the birds, shall go sing-ing,
 light we may bor-row; There will be joy in the gold-en to-mor-row,



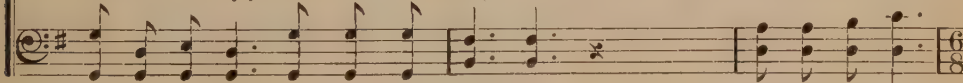
CHORUS.



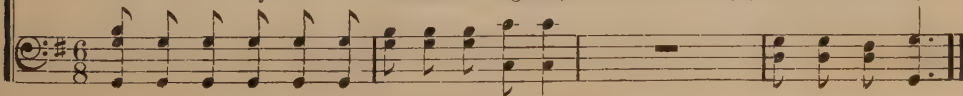
Some of these days, some of these days! Some of these days,..... some of these
 Some of these days,



days,..... Skies will be bright-er some of these days;.....
 some of these days, some of these days;



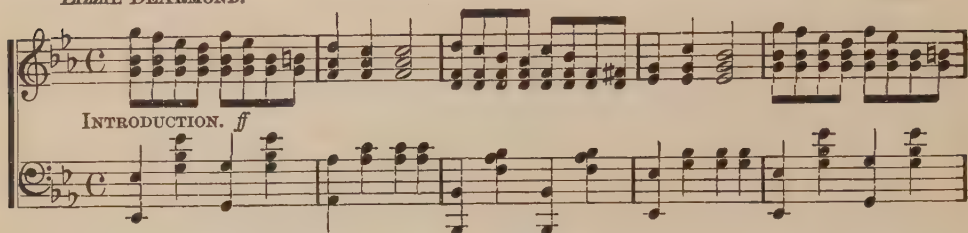
Some of these days all the burdens be lighter, Some of these days, some of these days!



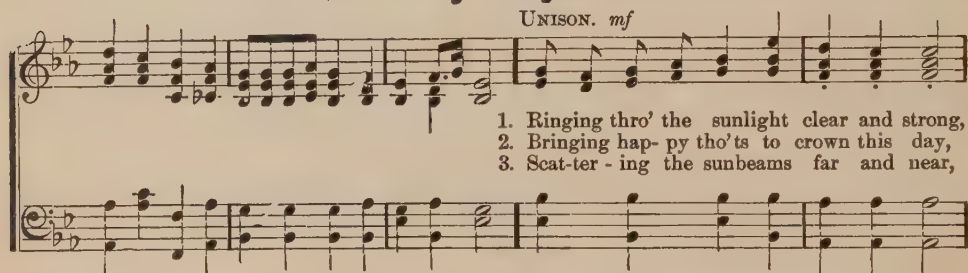
Passing Through the King's Highway.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

W. A. POST.

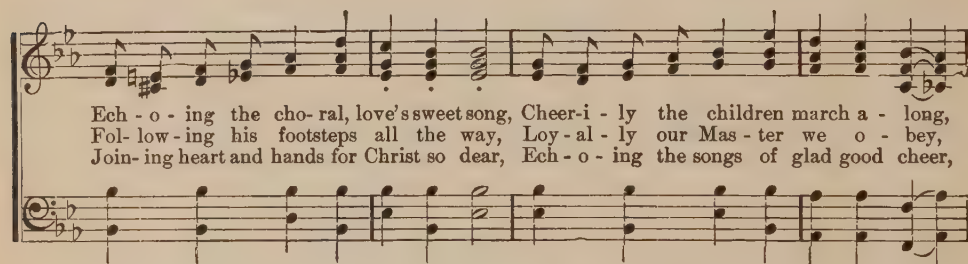


INTRODUCTION. *ff*

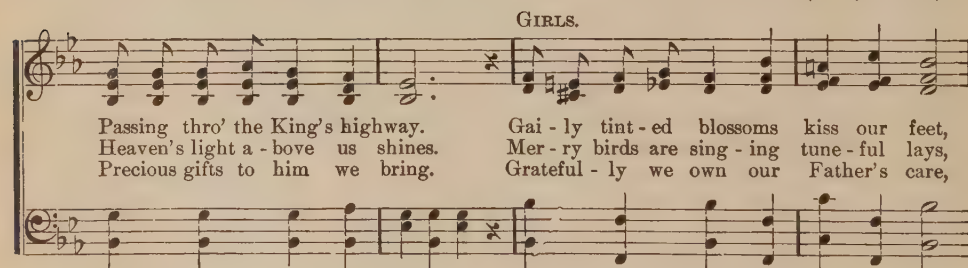


UNISON. *mf*

1. Ringing thro' the sunlight clear and strong,
2. Bringing hap- py tho'ts to crown this day,
3. Scat- ter - ing the sunbeams far and near,

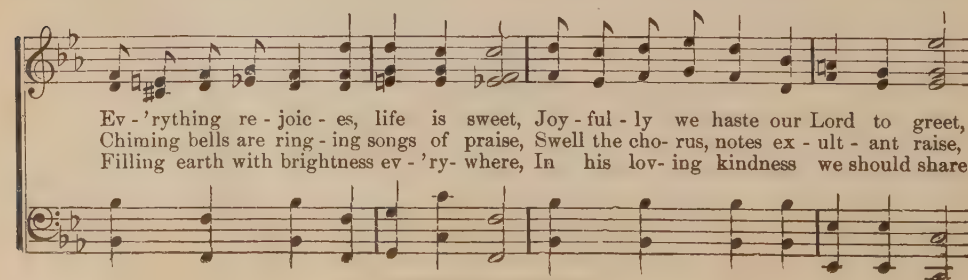


Ech - o - ing the cho- ral, love's sweet song, Cheer- i - ly the children march a - long,
Fol - low - ing his footsteps all the way, Loy - al - ly our Mas - ter we o - bey,
Join - ing heart and hands for Christ so dear, Ech - o - ing the songs of glad good cheer,



GIRLS.

Passing thro' the King's highway. Gai - ly tint - ed blossoms kiss our feet,
Heaven's light a - bove us shines. Mer - ry birds are sing - ing tune - ful lays,
Precious gifts to him we bring. Grateful - ly we own our Father's care,



Ev - 'rything re - joic - es, life is sweet, Joy - ful - ly we haste our Lord to greet,
Chiming bells are ring - ing songs of praise, Swell the cho - rus, notes ex - ult - ant raise,
Filling earth with brightness ev - 'ry - where, In his lov - ing kindness we should share;

Passing Through the King's Highway.—Concluded.

CHORUS. ALL.

a tempo. f.

rit.

Hal-le-lu-jah! praise his name!
 Glo-ry to his bless-ed name!
 Glo-ry be to God on high!

Waving high our banner glad and free, Shouting loud our
 watchword "Liberty!" Children of the Kingdom, heirs are we, Passing thro' the King's highway.

No. 47.

I Know That I Have Jesus.

JAMES ROWE.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Tho' loved ones van-ish from my side, And grief and pain with me a-bide, I
 2. Tho' heav-y be my load of care, And tri-als meet me ev-'ry where, With
 3. When Satan's ar-rows round me fly, And sin, a tor-rent, rush-es by, A
 4. And when the an-gel shall ap-pear, To call me thro' the val-ley drear, I

CHORUS.

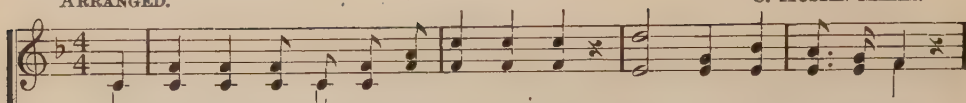
still am ful-ly sat-is-fied—I know that I have Je-sus.
 pa-tience I my cross will bear,—I know that I have Je-sus.
 nev-er fail-ing friend is nigh,—I know that I have Je-sus.
 shall not dread, nor doubt, nor fear,—I know that I have Je-sus.

Je - sus, Je - sus


Gen-tle, lov-ing Je-sus! For life and for e-ter-ni-ty, I know that I have Je-sus.

ARRANGED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.




1. In praise to him who built the tow'ring hills, Sing, O Je - ru - sa - lem;
 2. In praise to him who wakes the welcome morn, Sing, O Je - ru - sa - lem;
 3. In praise to him who sheds his love a - broad, Sing, O Je - ru - sa - lem;



In praise to him the flowing streams who fills, Sing, O Je - ru - sa - lem.
 Who bids it glow with beams of light new - born, Sing, O Je - ru - sa - lem.
 In al - le - lu - ias to your Mak - er, God, Sing, O Je - ru - sa - lem.

UNISON.




In praise to him who lights each glowing star, That sparkles in the sky a - far,
 He draws the shadows of a rest - ing night, Like curtains, o'er our wearied sight,
 To Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, now Our hands we lift, our souls we bow;

PARTS.



Lift up your voice and joy - ful sing In al - le - lu - ias to your King.
 And bids us, free from toil and care, Great measure of his mer - cies share.
 Blest Trin - i - ty, to thee we raise Our / last - ing songs of love and praise.

CHORUS.



Praise the Lord, in song resounding, For his grace, so rich, abounding; We will praise thee,
 praise thee,

Praise Him.—Concluded.

praise thee, Praise thee ev-er more! Glad songs we'll sing to thee our King, And e'er a - dore!
praise thee, praise thee,

No. 49.

In Him Rejoice.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

W. A. POST.

Alla Marzia.

1. Keep your face t'ward the ris-ing sun, Walk with God till the day is done;
2. O - pen hearts flood the soul with light, Songs of joy make the dark days bright;
3. Stay'd on him, ev - 'ry life should make Mu - sic sweet, for the dear Lord's sake;

UNISON.

PARTS.

Sing with grace till the vic - t'ry's won, Praise his ho - ly name!
Praise to God sets the heart a - right, Praise his ho - ly name!
Shout for joy! let the world a - wake! Praise his ho - ly name!

CHORUS. UNISON.

Praise him! praise him! praise him! The Lord of glo - ry, O tell the sto - ry;

PARTS.

Praise him! praise him! praise him! O praise his name, his ho - ly name!

I Know that My Redeemer Liveth.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I know that my Redeem - er liv - eth, And on the earth.....
 2. I know his promise nev - er fail - eth, The word he speaks,.....
 3. I know my mansion he pre - par - eth, That where he is.....

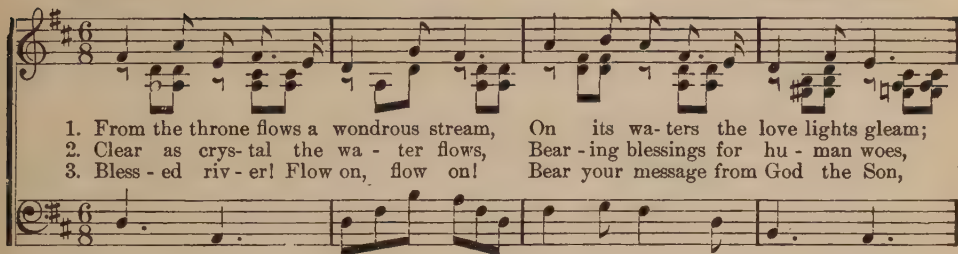
a - gain shall stand; I know e - ter - nal life he giv - eth, That grace and
 can nev - er die; Tho' cru - el death my flesh as - sail - eth, Yet I shall
 there I may be; O wondrous tho't, for me he car - eth, And he at

CHORUS.

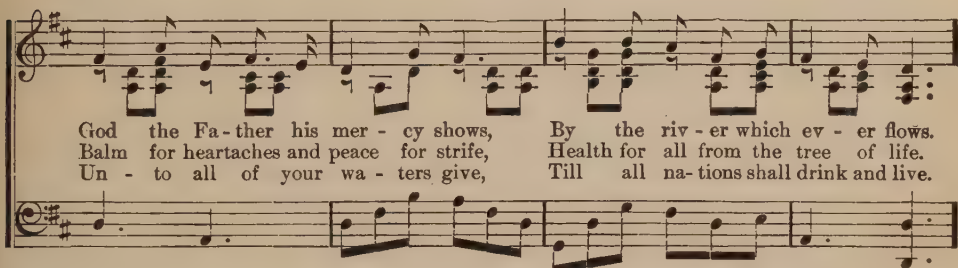
pow'r..... are in his hand.
 see him by and by. } I know, I know..... that Je - sus
 last..... will come for me.

liv - eth, And on the earth..... again shall stand; I know, I know.....

that life he giv - eth, That grace and pow'r..... are in his hand.
 are in his hand.



1. From the throne flows a wondrous stream, On its wa-ters the love lights gleam;
 2. Clear as crys-tal the wa-ter flows, Bear-ing blessings for hu-man woes,
 3. Bless-ed riv-er! Flow on, flow on! Bear your message from God the Son,

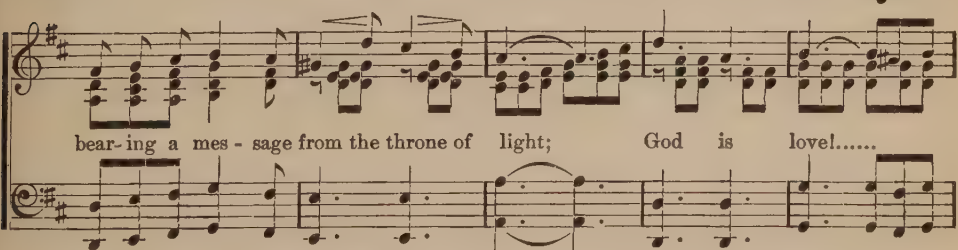


God the Fa-ther his mer-cy shows, By the riv-er which ev-er flows.
 Balm for heartaches and peace for strife, Health for all from the tree of life.
 Un-to all of your wa-ters give, Till all na-tions shall drink and live.

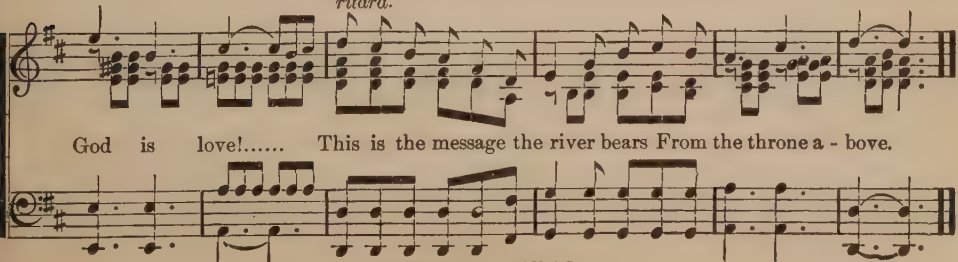
CHORUS.



Flow! Flow! Riv-er of E-den fair and bright; On! On!



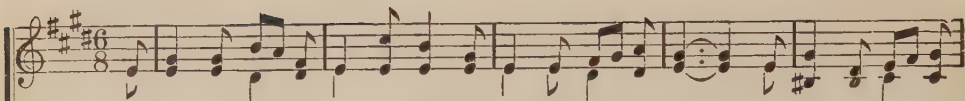
bear-ing a mes-sage from the throne of light; God is love!.....

ritard.


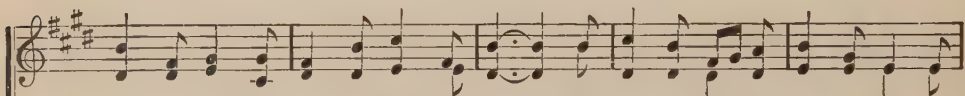
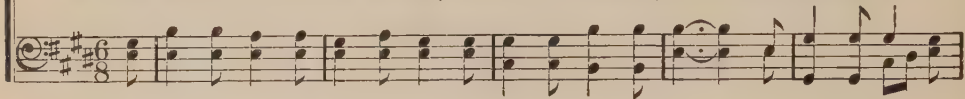
God is love!..... This is the message the river bears From the throne a-bove.

E. E. HEWITT.

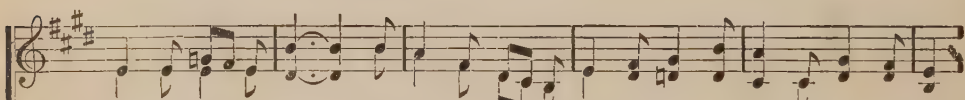
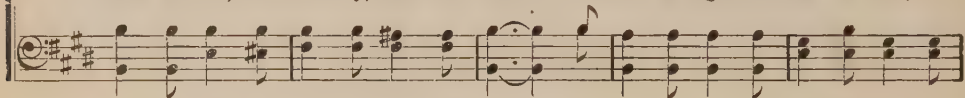
W. F. F. /LER.



1. "Take up thy cross and follow me," The blessed Master said; His willing servants
2. The crosses, hallowed by his love, Shall be as helpful wings, To lift the trustful
3. Then let us seek to do his will, Whatev- er that may be, Assured that he is



we would be, And in his footprints tread. For his en- abling grace we pray, That
heart above To high- er bet- ter things. The paths in which his Spir- it leads Are
with us still, With mer- cy, full and free. The cross is light he bids us bear, For



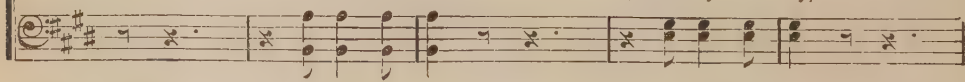
we may walk a - right, And fol - low Je- sus, day by day, As he shall give us light.
pleas- ant- ness and peace; His strength, availing for our needs, Till earthly troubles cease.
he will share the load, And when we cast on him our care, Joy blooms along the road.



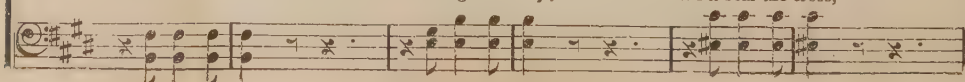
CHORUS.



We'll bear the cross,..... from day to day,..... And fol - low
We'll bear the cross, from day to day,



Christ..... along the way;..... We'll bear the cross,..... nor lay it
And follow Christ along the way; We'll bear the cross,



We'll Bear the Cross.—Concluded.

down,..... Till he shall give..... the star - ry crown.

nor lay it down, Till he shall give

No. 53.

Does Jesus Care?

REV. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deeply for mirth or song;
 2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?
 3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some tempta - tion strong;
 4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dearest on earth to me,

As the burdens press, And the cares distress, And the way grows wea-ry and long?
 As the daylight fades In - to deep night shades, Does he care enough to be near?
 When for my deep grief There is no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
 And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks—Is it aught to him? Does he see?

CHORUS.

O yes, he cares; I know he cares, His heart is touched with my grief;.....

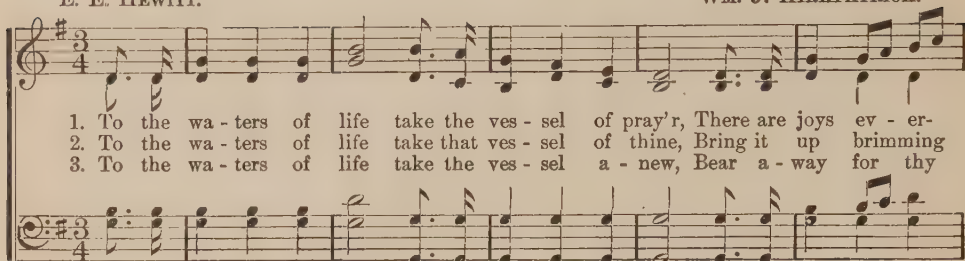
ad lib.

rit.

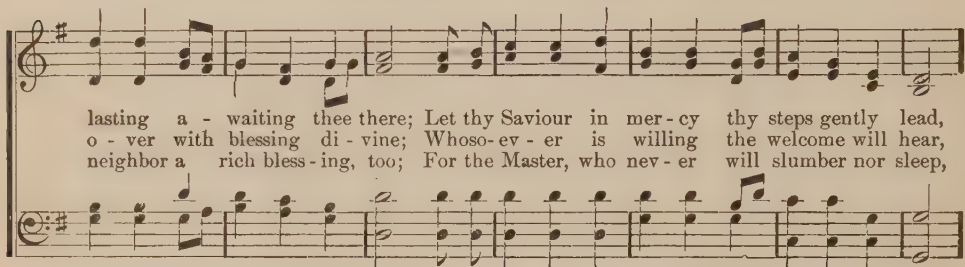
When the days are wea - ry, The long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares....
 he cares.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

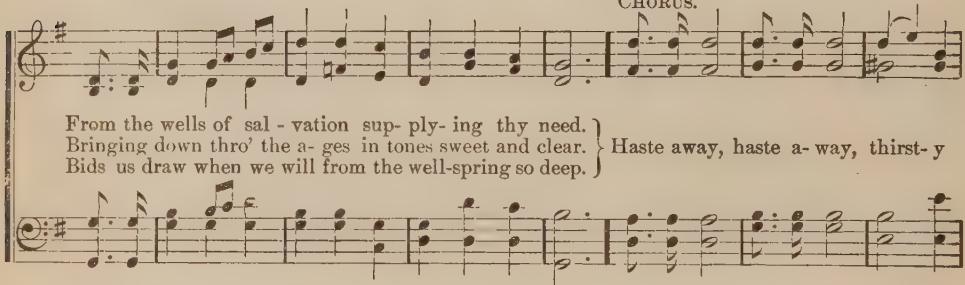


1. To the wa - ters of life take the ves - sel of pray'r, There are joys ev - er -
 2. To the wa - ters of life take that ves - sel of thine, Bring it up brimming
 3. To the wa - ters of life take the ves - sel a - new, Bear a - way for thy

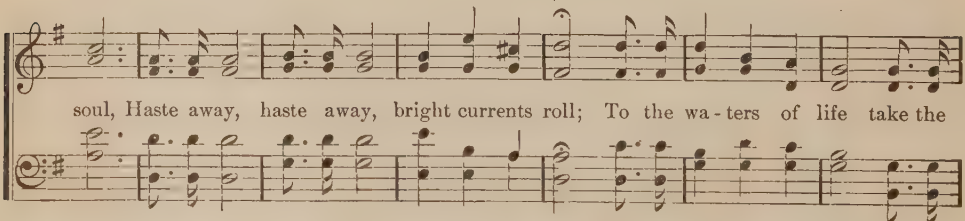


lasting a - waiting thee there; Let thy Saviour in mer - cy thy steps gently lead,
 o - ver with blessing di - vine; Whoso - ev - er is willing the welcome will hear,
 neighbor a rich bless - ing, too; For the Master, who nev - er will slumber nor sleep,

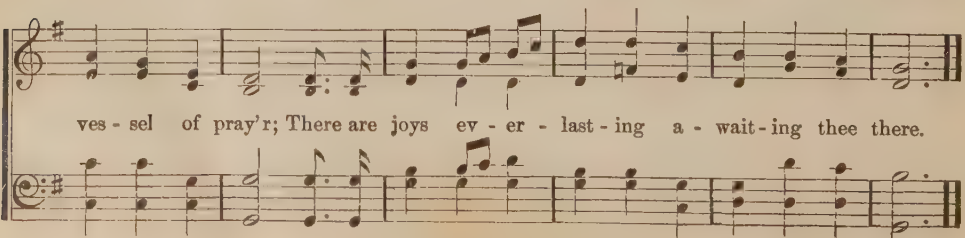
CHORUS.



From the wells of sal - vation sup - ply - ing thy need. }
 Bringing down thro' the a - ges in tones sweet and clear. } Haste away, haste a - way, thirst - y
 Bids us draw when we will from the well - spring so deep. }



soul, Haste away, haste away, bright currents roll; To the wa - ters of life take the



ves - sel of pray'r; There are joys ev - er - last - ing a - wait - ing thee there.

Praise the Lord!

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Praise the Lord, ye glow - ing fountains; Praise him, riv - ers glad and free;
 2. Praise the Lord, ye worlds whose splendors Gild the pathways of the night;
 3. Praise, O praise the Lord, ye na - tions, Praise the Lord with glad ac - claim;

Praise the Lord, ye tow'ring mountains; Praise him, islands of the sea. Praise him, torrents
 Un - to him your hom-age render, Tell the wonders of his might. Praise the Lord! Make
 Spread the tidings of sal - va - tion, Sound abroad his glorious name. Cease, O cease to

of the o - cean, Praise his name with one accord; Join, O join with deep de - vo - tion,
 known his glo-ry! Laud his name and magni - fy! Join, O join the wondrous sto - ry!
 praise him never! Join, ye countless host a - bove! Praise, O praise the Lord for - ev - er!

CHORUS.

Praise and mag - ni - fy the Lord! }
 Praise him, earth and sea and sky! } Praise, O praise the Lord, ye nations! Praise his name from
 Tell the wonders of his love! }

shore to shore! Join in love and ad - o - ra - tion! Praise, O praise the Lord!

EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Trust-ing in Je - sus all the day long, Sounding his prais-es ev - er my song;
 2. Turned all my sor - row in - to such joy, And while I trust him no fears an - noy;
 3. Sounding his prais-es, Je - sus my King, Glo - ry and hon - or ev - er I'll sing;

He is my Sav - iour, he is my light, O, how I love him, scattered is night.
 Watching the moments, quick - ly they fly, Soon will he call me: "Come up on high.
 He hath redeemed me, giv - en me peace, Soon I shall praise him, nev - er to cease.

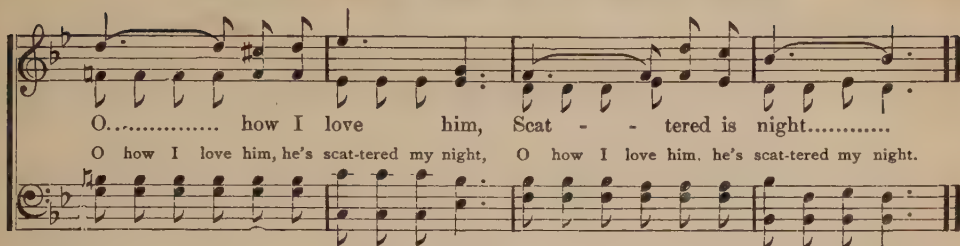
CHORUS.

Sound - - ing his prais - - es all..... the day long,.....
 Sounding his prais-es, yes, all the day long, Sounding his prais-es, yes, all the day long,

Sound - - ing his prais - - es is ev - er my song;
 Sound-ing his prais-es is ev - er my song, is ev - er my song;

He..... is my Sav - iour, he..... is my light,.....
 He is my Sav - iour, and he is my light, He is my Sav - iour, and he is my light,

Sounding His Praises.—Concluded.



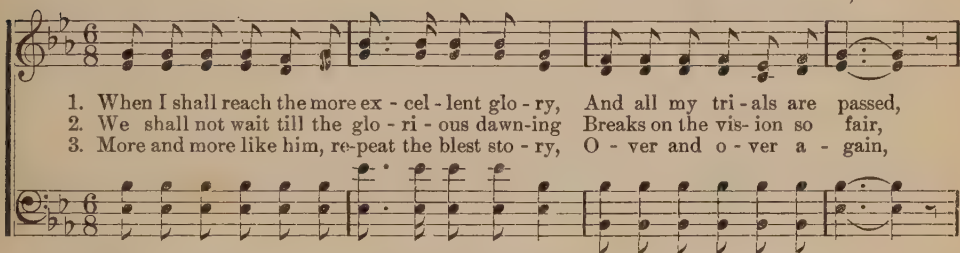
O..... how I love him, Scat - - tered is night.....
 O how I love him, he's scat-tered my night, O how I love him, he's scat-tered my night.

No. 57.

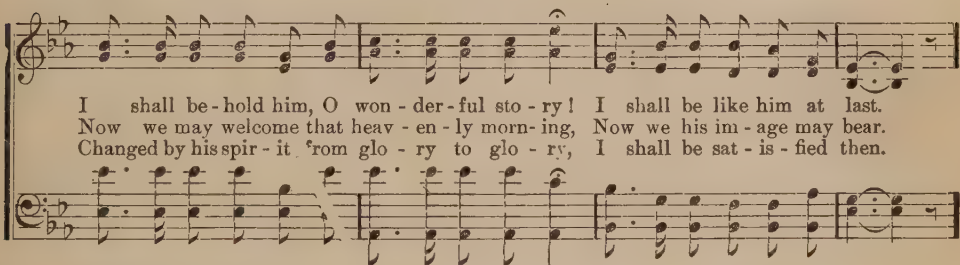
I Shall Be Like Him.

W. A. S.

REV. W. A. SPENCER, D. D.

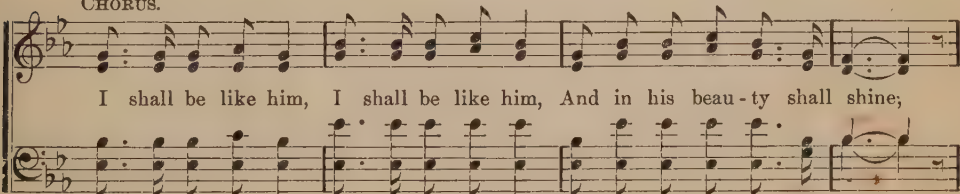


1. When I shall reach the more ex - cel - lent glo - ry, And all my tri - als are passed,
 2. We shall not wait till the glo - ri - ous dawn - ing Breaks on the vis - ion so fair,
 3. More and more like him, re - peat the blest sto - ry, O - ver and o - ver a - gain,

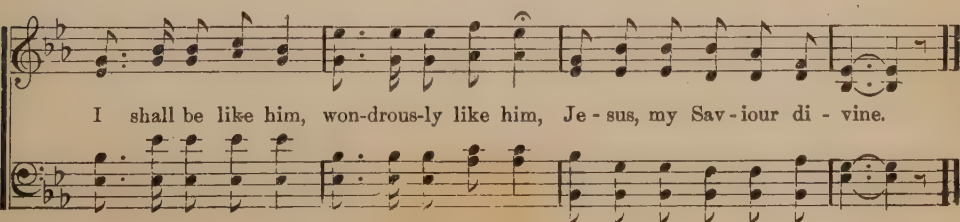


I shall be - hold him, O won - der - ful sto - ry! I shall be like him at last.
 Now we may welcome that heav - en - ly morn - ing, Now we his im - age may bear.
 Changed by his spir - it from glo - ry to glo - ry, I shall be sat - is - fied then.

CHORUS.



I shall be like him, I shall be like him, And in his beau - ty shall shine,

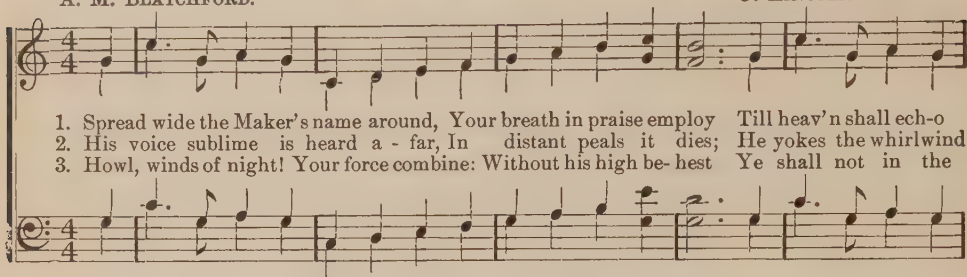


I shall be like him, won - drous - ly like him, Je - sus, my Sav - iour di - vine.

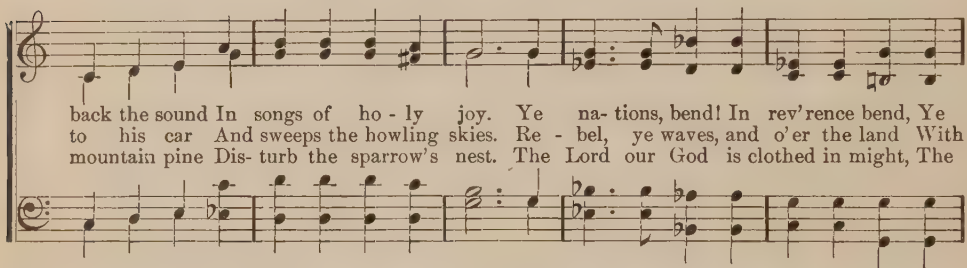
A Song of Praise and Power.

A. M. BLATCHFORD.

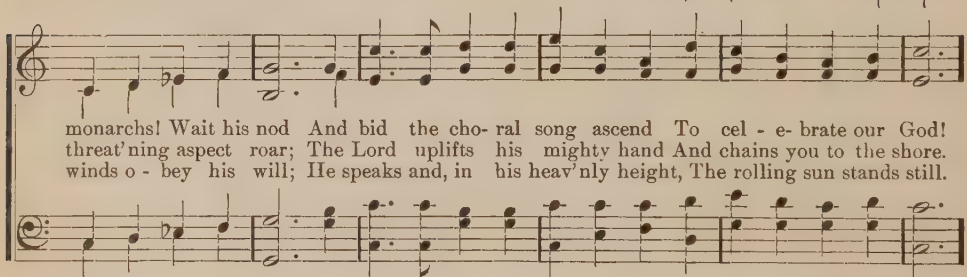
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Spread wide the Maker's name around, Your breath in praise employ Till heav'n shall ech-o
 2. His voice sublime is heard a - far, In distant peals it dies; He yokes the whirlwind
 3. Howl, winds of night! Your force combine: Without his high be-hest Ye shall not in the

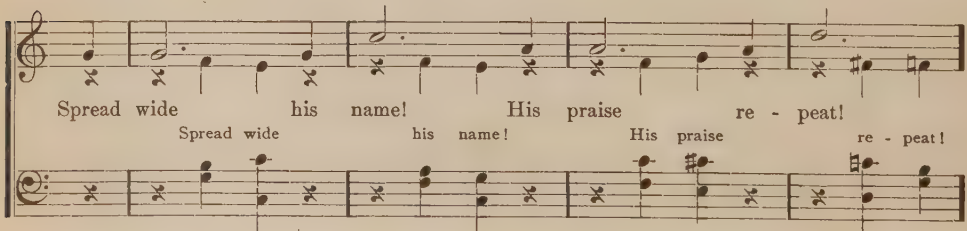


back the sound In songs of ho - ly joy. Ye na - tions, bend! In rev'ence bend, Ye
 to his car And sweeps the howling skies. Re - bel, ye waves, and o'er the land With
 mountain pine Dis - turb the sparrow's nest. The Lord our God is clothed in might, The

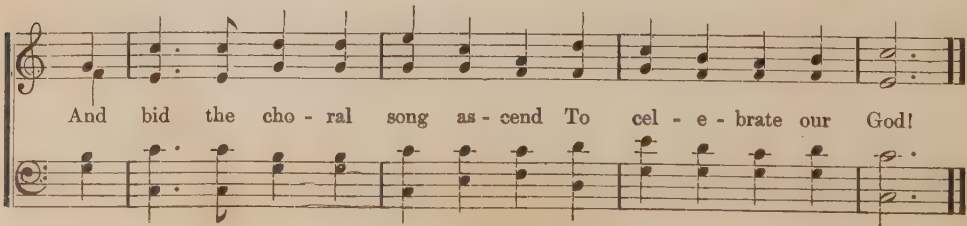


monarchs! Wait his nod And bid the cho - ral song ascend To cel - e - brate our God!
 threat'ning aspect roar; The Lord uplifts his mighty hand And chains you to the shore.
 winds o - bey his will; He speaks and, in his heav'nly height, The rolling sun stands still.

CHORUS.



Spread wide his name! His praise re - peat!
 Spread wide his name! His praise re - peat!

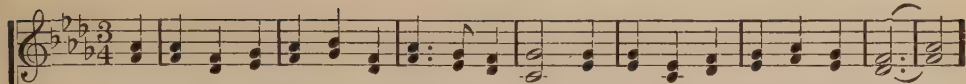


And bid the cho - ral song as - cend To cel - e - brate our God!

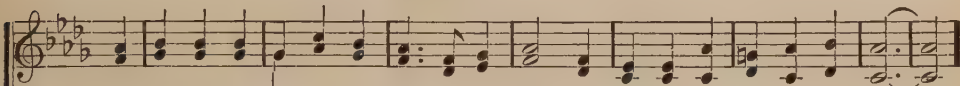
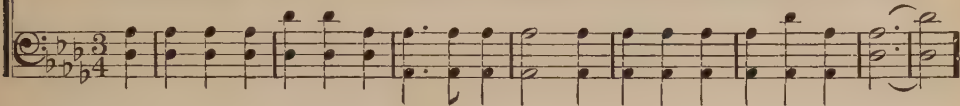
"The Raven He Feederin."

L. E. J.

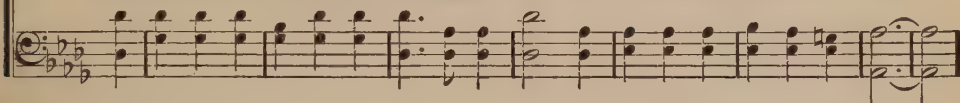
L. E. JONES.



1. In tender compassion and wonderful love, The Father looks down from on high;
2. His arm is a-bundant-ly a-ble to save, His eye is a guide to my feet;
3. No need have I ev-er to trouble my breast, Or fear what the morrow may bring;



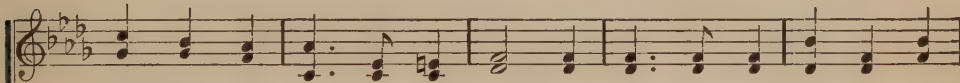
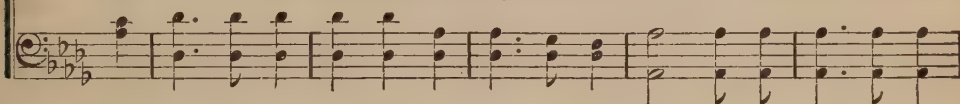
He knoweth the ra-ven hath need of its food, And heareth in mer-cy its cry.
 Since love sought and found me, I constantly dwell With him in com-panionship sweet.
 The heart of the Father is planning my way, And I am the child of a King.



CHORUS.



The ra-ven he feed-eth, then why should I fear, To the heart of the



Fa-ther his chil-dren are dear; So, if the way dark-ens or



storms gath-er o'er, I'll sim-ply look up-ward and trust him the more.



I will Sing the Wondrous Story.

REV. F. H. ROWLEY.

PETER BILHORN.

1. I will sing the wondrous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,
 2. I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray;
 3. I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me; Faint was I from many - a fall;
 4. Days of dark - ness still come o'er me, Sorrow's paths I oft - en tread;
 5. He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How he left his home in glo - ry For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
 Threw his lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to his way.
 Sight was gone, and fears possessed me, But he freed me from them all.
 But the Sav - iour still is with me, By his hand I'm safe - ly led.
 Then he'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll sing..... the wondrous sto - - ry Of the
 Yes, I'll sing the wondrous sto - ry

Christ..... who died for me,..... Sing³ it with..... the saints in
 Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with

glo - - ry, Gathered by..... the crys - tal sea, the crys - tal sea.
 the saints in glo - ry, Gathered by

1. Je - ru - sa - lem!..... O cit - y bright, Where the tree of life is growing,
 2. No sorrow there,..... no toil nor care, Ere shall cross thy sacred portals,
 3. There all is pure,..... and rest se - cure, Is a - waiting those who en - ter,
 4. Sure hope shall bear..... our spirits there, Ev - ry longing of the heart t' ward
 1. Je - ru - sa - lem! O cit - y bright,

by the wa - ters fair; Je - ru - sa - lem!..... O land of light! Where the
 nor thy peace shall move; Our King is there,..... and mansions fair Are pre-
 nev - er to remove; Within thy gates,..... a welcome waits, Purchased
 thee doth gladly tend; There we shall sing..... un - to our King Songs of
 Je - ru - sa - lem! O land of light!

CHORUS. UNISON.

saints shall rest from toil and care.
 par'd for those whom he doth love. } O city ever bright and fair! The saints of God are praising there,
 by a Saviour's endless love.
 praise that ne'er shall have an end.

In songs of heav'nly har-monies, the King upon the throne; 'Mid joy su - per - nal they shall

rest, In Je - sus' presence ev - er blest; By him redeem'd on the cross, by his blood a - lone.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer, Shine on earth's sadness till it dis - ap - pear—
2. Send out the sunlight in let - ter and word; Speak it and think it till hearts are all stirred—
3. Send out the sunlight each hour and day, Crown all the years with its lumin - ous ray,
4. Send out the sunlight that speaks in a smile, Oft - en it shortens the long, weary mile,

Souls are in waiting this message to hear, Send out the sunlight of love.
Hearts that are hungry for prayers still unheard, Send out the sunlight of love.
Nourish the seeds that are sown on the way, Send out the sunlight of love.
Often the burdens seem light for a while, Send out the sunlight of love.

CHORUS.

Send out the sunlight of love;..... Send out the sunlight of love;.....
the sunlight of love, the sunlight of love:

Send out the sunlight, Send out the sunlight, Send out the sunlight of love.....
the sunlight of love.

5 Send out the sunlight, as free as the air!
 Blessings will follow with none to compare,
 Blessings of peace that will rise from despair!
 Send out the sunlight of love.

6 Send out the sunlight, you have it in you!
Clouds may obscure it just now from your view;
Pray for its presence! your pray'r will come true,
Send out the sunlight of love.

No. 63.

Send Forth the Gospel!

IRVIN H. MACK.

* INST.

J. LINCOLN HAYL.

March on! March on! March on, ye sol-diers true! March on! March

on! The Lord hath need of you. { 1. Thro' all the world the gospel sound, And
2. Thro' all the realms of sin-ful night, Where
3. Be - hold! the God of pow'r is near, With

let the ech - oes roll a-round, Wher - ev - er sin - ful man is found; March
e - vil forc - es strive in might, Send forth to men the gos - pel light; March
cour - age faint - ing hearts to cheer, Till Christ the Sav - iour shall ap - pear; March

REFRAIN.

on, ye sol-diers true! March on! March on! March on! March
March on! March on! March on!

on! Wher - ev - er sin - ful man is found, March on, ye sol-diers true!
March on!

Numbering All.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Numbering all thy kingdom, op'nings to be and do, Winning in life's great
 2. Numbering all thy treasures, number-ing all thy cares, All of thy low heart-
 3. Numbering all thy footsteps, guiding them in his way, Wonder-ful gifts of
 4. Numbering all thine off'rings, serv-ic-es free-ly brought, Grat-itude's will-ing

war-fare, vic-to-ries good and true; Numbering all thy failures, vanities, doubts, and
 breathings, all of thy spok-en pray'rs; Numbering joy's bright moments, numbering clouded
 mer-cy, in-fi-nite love dis-play; Car-ing for all thy sorrows, numbering ev-'ry
 trib-utes, lov-ing-ly, humbly wrought; Sowing the seeds of blessing, glean-ing the Master's

CHORUS.
 sin, Needing the blood of Je-sus, needing his grace within. } Num - - bering,
 days, All of thy glad thanksgivings, all of thy songs of praise. }
 tear, Whispering in the darkness, "soon will thy light appear." }
 wheat, Garnering sheaves so precious, laying them at his feet. }
 Numbering all,

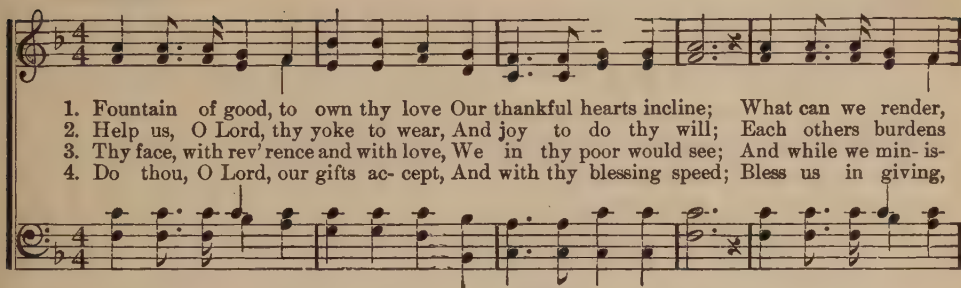
num - - bering, num - - bering all,..... Sunbeams and raindrops as
 number-ing all, number-ing all, number-ing all,

soft-ly they fall;..... God's hand is numbering, num - bering all.....
 softly they fall, as softly they fall; numbering all, is numbering all.

What Can We Render?

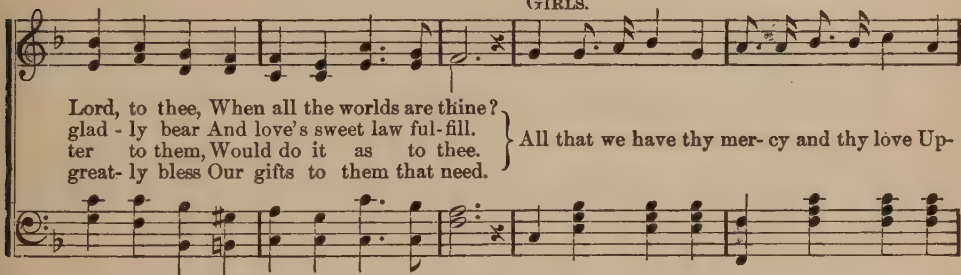
ARRANGED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

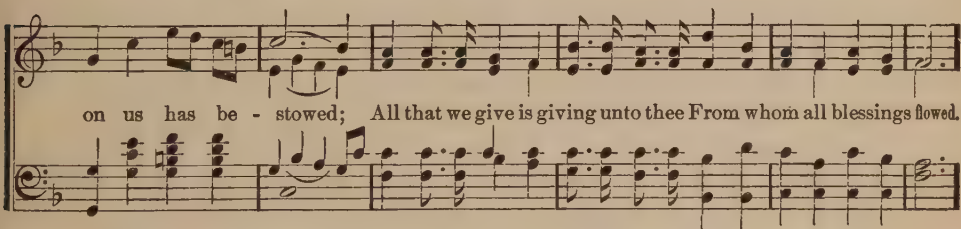


1. Fountain of good, to own thy love Our thankful hearts incline; What can we render,
 2. Help us, O Lord, thy yoke to wear, And joy to do thy will; Each others burdens
 3. Thy face, with rev'rence and with love, We in thy poor would see; And while we min-is-
 4. Do thou, O Lord, our gifts ac-cept, And with thy blessing speed; Bless us in giving,

GIRLS.

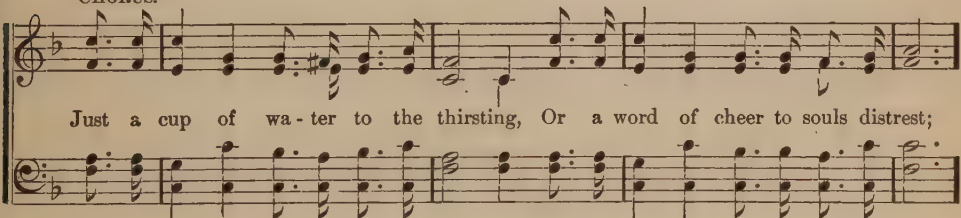


Lord, to thee, When all the worlds are thine?
 glad-ly bear And love's sweet law ful-fill.
 ter to them, Would do it as to thee. } All that we have thy mer-cy and thy love Up-
 great-ly bless Our gifts to them that need.

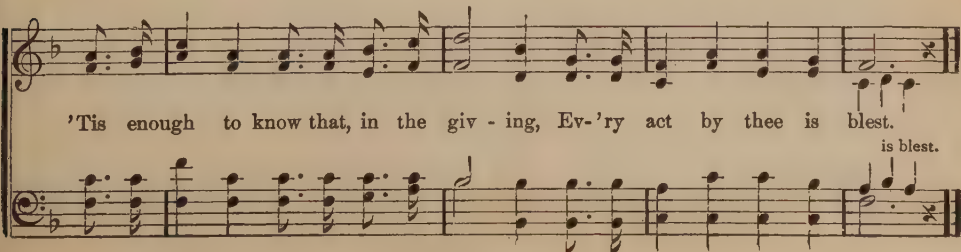


on us has be-stowed; All that we give is giving unto thee From whom all blessings flowed.

CHORUS.



Just a cup of wa-ter to the thirsting, Or a word of cheer to souls distrest;

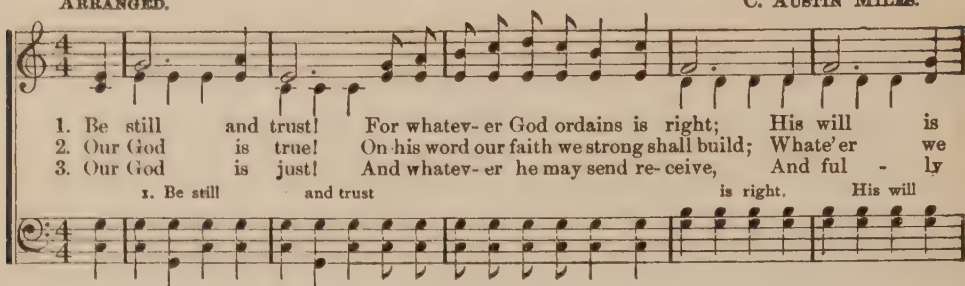


'Tis enough to know that, in the giv-ing, Ev-'ry act by thee is blest.
 is blest.

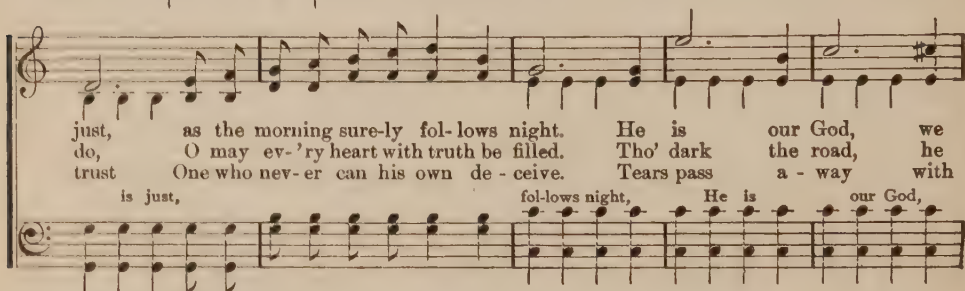
He Knows Our Every Sorrow.

ARRANGED.

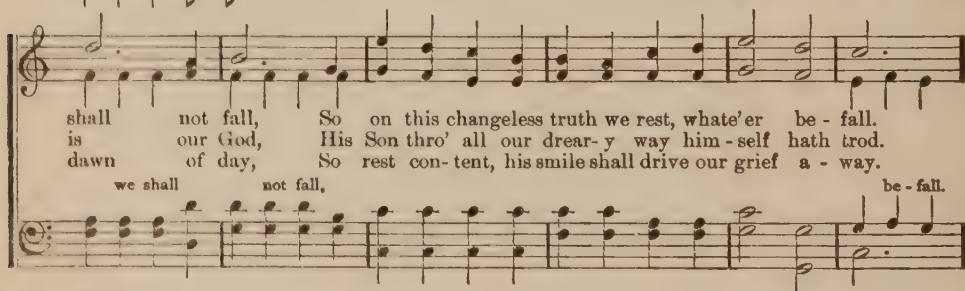
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Be still and trust! For whatev-er God ordains is right; His will is
 2. Our God is true! On his word our faith we strong shall build; Whate'er we
 3. Our God is just! And whatev-er he may send re-ceive, And ful-ly
 1. Be still and trust is right. His will

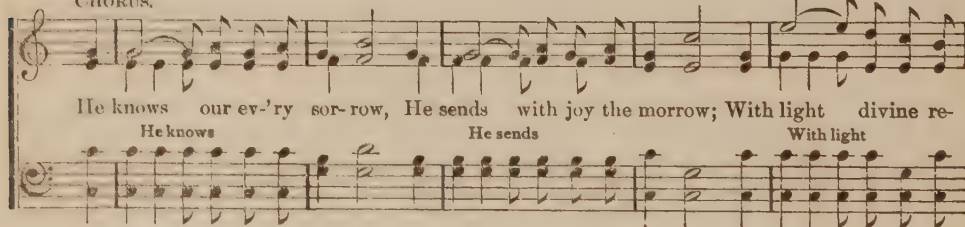


just, as the morning sure-ly fol-lows night. He is our God, we
 do, O may ev-'ry heart with truth be filled. Tho' dark the road, he
 trust One who nev-er can his own de-ceive. Tears pass a-way with
 is just, fol-lows night, He is our God,

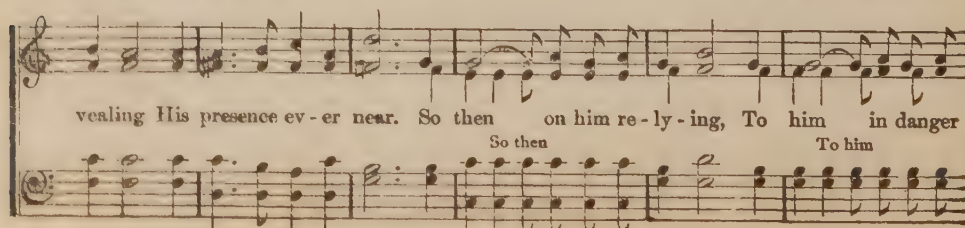


shall not fall, So on this changeless truth we rest, whate'er be-fall.
 is our God, His Son thro' all our drear-y way him-self hath trod.
 dawn of day, So rest con-tent, his smile shall drive our grief a-way.
 we shall not fall, be-fall.

CHORUS.

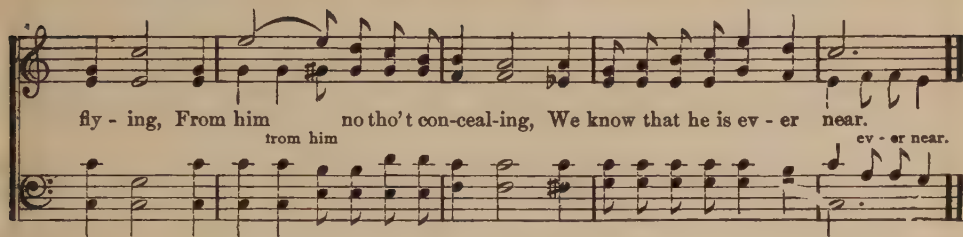


He knows our ev-'ry sor-row, He sends with joy the morrow; With light divine re-
 He knows He sends With light



vealing His presence ev-er near. So then on him re-ly-ing, To him in danger
 So then To him

He Knows Our Every Sorrow.—Concluded.



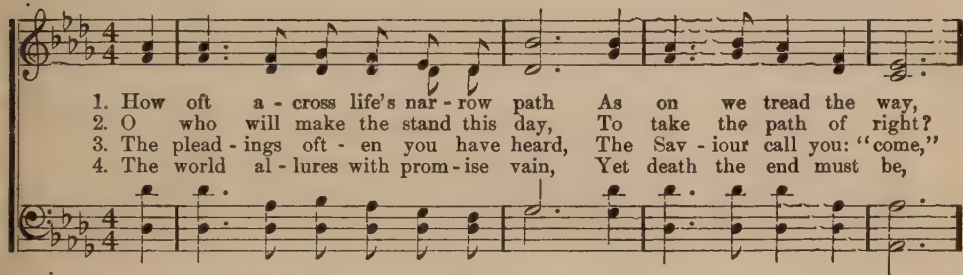
fly - ing, From him no tho't con-veal-ing, We know that he is ev - er near.
from him cv - er near.

No. 67.

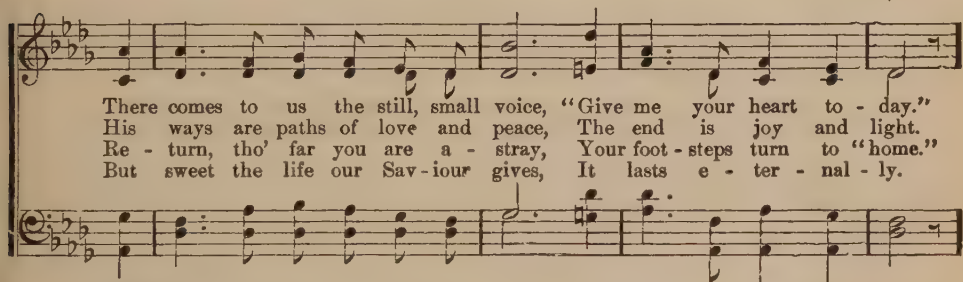
Decide for Jesus.

IRVIN H. MACK.

ARTHUR WILTON.

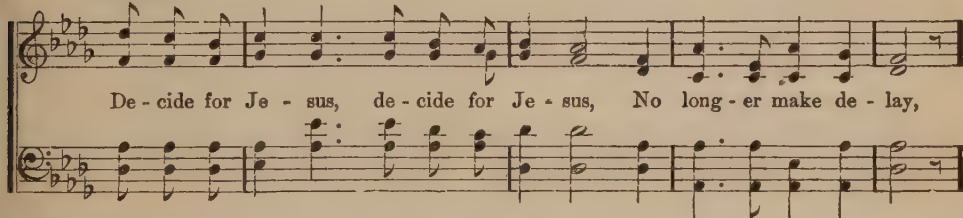


1. How oft a - cross life's nar - row path As on we tread the way,
2. O who will make the stand this day, To take the path of right?
3. The plead - ings oft - en you have heard, The Sav - iour call you: "come,"
4. The world al - lures with prom - ise vain, Yet death the end must be,

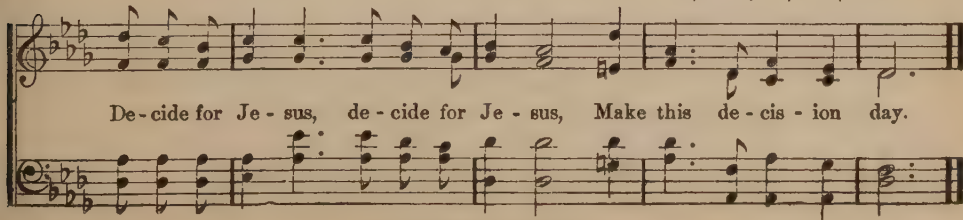


There comes to us the still, small voice, "Give me your heart to - day."
His ways are paths of love and peace, The end is joy and light.
Re - turn, tho' far you are a - stray, Your foot - steps turn to "home."
But sweet the life our Sav - iour gives, It lasts e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS.



De - cide for Je - sus, de - cide for Je - sus, No long - er make de - lay,

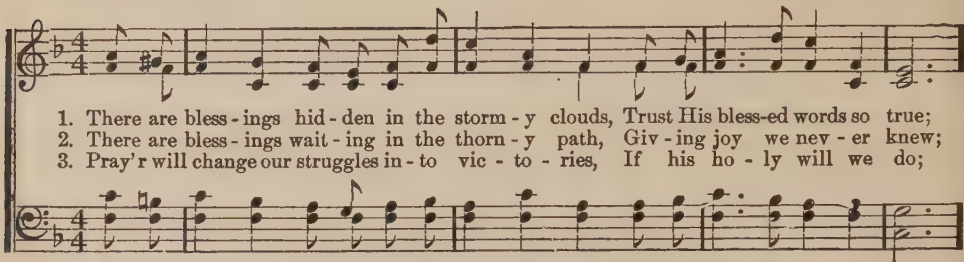


De - cide for Je - sus, de - cide for Je - sus, Make this de - cis - ion day.

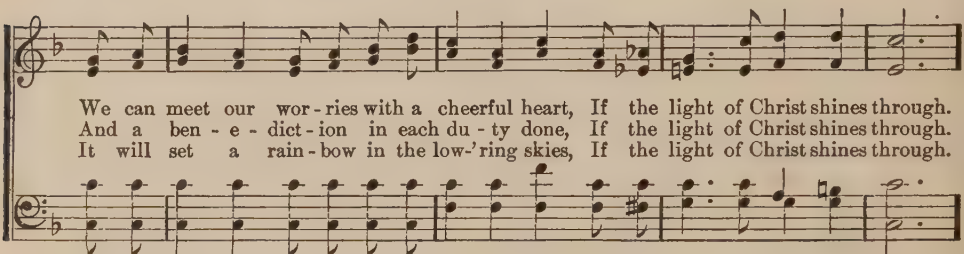
No. 68. Let the Light of Christ Shine Through.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

ARTHUR WILTON.

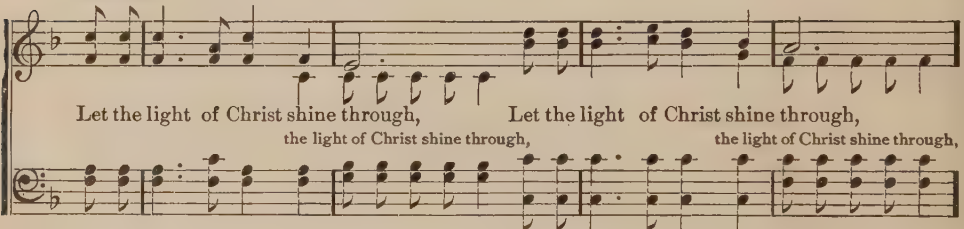


1. There are bless-ings hid-den in the storm-y clouds, Trust His bless-ed words so true;
 2. There are bless-ings wait-ing in the thorn-y path, Giv-ing joy we nev-er knew;
 3. Pray'r will change our struggles in-to vic-to-ries, If his ho-ly will we do;

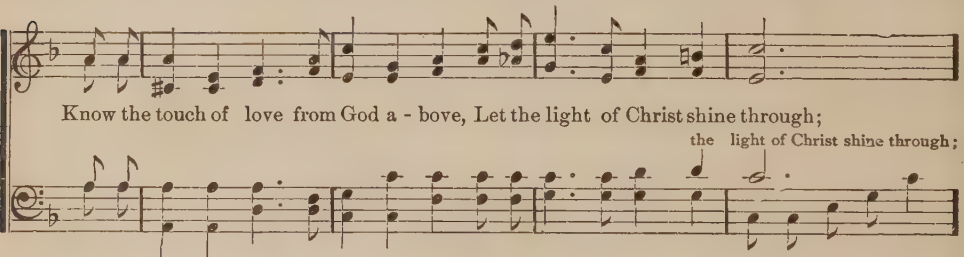


We can meet our wor-ries with a cheerful heart, If the light of Christ shines through.
 And a ben-e-dict-ion in each du-ty done, If the light of Christ shines through.
 It will set a rain-bow in the low-ring skies, If the light of Christ shines through.

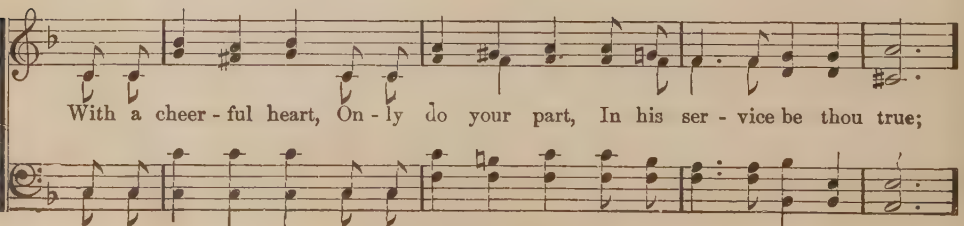
CHORUS.



Let the light of Christ shine through, Let the light of Christ shine through,
 the light of Christ shine through, the light of Christ shine through,



Know the touch of love from God a-bove, Let the light of Christ shine through;
 the light of Christ shine through;



With a cheer-ful heart, On-ly do your part, In his ser-vice be thou true;

Let the Light of Christ Shine Through.—Concluded.

He will bless each deed, He will help in need, Let the light of Christ shine through.

No. 69. Somewhere the Sun is Shining.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Myr - iads of frag - grant flow - ers, Grow - ing in shad - y bow - ers,
 2. Clouds o'er the sky are steal - ing, Beau - ties of Heav'n con - ceal - ing,
 3. Waste not the days in sigh - ing, Some one to cheer be try - ing,

Give thanks to Him for show - ers, Tho' they come from the dark sky a - bove.
 Our faith in God re - veal - ing, When the dark - ness a - round us may fall.
 On Christ a - lone re - ly - ing, Ma - ny souls may be won to his love.

CHORUS.

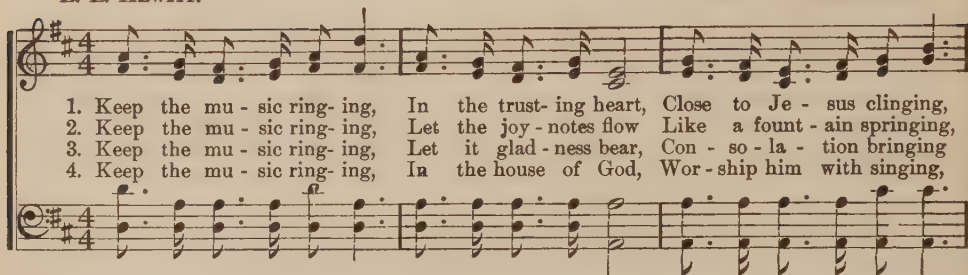
Some - where the sun still is shin - ing, Tho' o'er the hills 'tis de - clin - ing,

Cease then the sin - ful re - pin - ing, For its beams on oth - ers rest.

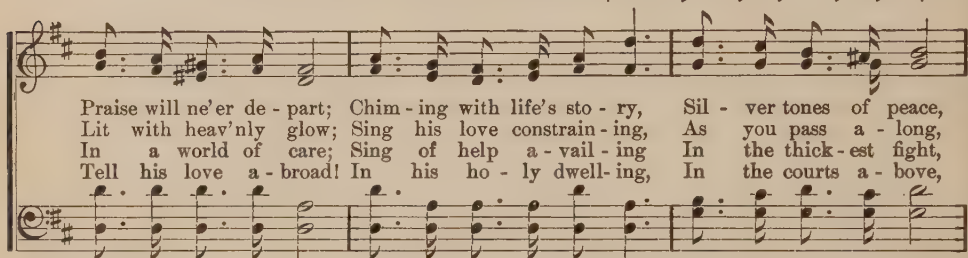
Keep the Music Ringing.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Keep the mu - sic ring - ing, In the trust - ing heart, Close to Je - sus clinging,
 2. Keep the mu - sic ring - ing, Let the joy - notes flow, Like a fount - ain springing,
 3. Keep the mu - sic ring - ing, Let it glad - ness bear, Con - so - la - tion bringing
 4. Keep the mu - sic ring - ing, In the house of God, Wor - ship him with singing,

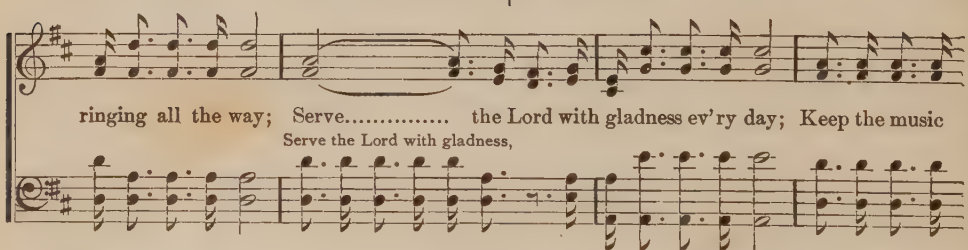


Praise will ne'er de - part; Chim - ing with life's sto - ry, Sil - ver tones of peace,
 Lit with heav'nly glow; Sing his love constrain - ing, As you pass a - long,
 In a world of care; Sing of help a - vail - ing In the thick - est fight,
 Tell his love a - broad! In his ho - ly dwell - ing, In the courts a - bove,

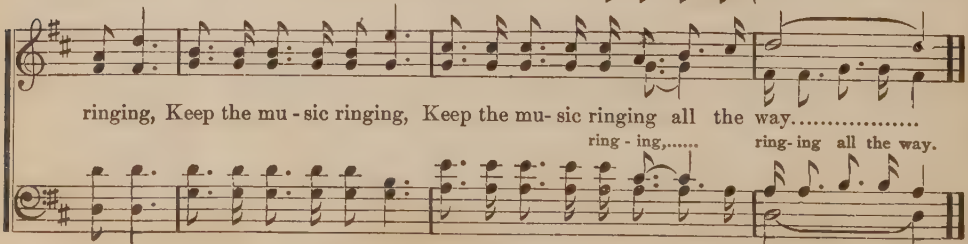


CHORUS.

To our Saviour's glo - ry, Let them nev - er cease. Keep..... the mu - sic
 Till his knowledge gaining Oth - ers learn your song.
 Sing of grace un - fail - ing In the dark - est night. } Keep the mu - sic ring - ing,
 O what strains are swelling; Raptured hymns of love.



ringing all the way; Serve..... the Lord with gladness ev'ry day; Keep the music
 Serve the Lord with gladness,



ringing, Keep the mu - sic ringing, Keep the mu - sic ringing all the way.....
 ring - ing,..... ring - ing all the way.

REV. CAREY BONNER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



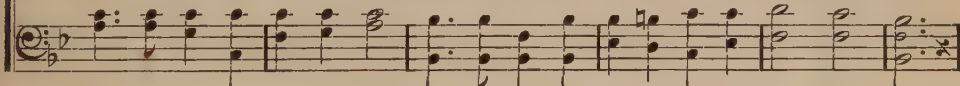
1. Hal - le - lu - jah! Song of triumph Sung by an - gel choirs on high; Hal - le - lu - jah!
 2. Hal - le - lu - jah! Church redeemed, Thou dost love the song to raise; And, tho' ex - iles
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah! Yet with trembling We up - lift that heav'nly strain, For a wail of
 4. To thyself, O Father, bring us, When the strife of sin is o'er; Then, with all our



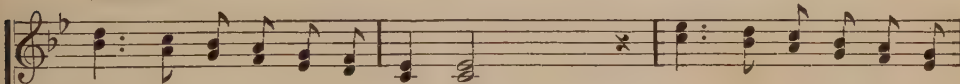
Ne - ver ceasing, Rolls and thunders thro' the sky. Strain vic - torious, Anthem glorious,
 from thy glo - ry, We would join thee in thy praise, Loud - ly singing, Ev - er ringing
 sin and weakness Min - gles with the blest re - frain. Lord, our sadness Turn to gladness,
 ransomed children, Per - fect praise shall we outpour. Then in glo - ry Sing before thee



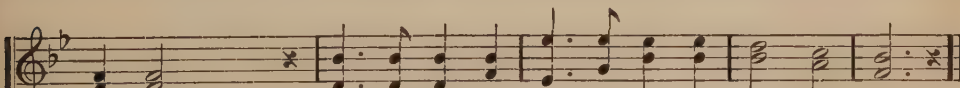
Peal - ing forth e - ter - nal - ly. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!
 Un - to God our cheerful lays. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!
 Set us free from e - vil's chain. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!
 Hal - le - lu - jah ev - er - more. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!



CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!



lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord!
 Hal - le - lu - jah!



1. Onward still, and upward, Fol-low ev - er - more Where our mighty Leader Goes in
 2. Onward, ev - er onward, Thro' the pastures green, Where the streams flow softly, Un - der
 3. Upward, ev - er upward, Toward the radiant glow, Far a - bove the val - ley, Where the

love be - fore; "Looking unto Je - sus," Reach a helping hand To a struggling neighbor,
 skies se - rene; Or, if need be, upward, O'er the rocky steep, Trusting him who guides us,
 mist hangs low; On, with songs of gladness, Till the march shall end, Where ten thousand thousand

CHORUS.

Help - ing him to stand. } Marching on - - ward, up-
 Strong to save and keep. } Marching onward, marching onward, onward, Upward marching,
 Hal - le - lu - jahs blend. }

ward, Marching steady - ly, onward, Je - sus leads the way, Marching on - -
 upward, upward, onward, marching

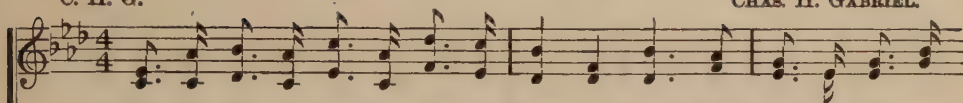
ward, up - - ward, Onward unto glory, To the per - fect day.
 onward, onward, upward, marching upward, upward,

No. 73.

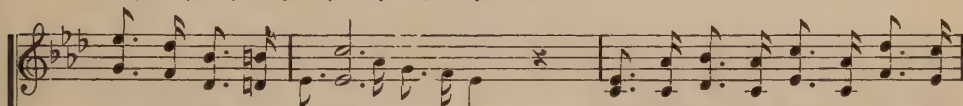
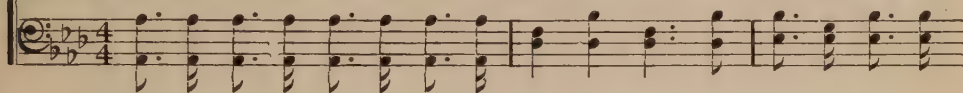
Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Had we on - ly sunshine all the year a - round, With - out the blessing
 2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For him who bore the
 3. Can we prize the sunshine and de - plore the rain, Re pin - ing when the



of refresh - ing rain, (refreshing rain,) Would we scat - ter seed up - on the
 bur - den of our sin, (who bore our sin,) Would we know the sweetness of his
 days are dark and drear? (are dark and drear?) Can we hope for pleasures yet de -

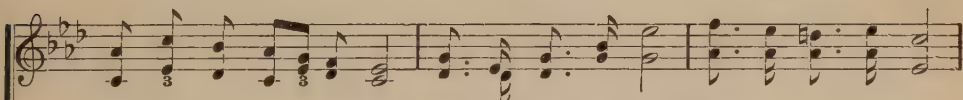
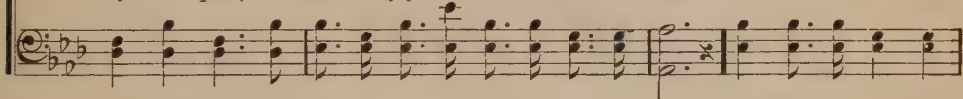
x. Would we scat - ter seed



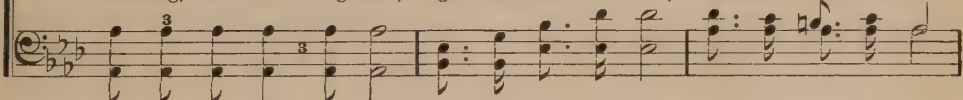
CHORUS.



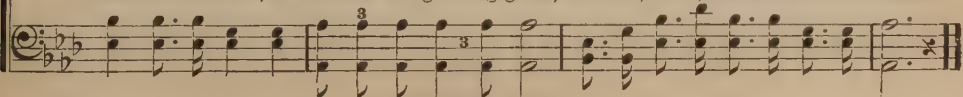
fal - low ground, And hope to gather flowers, fruit and grain? }
 love and care, Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win? } Sunshine and rain, re -
 ny the pain, Or share the joys of life without the tear? }



freshing, re - viv - ing rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from a - bove!



Sunshine and rain, to nurture the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sun - shine and the rain.



C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. As of old, when the hosts of Is - ra - el Were compelled in the wil - der -
 2. To and fro, as a ship with - out a sail, Not a com - pass to guide them
 3. All the days of their wand' rings they were fed; To the land of the promise

ness to dwell, Trusting they in their God to lead the way To the light of perfect day.
 thro' the vale, But the sign of their God was ev - er near, Thus their fainting hearts to cheer.
 they were led; By the hand of the Lord, in guidance sure, They were bro't to Canaan's shore.

CHORUS. UNISON.

So the sign of the fire by night, And the sign of the cloud by day,

Hov'ring o'er, just be-fore, As they journey on their way,

Shall a guide and a lead - er be, Till the wil - der - ness be past,

The Cloud and Fire.—Concluded.

For the Lord our God in his own good time, Shall lead to the light at last.

No. 75.

I Remember Calvary.

REV. W. C. MARTIN.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Where he may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust him so,
2. O I de-light in his command, Love to be led by his dear hand;
3. On-ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Hap-py with Christ, my Sav-iour, near,

And I re-mem-ber 'twas for me That he was slain on Cal-va-ry.
His di-vine will is sweet to me, Hallowed by blood-stained Cal-va-ry.
Trusting that I some day shall see Je-sus, my Friend, of Cal-va-ry.

CHORUS.

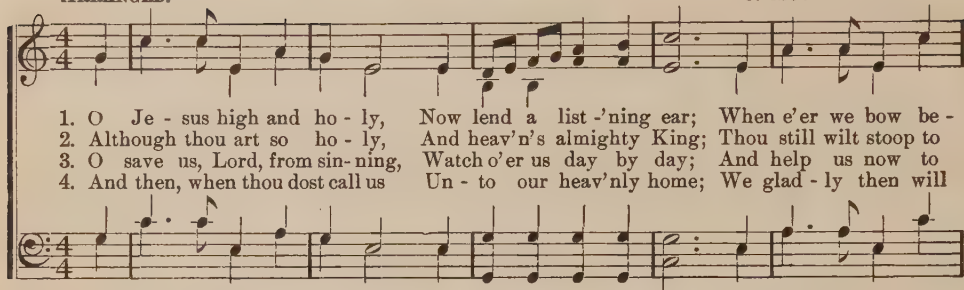
Je-sus shall lead me night and day, Je-sus shall lead me all the way;

He is the tru-est Friend to me, For I re-mem-ber Cal-va-ry.

Hear Us, Blessed Jesus.

ARRANGED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



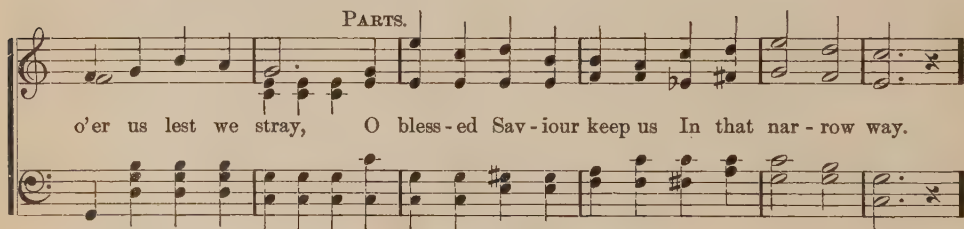
1. O Je - sus high and ho - ly, Now lend a list -'ning ear; When e'er we bow be -
 2. Although thou art so ho - ly, And heav'n's almighty King; Thou still wilt stoop to
 3. O save us, Lord, from sin - ning, Watch o'er us day by day; And help us now to
 4. And then, when thou dost call us Un - to our heav'nly home; We glad - ly then will



GIRLS.

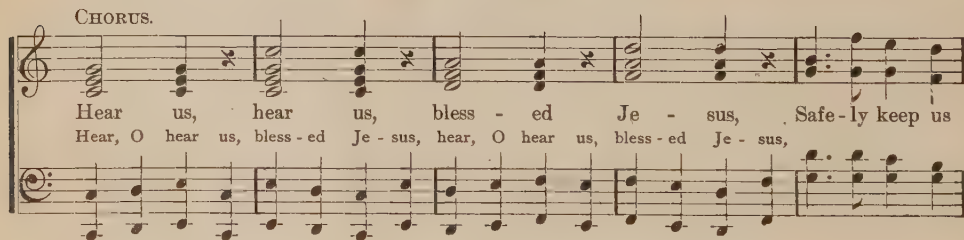
fore thee, Thou wilt our praises hear.
 lis - ten, When e'er thy praise we sing.
 love thee, O take our sins a - way.
 an - swer, "O Saviour, Lord, we come."

O lead us ev - er by thy guiding hand, Watch



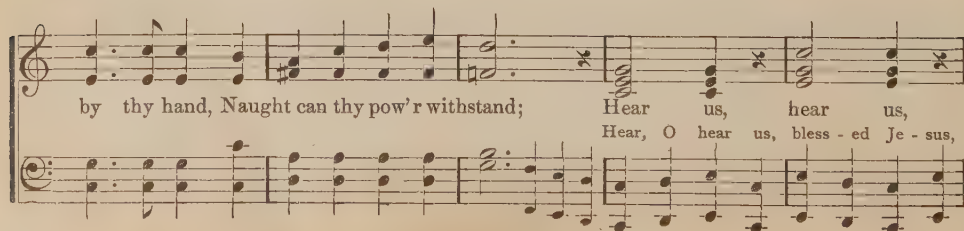
PARTS.

o'er us lest we stray, O bless - ed Sav - iour keep us In that nar - row way.



CHORUS.

Hear us, hear us, bless - ed Je - sus, Safe - ly keep us
 Hear, O hear us, bless - ed Je - sus, hear, O hear us, bless - ed Je - sus,



by thy hand, Naught can thy pow'r withstand; Hear us, hear us,
 Hear, O hear us, bless - ed Je - sus,

Hear Us, Blessed Jesus.—Concluded.

bless - ed Je - sus, Be near us while we wake or sleep, And safe - ly keep.
Hear us, hear us, blessed Lord,

No. 77.

Let the Light of Heaven Shine.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

ARTHUR WILTON.

1. Has a message come to you From the King of heav'n? Some sweet promise tried and true,
2. Blest as - surance he hath sent Of his love di - vine; Let no shade of dis - con - tent
3. Per - fect peace and perfect rest He will give his own; Let his message be confessed
4. Then reflect the blessed light Of the Father's love, Ban - ish - ing the shades of night,

A - ges old, yet always new, That his love has giv'n? Let the light of heaven shine.
Mar the glo - ry God hath meant In our lives to shine: Let the light of heaven shine.
Till his love from east to west Un - to all is known: Let the light of heaven shine.
Making all our pathway bright To the home a - bove: Let the light of heaven shine.

CHORUS.

Let the light of heaven shine, light of heaven shine, Let the light of heaven shine; light of heaven shine;

Tho't of Jesus, words divine, Send to other lives than thine: Let the light of heaven shine.

E. E. HEWITT.

W. A. POST.

1. We're sail - ing, sailing o - ver life's great sea, And oth - er ships are passing by;
 2. Lift up the beacon that shall guide the lost Un - to the ha - ven bright and fair;
 3. We're sail - ing, sailing o - ver life's great sea, And not a - lone our way we take;

The mighty Saviour shall our Captain be, His star is shining in the sky.
 O help the wand'ring and the tempest-tossed, That peace and shelter they may share.
 For oth - ers, sailing, look to you and me! O help them for the Master's sake!

But while in safety we may glide a - long, Led by the Light that nev - er fails,
 O bring the shipwrecked to the Life - boat true, Our Refuge in the wild - est storm;
 The po - lar star of mer - cy shines a - bove, Our anchor holds for - ev - er more;

O hear the cry that ris - es full and strong From those who struggle with the gales.
 Sing out with gladness and with hope a - new, Our Captain will his word per - form.
 And dear ones wait, with joyful songs of love, To greet us on the gold - en shore.

CHORUS.

Ship a - hoy! Hear the cry! "God save them," we fervently pray!
 Ship ahoy! Hear the cry! Hear the cry!

Ship Ahoy!—Concluded.

Ship a-hoy! Hear the cry! O haste to the res-cue to-day!
 Ship ahoy! Hear the cry! haste to-day!

No. 79.

The Day of Salvation.

REV. W. B. WILLIAMS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Now is the day of sal-va-tion, Now the ac-cept-a-ble time;
 2. Now is the day of sal-va-tion, Now is the time to re-lent;
 3. Now is the day of sal-va-tion, Now is the time to do right;
 4. Now is the day of sal-va-tion, Do not this mat-ter de-lay;

God may not give thee the mor-row—On-ly the pres-ent is thir-a!
 Yield not to sin and temp-ta-tion—Now is the time to re-pent.
 Fol-low-ing Christ as your Sav-iour, Walking each day in the light.
 Now is the time to sur-ren-der; Promptly the summons o-bey.

CHORUS.

Now is the day, Do not de-lay, Now is the day of sal-va-tion!

Now is the day, Do not de-lay, Now is the day of sal-va-tion!

Who Givest All!

ARRANGED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. O Lord of heav'n and earth and sea, To thee all praise and glo - ry be! How shall we
 2. For peaceful hours and happy days, For all the blessings earth displays, We owe thee
 3. Whatev - er, Lord, we lend to thee, Re - paid a thousand fold shall be; Then glad - ly
 4. To thee from whom we all de - rive, Our life, our gifts, our pow'r to give; O may we

show our love to thee, Who giv - est all?
 thankfulness and praise, Who giv - est all!
 will we give to thee, Who giv - est all!
 ev - er with thee live, Who giv - est all!

We'll sing thy praise in
 We will sing, sing thy praise,

songs of ho - ly joy! Thy work, O Lord, shall all our pow'rs em - ploy!
 ho - ly joy, on - ly thine, on - ly thine,

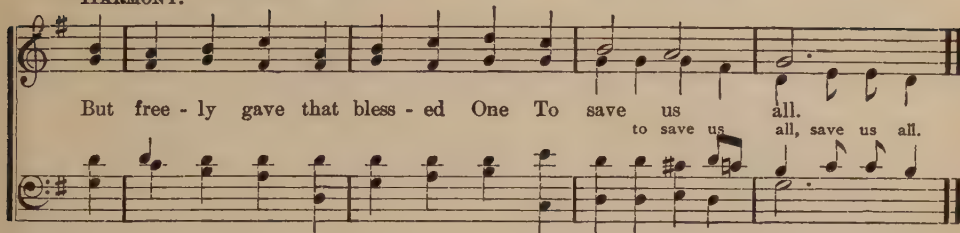
CHORUS. UNISON.

Souls redeemed and sins for - giv'n, For means of grace and
 Souls redeemed, sins forgiv'n, Souls redeemed, sins forgiv'n, Means of grace, means of grace,

hopes of heav'n, Thou didst not spare thine on - ly Son,
 means of grace and hopes of heav'n, Didst not spare, didst not spare, spare thy Son, spare thy Son,

Who Givest All!—Concluded.

HARMONY.



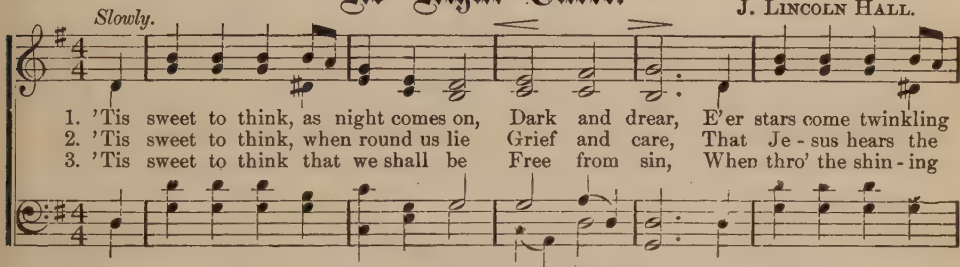
But free - ly gave that bless - ed One To save us all.
to save us all, save us all.

No. 81.

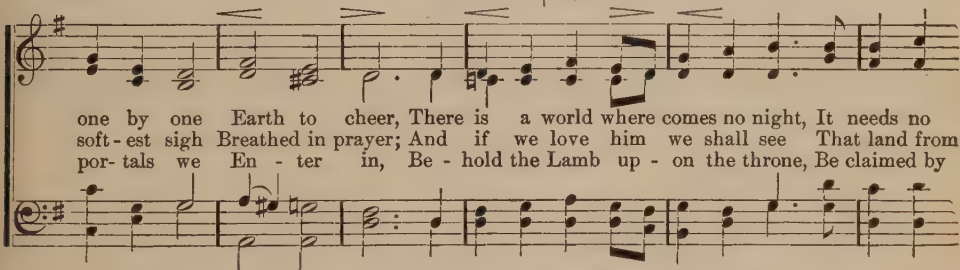
No Night There.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

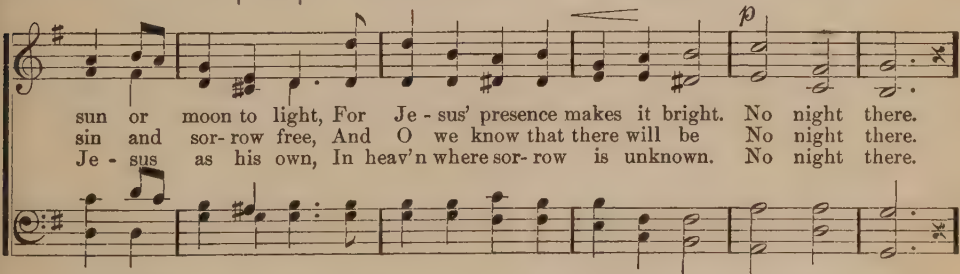
Slowly.



1. 'Tis sweet to think, as night comes on, Dark and drear, E'er stars come twinkling
2. 'Tis sweet to think, when round us lie Grief and care, That Je - sus hears the
3. 'Tis sweet to think that we shall be Free from sin, When thro' the shin - ing

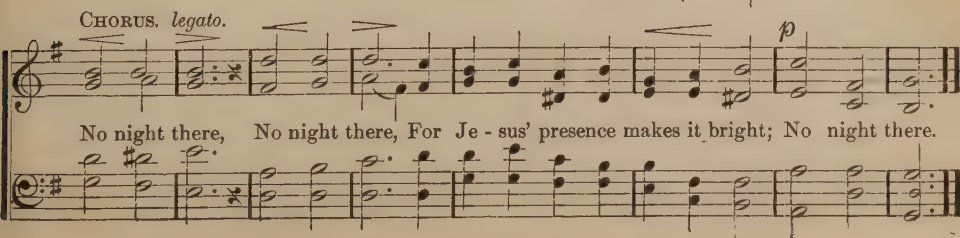


one by one Earth to cheer, There is a world where comes no night, It needs no
soft - est sigh Breathed in prayer; And if we love him we shall see That land from
por - tals we En - ter in, Be - hold the Lamb up - on the throne, Be claimed by



sun or moon to light, For Je - sus' presence makes it bright. No night there.
sin and sor - row free, And O we know that there will be No night there.
Je - sus as his own, In heav'n where sor - row is unknown. No night there.

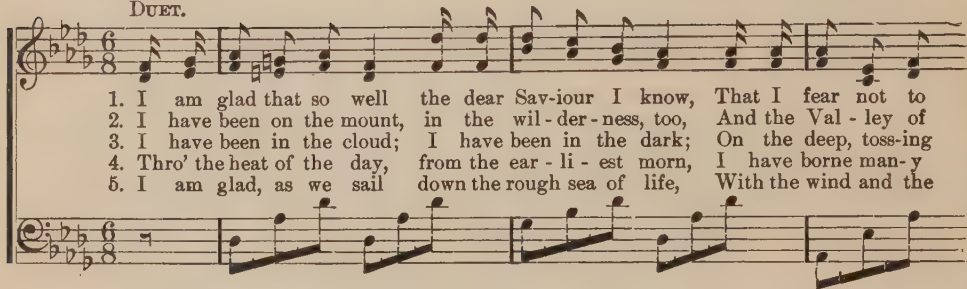
CHORUS. *legato.*



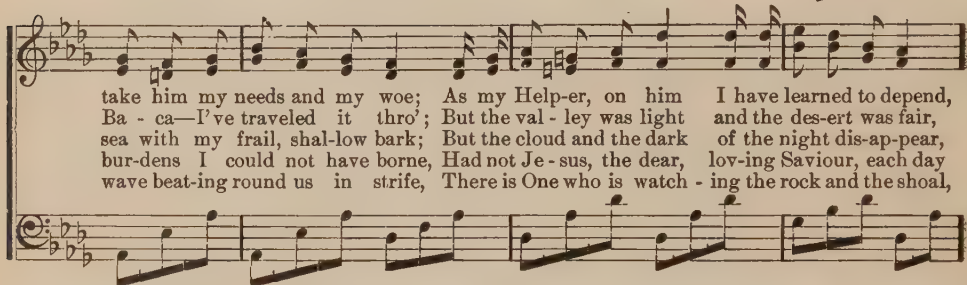
No night there, No night there, For Je - sus' presence makes it bright; No night there.

S. C. KIRK.
DUET.

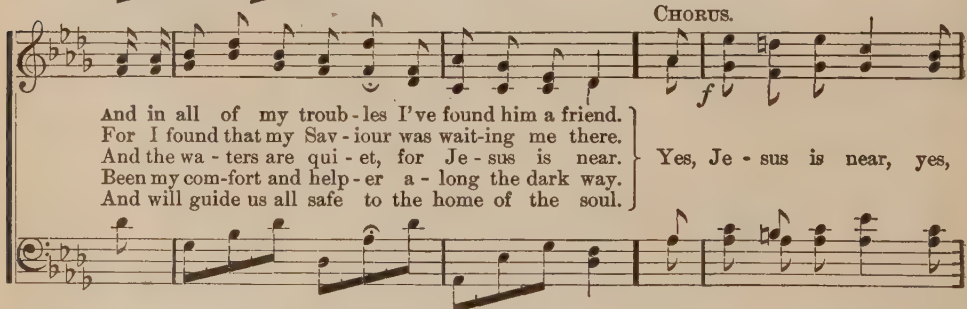
MAURICE A. CLIFTON.



1. I am glad that so well the dear Sav-iour I know, That I fear not to
 2. I have been on the mount, in the wil-der-ness, too, And the Val-ley of
 3. I have been in the cloud; I have been in the dark; On the deep, tossing
 4. Thro' the heat of the day, from the ear-li-est morn, I have borne man-y
 5. I am glad, as we sail down the rough sea of life, With the wind and the



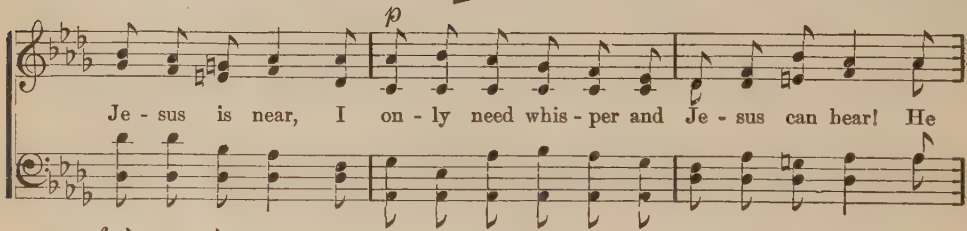
take him my needs and my woe; As my Help-er, on him I have learned to depend,
 Ba-ca—I've traveled it thro'; But the val-ley was light and the des-ert was fair,
 sea with my frail, shal-low bark; But the cloud and the dark of the night dis-ap-pear,
 bur-dens I could not have borne, Had not Je-sus, the dear, lov-ing Sav-iour, each day
 wave beat-ing round us in strife, There is One who is watch-ing the rock and the shoal,



CHORUS.

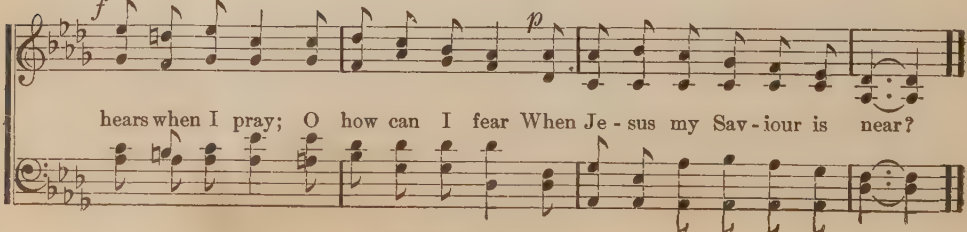
And in all of my troub-les I've found him a friend.
 For I found that my Sav-iour was wait-ing me there.
 And the wa-ters are qui-et, for Je-sus is near.
 Been my com-fort and help-er a-long the dark way.
 And will guide us all safe to the home of the soul.

Yes, Je-sus is near, yes,



p

Je-sus is near, I on-ly need whis-per and Je-sus can hear! He



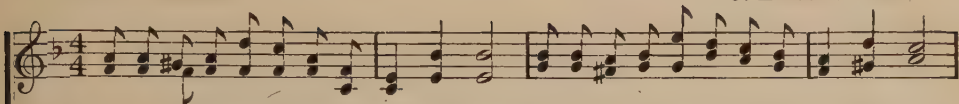
f

hears when I pray; O how can I fear When Je-sus my Sav-iour is near?

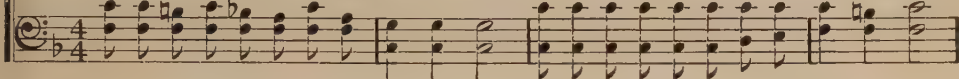
See the Golden Sunlight.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

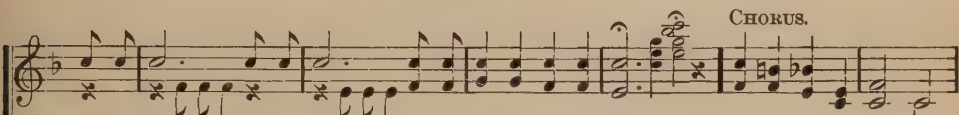
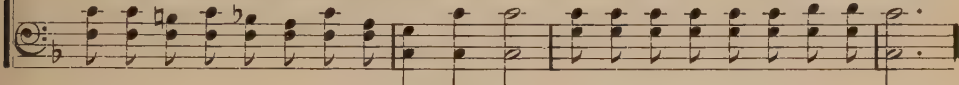
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. See the golden sunlight streaming ev - er bright, Over vale and mountain it is beam - ing fair;
2. Hear the songs of waving branches, floating on, Soaring gently to the gleaming skies a - bove;
3. All the world to joy awaking, with the songs Ev'ry voice of Nature joins the ju - bi - lee,

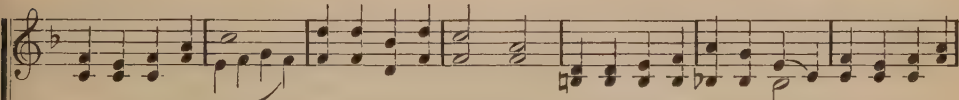
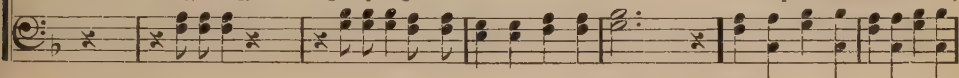


Hear the sounds of happy voices ring - ing clear, Singing, ringing thro' the balmy air.
 Clear and sweet the birds are singing notes of joy, Praises bringing to the God of love.
 In the choral song par-tak-ing, till the strains Sweetly ech - o o - ver land and sea.

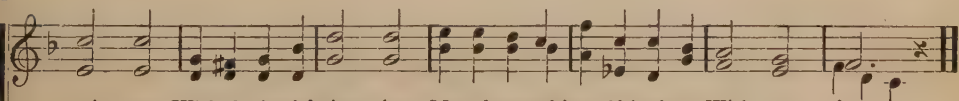
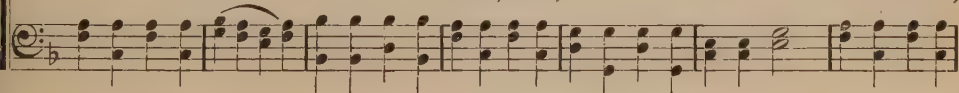


CHORUS.

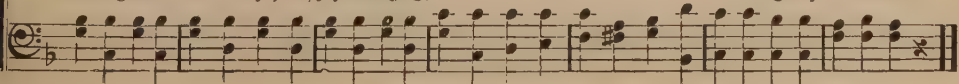
Sing, O sing, gladly sing Unto God who gives us all. Praise his name forever,
 Sing, O sing, gladly sing Praise O praise his name forever,

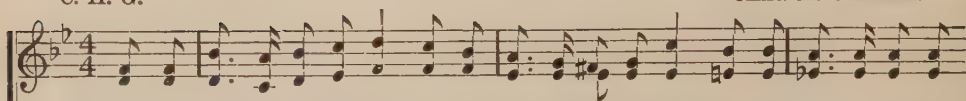


Earth, in glad ar - ray, Swells the gladsome chorus; On this blessed Sabbath day, Wake the sounding
 chorus, chorus; Wake the echoes,

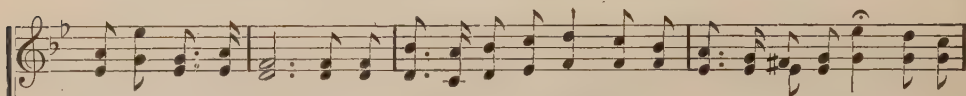
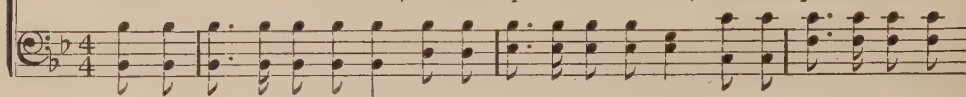


ech - oes With the joyful sing - ing; May the sunshine of his glory With us be.
 sounding echoes With the joy - ful, joyful singing; of his glo - ry with us be.

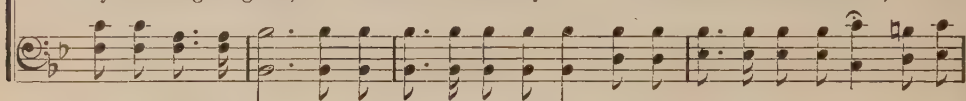




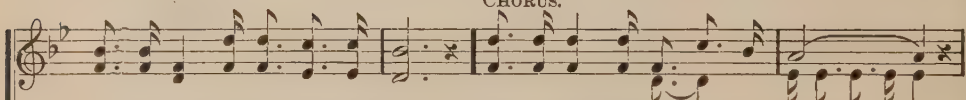
1. We may lighten toil and care, Or a heav-y burden share, With a word, a kindly
2. If his love is in the soul, And we yield to his control, Sweetest mu-sic will the
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kindle hope and banish fear, Soothe a pain or take a-



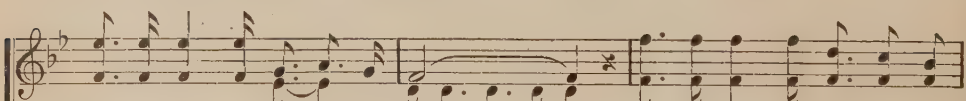
deed, or sun-ny smile; We may girdle day and night With a ha-lo of delight, If we
lone-ly hours beguile; We may drive the clouds away, Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we
way the sting of guile; O how much we all may do In the world we travel thro', If we



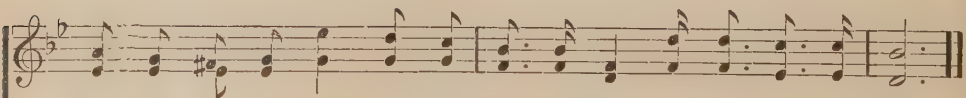
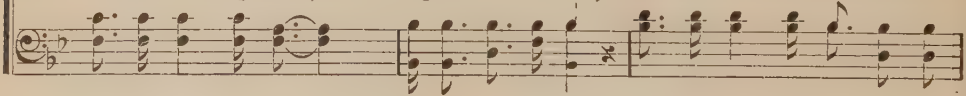
CHORUS.



keep our hearts singing all the while. Keep your heart singing all the while,.....
sing - ing, singing all the while,



Make the world brighter with a smile,..... Keep the song ringing, lone-ly.
bright - er, brighter with a smile;



hours we may be-guile, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.



Hasten Away.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. Hasten a-way, do not de-lay, Quickly respond to the call, Come with delight,
 2. Happy are we, hap-py and free, Working for Je-sus each day, He will at-tend,
 3. Go with a will, gladly ful-fill Ev-'ry command he may send; Thro' endless days,

:S: SOLO, OR ALL IN UNISON.

happy and bright, Work is awaiting us all.
 blessings will send, Ever will hear when we pray. } In the fields where ro-ses bloom,
 we will sing praise, When all our labor shall end. }

Or 'mid sor-row's deep-est gloom, Will-ing work-ers will find room;

FINE. CHORUS.

Hasten a-way, hasten a-way, Hasten, O hasten a-way. A-way, a-way,
 A-way, a-way,

D.S.

O heed the Master's call, A-way, a-way, There's la-bor for us all.
 the call, A-way, a-way, for all.

Wine is a Mocker.

IRVIN H. MACK.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

MAY BE USED AS A DUET.

1. The cup of wine, with beck'ning hand, Al - lures with promise sweet;
 2. Let not the tempter's voice de - ceive, But shun the proffered bowl;
 3. The tempter's wiles still lure us on In va - ried form and guise;
 4. Our strength must fail, our arms must fall, If we re - sist a - lone;

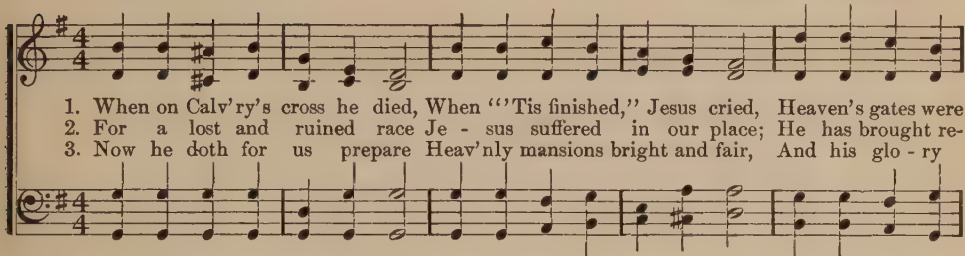
Yet, once with - in its treach'rous grasp, It bind - eth hands and feet.
 A dan - ger lurks in ev - 'ry draught, And claims the vic - tim's soul.
 He comes to us with tempting grace—Touch not; if thou art wise.
 But they who call for help from God He keep - eth as his own.

CHORUS.

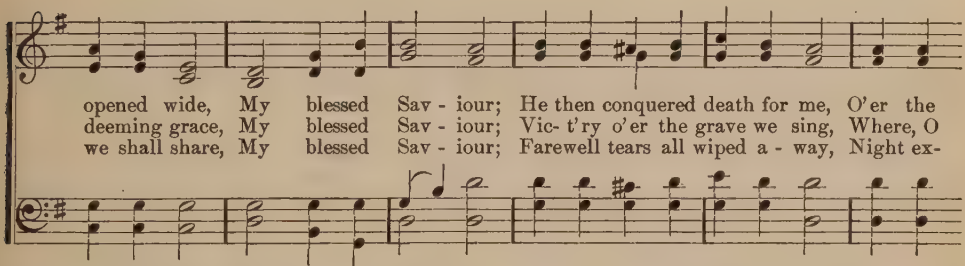
Wine is a mock - er, and strong drink is rag - ing, And who - so - ev - er is de -

ceiv - ed there - by is not wise; Who hath sor - row? Who hath

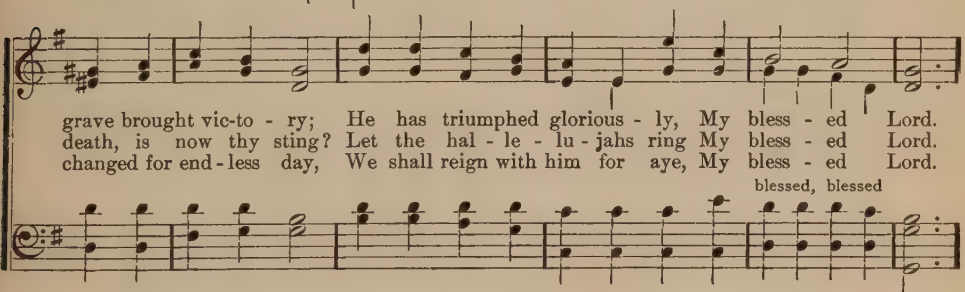
sor - row? They that tar - ry long at wine, Tar - ry long at wine.



1. When on Calv'ry's cross he died, When "'Tis finished," Jesus cried, Heaven's gates were
 2. For a lost and ruined race Je - sus suffered in our place; He has brought re-
 3. Now he doth for us prepare Heav'nly mansions bright and fair, And his glo - ry

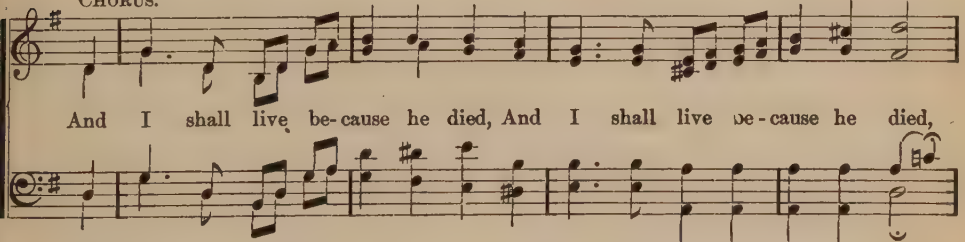


opened wide, My blessed Sav - iour; He then conquered death for me, O'er the
 deeming grace, My blessed Sav - iour; Vic - t'ry o'er the grave we sing, Where, O
 we shall share, My blessed Sav - iour; Farewell tears all wiped a - way, Night ex -

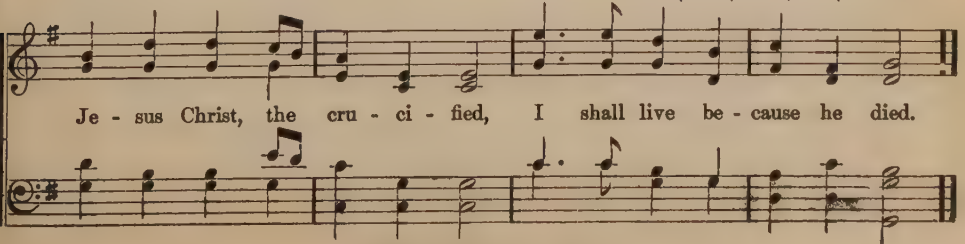


grave brought vic - to - ry; He has triumphed glorious - ly, My bless - ed Lord.
 death, is now thy sting? Let the hal - le - lu - jahs ring My bless - ed Lord.
 changed for end - less day, We shall reign with him for aye, My bless - ed Lord.
 blessed, blessed

CHORUS.



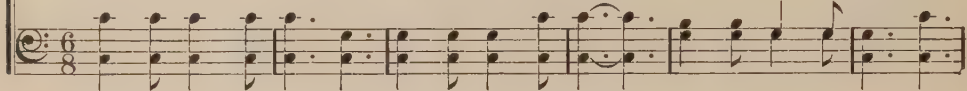
And I shall live, be - cause he died, And I shall live be - cause he died,



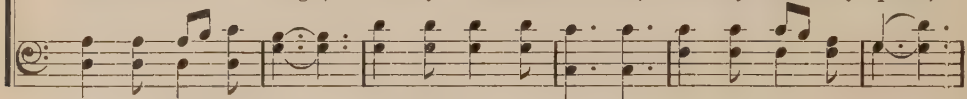
Je - sus Christ, the cru - ci - fied, I shall live be - cause he died.



1. "I will fail thee nev - er," blessed words of cheer, Like a blaze of glo - ry,
 2. "I will fail thee nev - er," tho' the night be long; Soon the morning com - eth
 3. "I will fail thee nev - er," brightest flow'rs will fade, But my trust in Je - sus
 4. "I will fail thee nev - er," fails the earth and sky, But his bow of promise



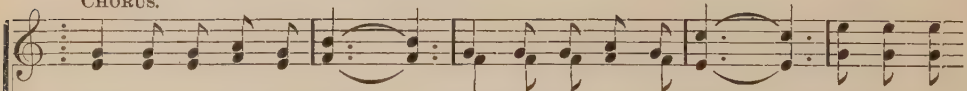
shin - ing far and near; Tho' the storm and tem - pest all a - round may shake,
 with its light and song; Precious words of com - fort to my heart I take;
 ne'er shall be - trayed; Midnight all around me, soon his light will break,
 shin - eth still on high; Earth - ly sunbeams van - ish, and my heart may quake,



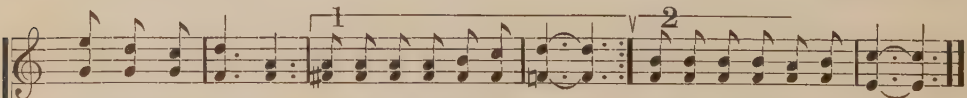
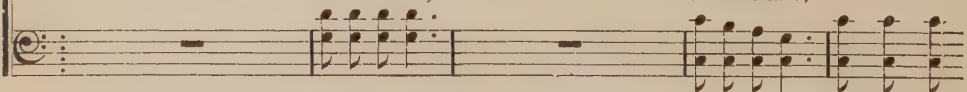
Je - sus, my Sav - iour, has prom - ised that he will nev - er for - sake.



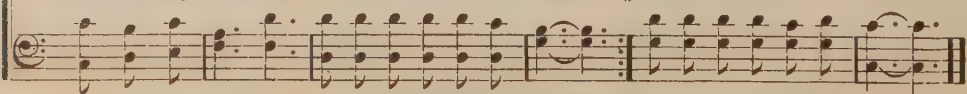
CHORUS.



No, he'll nev - er for - sake,..... No, he'll nev - er for - sake;..... Dangers a -
 Never forsake, Never forsake;



round me may threaten, Jesus will never for - sake. :|| Jesus will never for - sake.



Dear Spirit, Lead Thou Me.

JOHN BELL.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

DUET.—Alto and Tenor.

1. Dear Spir-it, lead me to the Saviour's side, Where my poor soul I may in
 2. For thy sure guid-ance I've not al-ways sought, Pride spurred me on to think as
 3. But now I place my trembling hand in thine, And take thy coun-sel, Lord, in-
 4. Sweet Spir-it, lead me kind-ly on I pray, Out of the maze of er-ror's
 5. I know thou wilt, un-wor-thy tho' I be, Safe lead me on, my ris-en

safe-ty hide From wrath di-vine, now hang-ing o-ver me, And shall un-
 oth-ers tho't, That I a-lone could sure-ly find the way From na-ture's
 stead of mine; Thou know'st the way, thou art a trust-ed guide, And to my
 broad'ning way; For it is death to lin-ger there, or stay— With night so
 Lord to see, My loved ones too, who long have gone be-fore, To join their

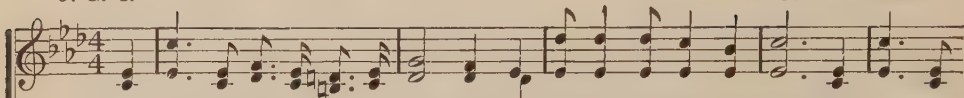
p CHORUS.

til by faith the Lord I see,
 night to realms of end-less day.
 soul can show the Cru-ci-fied.
 near, en-cir-cling life's short day.
 ranks, at home, to part no more.

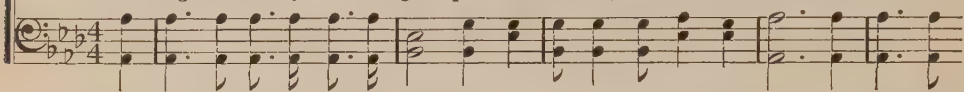
Dear Spir-it, lead me to his side,
 O lead me to his side,

Where my poor soul I may in safe-ty hide; I place my hand in thine;

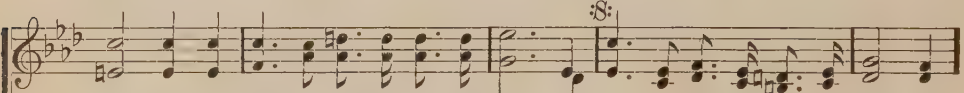
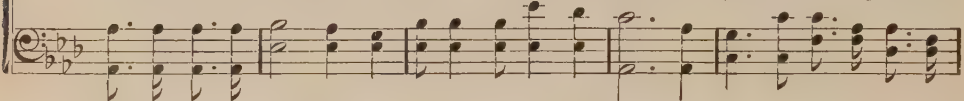
O take this soul of mine, Lead on till I be-hold my Lord, Cru-ci-fied.



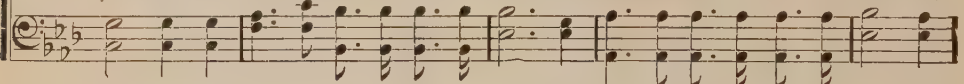
1. I sing the love of God, my Fa-ther, Whose Spirit abides with-in; Who changes
2. I sing the love of Christ, my Saviour, Who suffered up-on the tree; That, in the
3. I sing the beauty of the gos-pel That scatters, not thorns, but flow'rs; That bids me



all my grief to gladness, And pardons me all my sin. Tho' clouds may lower dark and se-cret of his presence, My bondage might freedom be. He comes "to bind the broken-scatter smiles and sunbeams Wherev-er are lone-ly hours. The "garment of his praise" it

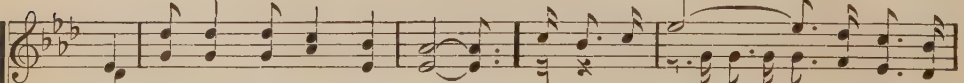


dear-y, Yet he has promised to be near; He gives me sunshine for my shad-ow, hearted;" He comes the fainting soul to cheer; He gives me "oil of joy" for mourning, of-fers For "heav-i-ness of spir-it," dear; It gives me sunshine for my shad-ow,



D.S.—gives me sunshine for my shad-ow,

FINE. CHORUS.



And "beauty for ash-es," here. He gives me joy..... in place of
He gives me joy



And "beauty for ash-es," here.



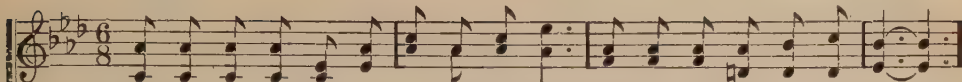
sor-row; He gives me love..... that casts out fear; He
in place of care; He gives me love that casts out fear;





Pass the Good Tidings Along!

E. E. HEWITT.

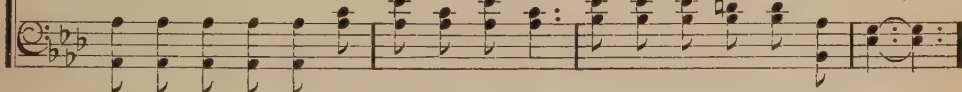
ARTHUR WILTON.




1. Send the glad message a - far o'er the sea, Ring out love's beau-ti - ful song;
 2. Je - sus, who came from his home far a - way, Bent on a mission of love,
 3. Trusting the -Saviour who reigneth on high, We in his strength shall be strong;


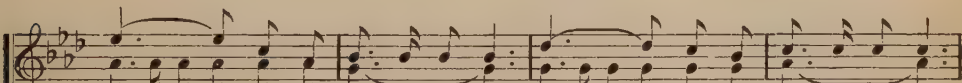
Bless-ed sal - va - tion, so boundless and free, Pass the good tid-ings a - long!
 Tells us to "go" where he sends us to - day, Bear-ing a light from a - bove.
 Looking to him for the grace he'll supply, Pass the good tid-ings a - long!





CHORUS.




Pass the good ti-dings a - long!..... Pass the good ti-dings a - long!.....
 Pass..... the good tidings along! Pass..... the good tidings along!

Pass..... the good tidings a - long! Pass..... the good tidings a - long!
 Pass the good ti - dings a - long!..... Pass the good ti - dings a - long!.....

All who love Je - sus, a wit-ness-ing throng, Pass the good tidings a - long!



Let Me Lean Harder On Thee.

E. E. HEWITT.

(MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO AND CHORUS.) WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

1. Veiled is the future be - fore me; Life's checkered pathway I climb, God in his goodness re -
 2. Earth's dearest ties must be broken, Time's sweetest roses de - cay; Words of farewell must be
 3. Sometime, I'll come to the valley, Where a grim shadow is thrown; No human friend can go

veal - ing On - ly one step at a time. Will the to - morrow be cloud - ed? Will it bring
 spok - en, Evening will follow the day. Still, waves of joy roll a - round me, Swelling from
 with me, Leave me, O Lord, not alone! Till that bright, beautiful morn - ing, When all the

sunshine for me? Let me lean harder, dear Saviour, Let me lean harder on thee.
 love's boundless sea, While I lean harder, dear Saviour, While I lean harder on thee.
 darkness shall flee, Let me lean harder, dear Saviour, Let me lean harder on thee.

CHORUS. Much faster.

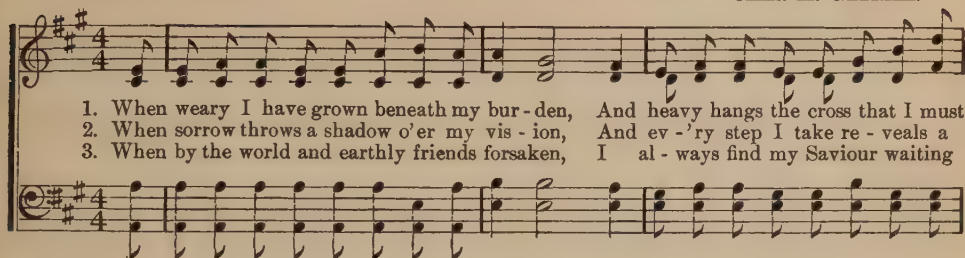
Let me lean harder on thee,..... Let me lean harder on thee,.....
 Let me lean hard - er, lean hard - er on thee, Let me lean hard - er, lean hard - er on thee,

Thro' storm and thro' sunshine, dear Sav - iour, Let me lean harder on thee.....
 Saviour, dear Saviour, lean hard - er on thee.

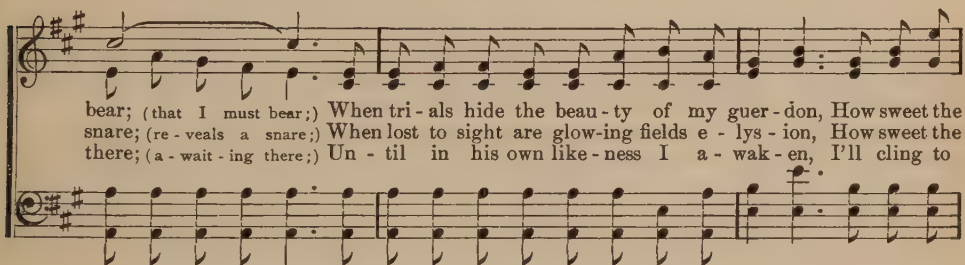
The Hour of Prayer.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

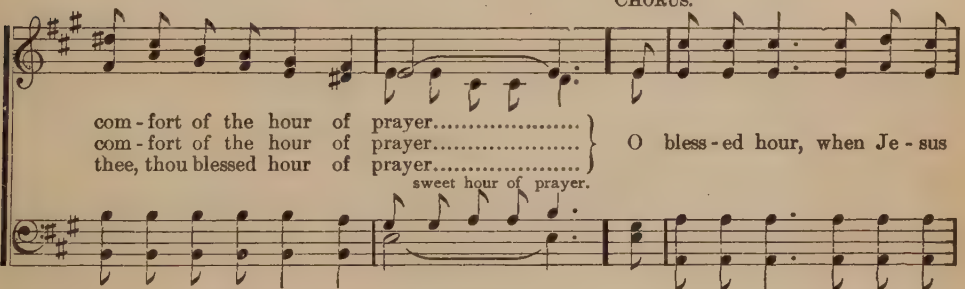


1. When weary I have grown beneath my bur-den, And heavy hangs the cross that I must
 2. When sorrow throws a shadow o'er my vis-ion, And ev-'ry step I take re-veals a
 3. When by the world and earthly friends forsaken, I al-ways find my Saviour waiting

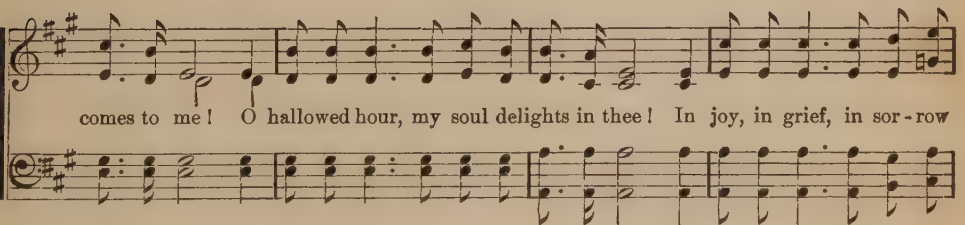


bear; (that I must bear;) When tri-als hide the beau-ty of my guer-don, How sweet the
 snare; (re-veals a snare;) When lost to sight are glow-ing fields e-lys-ion, How sweet the
 there; (a-wait-ing there;) Un-til in his own like-ness I a-wak-en, I'll cling to

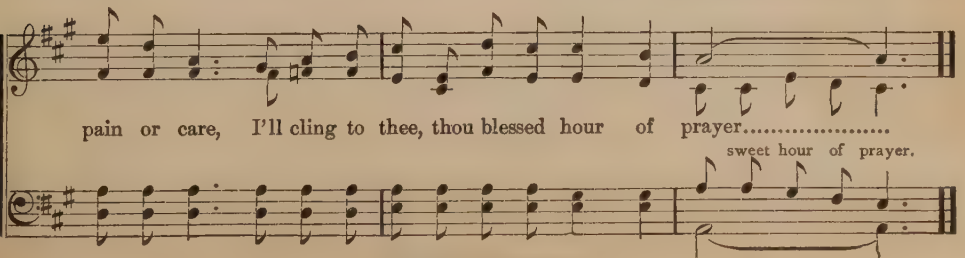
CHORUS.



com-fort of the hour of prayer..... } O bless-ed hour, when Je-sus
 com-fort of the hour of prayer..... }
 thee, thou blessed hour of prayer..... }
 sweet hour of prayer.



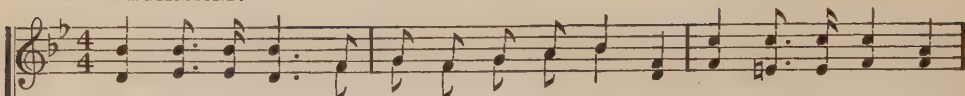
comes to me! O hallowed hour, my soul delights in thee! In joy, in grief, in sor-row



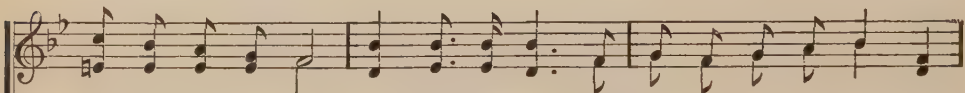
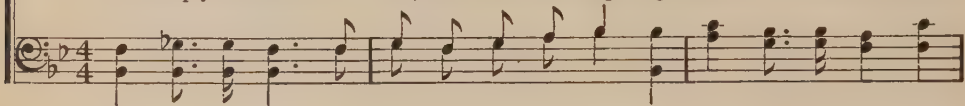
pain or care, I'll cling to thee, thou blessed hour of prayer.....
 sweet hour of prayer.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

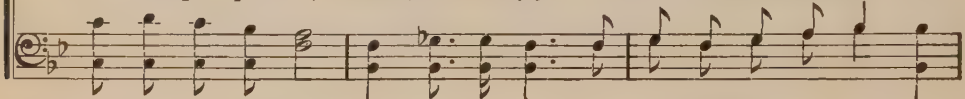
MAURICE A. CLIFTON.



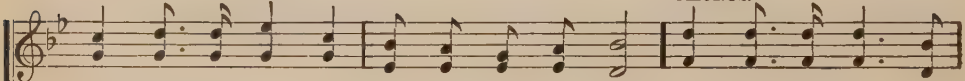
1. Praise ye the Lord! For great is he and might - y! Show his sal - va - tien
 2. Give un - to God the maj - es - ty and glo - ry Due to his name! O
 3. O clap your hands! Ye hills, break forth in sing - ing! Glad in the Lord should



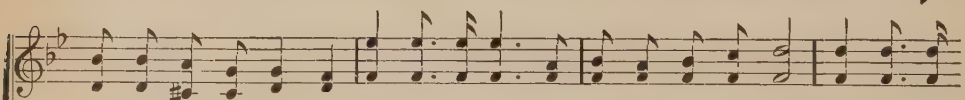
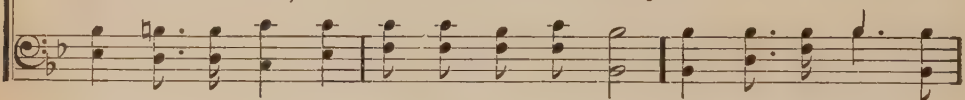
forth from day to day! He doth preserve the souls of all his peo - ple;
 wor - ship at his feet! En - ter his gates with songs and glad thankgiv - ings,
 all his peo - ple be; Shout, shout for joy un - til the mountains ech - o,



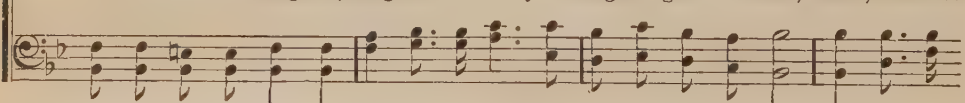
CHORUS.



Praise him and mag - ni - fy his name al - way! }
 Ren - der to him a ser - vice full, complete. } Praise ye the Lord! Ye
 From shore to shore, the an - them of the free. }



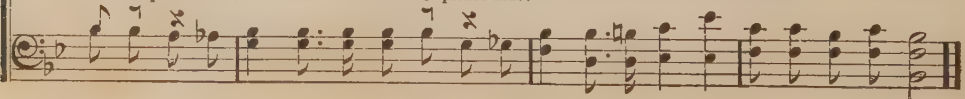
children of the kingdom, Sing un - to him your songs of glad acclaim; Shout, shout for



joy! Shout, shout for joy! Praise ye the Lord and mag - ni - fy his name!

O praise him!

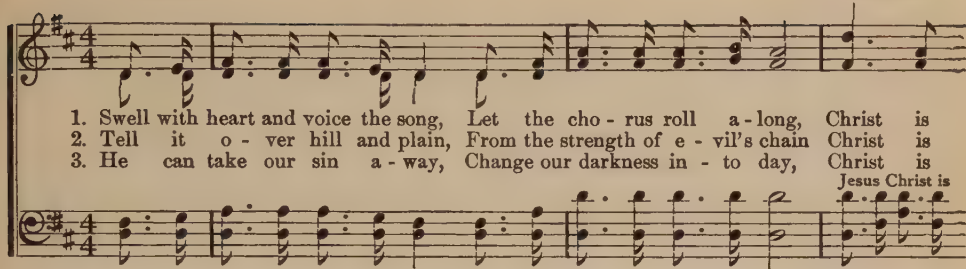
O praise him!



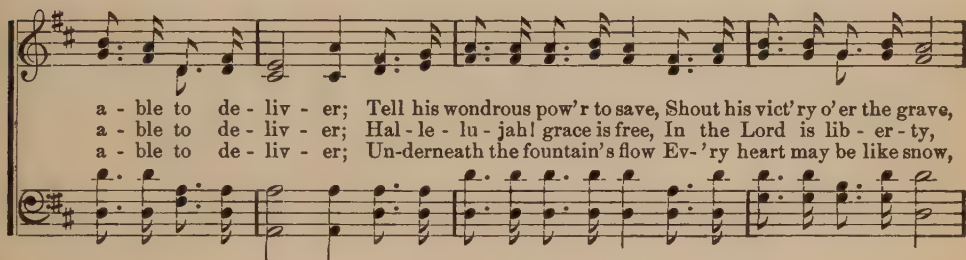
He is Able to Deliver.

EDGAR LEWIS.

L. E. JONES.

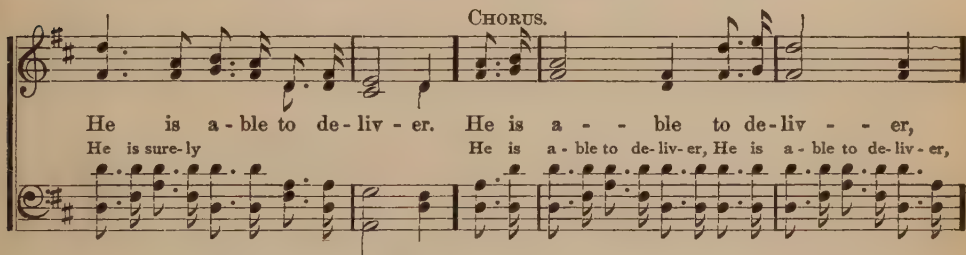


1. Swell with heart and voice the song, Let the cho - rus roll a - long, Christ is
 2. Tell it o - ver hill and plain, From the strength of e - vil's chain Christ is
 3. He can take our sin a - way, Change our darkness in - to day, Christ is
 Jesus Christ is

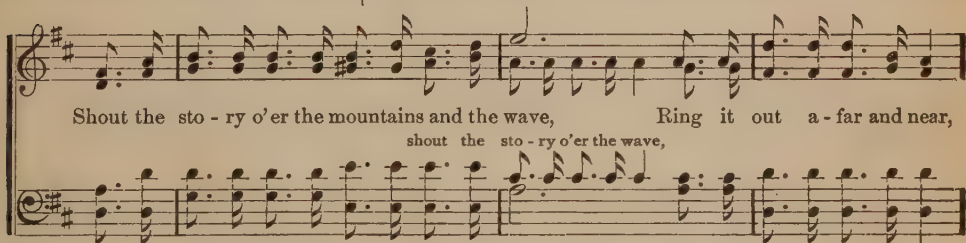


a - ble to de - liv - er; Tell his wondrous pow'r to save, Shout his vict'ry o'er the grave,
 a - ble to de - liv - er; Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free, In the Lord is lib - er - ty,
 a - ble to de - liv - er; Un - derneath the fountain's flow Ev - 'ry heart may be like snow,

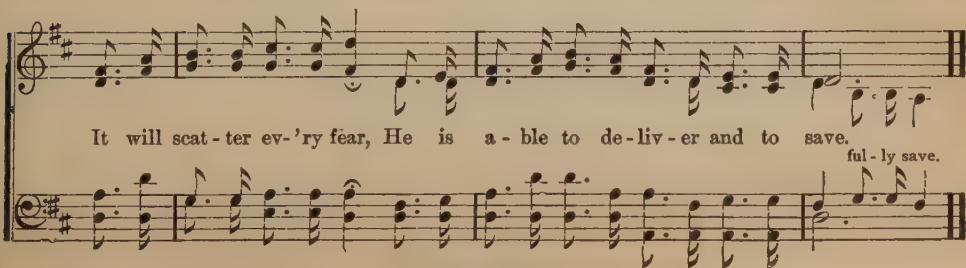
CHORUS.



He is a - ble to de - liv - er. He is a - - ble to de - liv - - er,
 He is sure - ly He is a - ble to de - liv - er, He is a - ble to de - liv - er,



Shout the sto - ry o'er the mountains and the wave, Ring it out a - far and near,
 shout the sto - ry o'er the wave,



It will scat - ter ev - 'ry fear, He is a - ble to de - liv - er and to save, ful - ly save.

Rise and Follow Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Rise and fol - low Je - sus, Meet him at the cross; Where he died to save thee
 2. Rise and fol - low Je - sus, In life's dai - ly care; Take his yoke up - on thee,
 3. Rise and fol - low Je - sus, Go - ing as he went, To the poor and sin - ful,

From e - ter - nal loss; There, thy sins con - fess - ing, Find a full re - lease;
 And his bur - den bear; Look - ing for his foot - prints, Step - ping where he leads;
 On love's mis - sion bent; Take his pre - cious gos - pel To the spir - it - bliad,

CHORUS.

Hear his voice of mer - cy, Say - ing, "Go in peace." } Rise and fol - low Je - sus,
 Strength is sure - ly giv - en, Grace for all thy needs.
 Till they too, shall see him And sal - va - tion find.

Hear the lov - ing call; Has - ten now to an - swer, Glad - ly leav - ing all;
 Hear the lov - ing call; Glad - ly leav - ing all;

Follow thro' green pastures, Or thro' deserts dry, To the happy mansions Built beyond the sky.

No. 97.

Over the World.

J. R. B.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

1. Tell the love of Christ abroad, Over the world! Tell them of a ris-en Lord,
 2. Tell how Je-sus saves to-day, Over the world! Now his wondrous love display,
 3. Tell that Christ our Lord shall reign, Over the world! He will come from heav'n again,
 Over the world!

Over the world! Je-sus died that we might live, He his life did free-ly give,
 Over the world! 'Tis the con-se-cra-ted ones Who rejoice to be God's sons,
 Over the world! From the Father's home on high He will come, yes, by and by,
 Over the world!

Fine. CHORUS.
 Ev-'ry soul he died to save, O-ver the world! }
 Serve him and his goodness own, O-ver the world! } O-ver the world!
 And will reign e-ter-nal-ly, O-ver the world! }
 Over the world! Over the world!

Tell of heaven's morning bright, O-ver the world!

O-ver the world! Ev-er sal-va-tion's sto-ry tell, O-ver the
 O-ver the world!

world! Send a-broad the gos-pel light, Scat-ter sin and sorrow's night,
 O-ver the world!

No. 98.

On to Victory!

J. W. V.

Dedicated to Rev. B. C. Lippincott, D. D.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

1. There are foes that must be conquered, There are bat-tles we must win; There are
 2. There are hosts of sin be-fore us That ex-tend from sea to sea; There are
 3. There are ma-n-y dear ones dy-ing, They are fall-ing ev-'ry-where; Let us

lands that must be tak-en, That are go-ing down in sin, Let us en-ter in the
 ma-n-y still in bondage, There are slaves that must be free; Let us all be up and
 brave-ly go and help them, They are lost and need our care; Fall in line, prepare for

struggle, Ev-er march upon our way, We must take the world for God and win the day.
 do-ing, Ev-er found within the fray, We must take the world for God and win the day.
 bat-tle, Let us fight as well as pray, We must take the world for God and win the day.

CHORUS.

On..... to vic-to-ry! On..... to vic-to-ry! On..... to vic-to-ry! The

foe must die! :|| On..... to vic-to-ry! We'll conquer by and by!

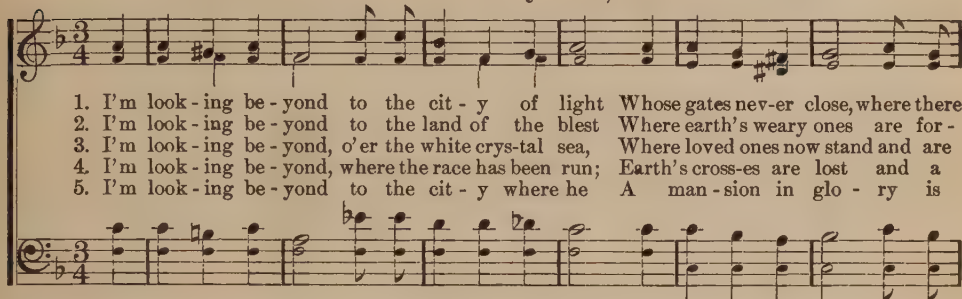
No. 99.

Looking Beyond.

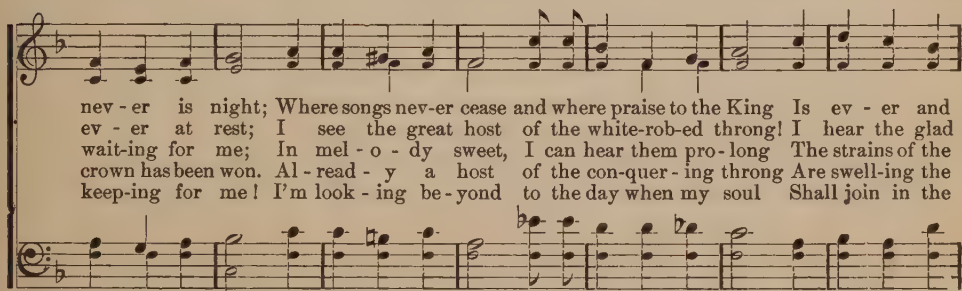
S. C. KIRK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOPRANO AND TENOR DUET. FOR QUARTET, USE SMALL NOTES.

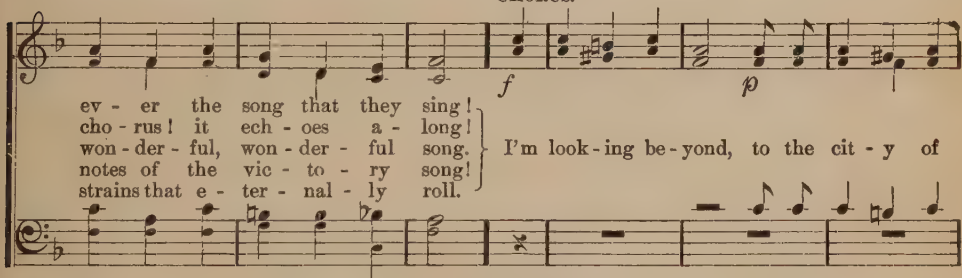


1. I'm look-ing be-yond to the cit-y of light Whose gates nev-er close, where there
 2. I'm look-ing be-yond to the land of the blest Where earth's weary ones are for-
 3. I'm look-ing be-yond, o'er the white crys-tal sea, Where loved ones now stand and are
 4. I'm look-ing be-yond, where the race has been run; Earth's cross-es are lost and a
 5. I'm look-ing be-yond to the cit-y where he A man-sion in glo-ry is

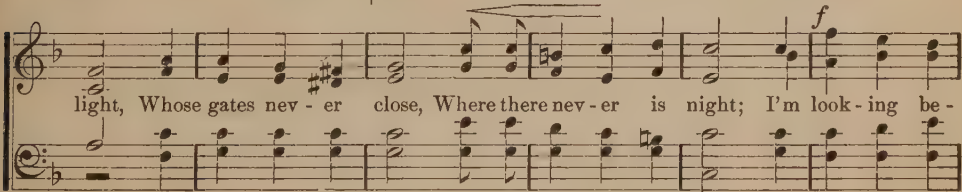


nev-er is night; Where songs nev-er cease and where praise to the King Is ev-er and
 ev-er at rest; I see the great host of the white-rob-ed throng! I hear the glad
 wait-ing for me; In mel-o-dy sweet, I can hear them pro-long The strains of the
 crown has been won. Al-read-y a host of the con-quer-ing throng Are swell-ing the
 keep-ing for me! I'm look-ing be-yond to the day when my soul Shall join in the

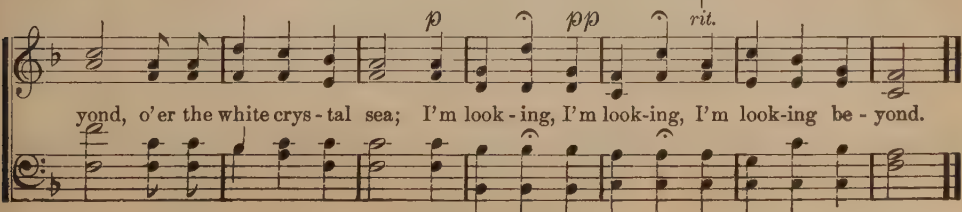
CHORUS.



ev-er the song that they sing! *f*
 cho-rus! it ech-oes a-long! *p*
 won-der-ful, won-der-ful song. I'm look-ing be-yond, to the cit-y of
 notes of the vic-to-ry song!
 strains that e-ter-nal-ly roll.



light, Whose gates nev-er close, Where there nev-er is night; I'm look-ing be-



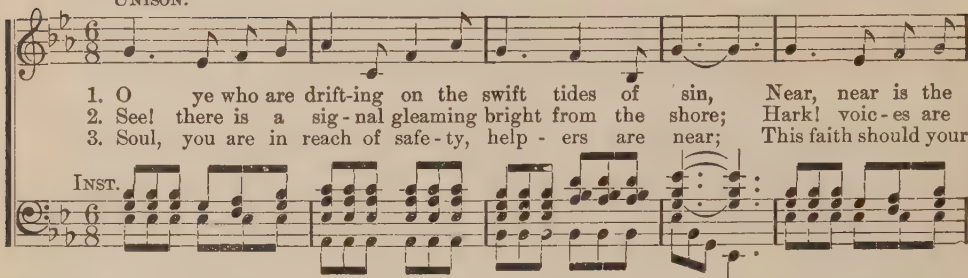
yond, o'er the white crys-tal sea; *p* *pp* *rit.*
 I'm look-ing, I'm look-ing, I'm look-ing be-yond.

Lay Hold On the Life-Line.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

UNISON.

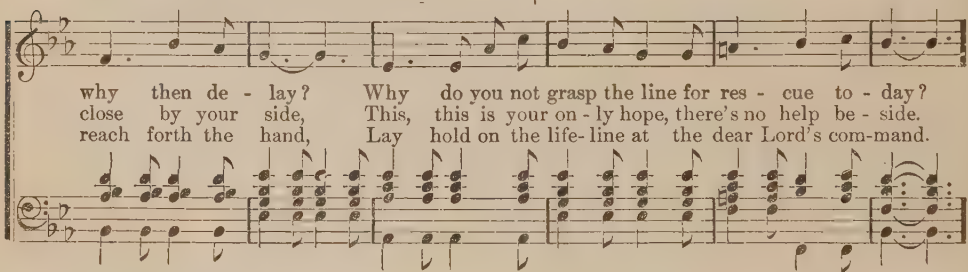


1. O ye who are drift-ing on the swift tides of sin, Near, near is the
 2. See! there is a sig-nal gleaming bright from the shore; Hark! voic-es are
 3. Soul, you are in reach of safe-ty, help-ers are near; This faith should your

INST.

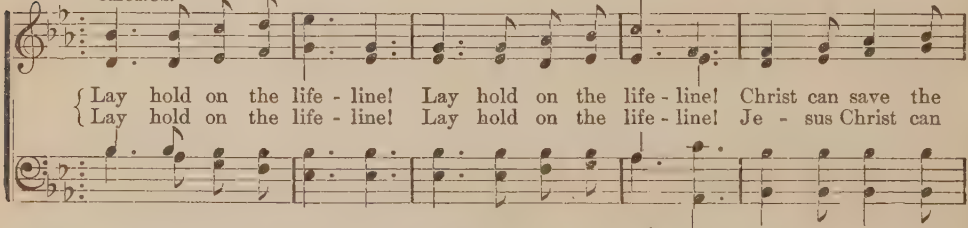


life-boat! Will ye not en-ter in? Wild storms are a-round you rag-ing,
 call-ing 'mid the loud tem-pest's roar; Look! there is the life-line float-ing
 cour-age strengthen-lo! God is here; While now there is hope of res-cue,

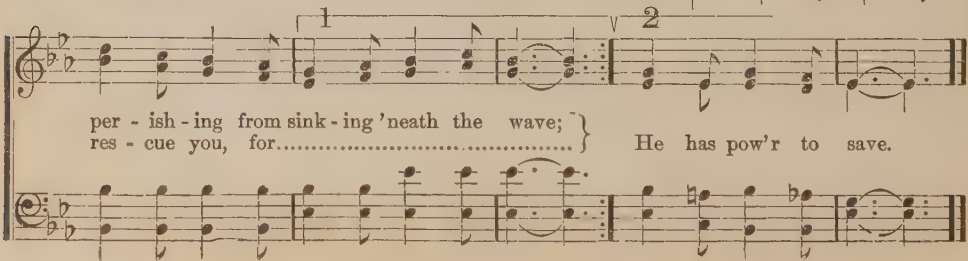


why then de-lay? Why do you not grasp the line for res-cue to-day?
 close by your side, This, this is your on-ly hope, there's no help be-side.
 reach forth the hand, Lay hold on the life-line at the dear Lord's com-mand.

CHORUS.



{ Lay hold on the life-line! Lay hold on the life-line! Christ can save the
 { Lay hold on the life-line! Lay hold on the life-line! Je-sus Christ can



per-ish-ing from sink-ing 'neath the wave; } He has pow'r to save.
 res-cue you, for..... }

Our Father's Care.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUET.

1. There's a rob - in sing - ing Such a sweet re - frain, From the leaf - y branches,
 2. Hap - py lit - tle rob - in, Thro' the darkest days, Look - ing up and sing - ing
 3. He, who o'er his creatures Ten - der watch doth keep, Safe - ly guards his children

SOLO.

'Mid the fall - ing rain, And in joy - ous ac - cents Thus he seems to say,
 Notes of love and praise, Somewhere in the heavens, God's own sun doth shine,
 When they wake or sleep, So we'll sing with gladness, In the sun or show'r,

CHORUS.

INST.

"I am safe—my Fa - ther Cares for me al - way!" } Sing - ing,
 For the bow of prom - ise Sets the seal di - vine.
 Trusting in his good - ness, Shielded by his pow'r.

INST.

sing - ing, I belong to Je - sus, I belong to Je - sus,

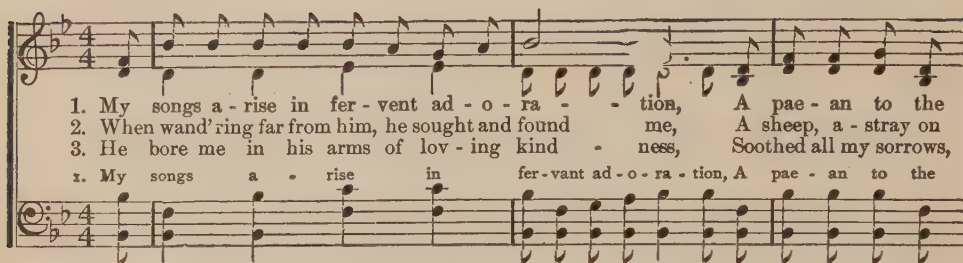
INST.

INST.

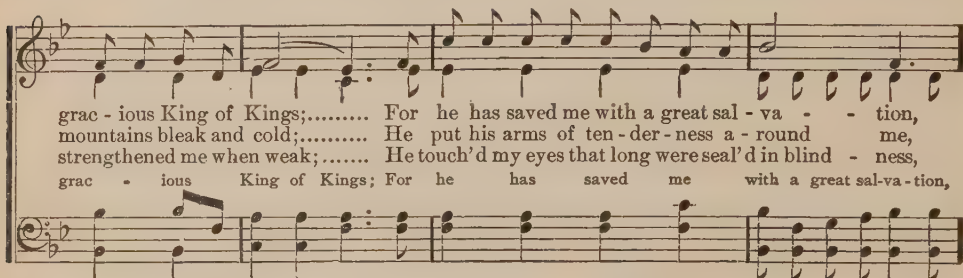
Sing - ing, sing - ing, And he too is mine.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

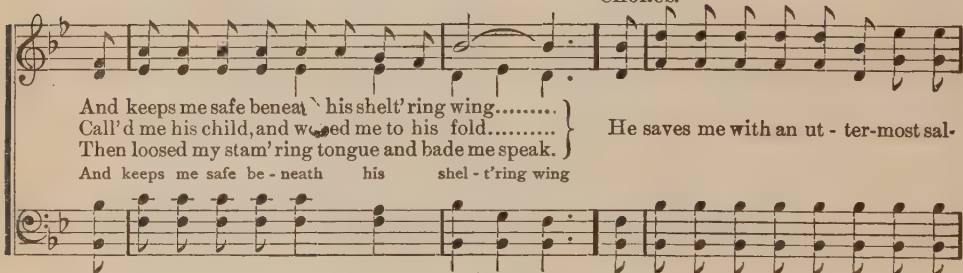


1. My songs a - rise in fer - vent ad - o - ra - tion, A pae - an to the
 2. When wand'ring far from him, he sought and found me, A sheep, a - stray on
 3. He bore me in his arms of lov - ing kind - ness, Soothed all my sorrows,
 1. My songs a - rise in fer - vant ad - o - ra - tion, A pae - an to the

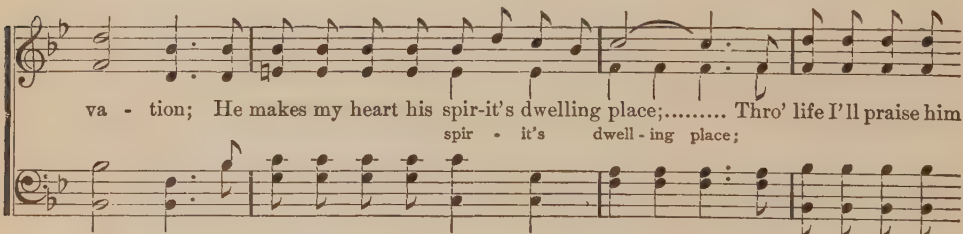


grac - ious King of Kings;..... For he has saved me with a great sal - va - tion,
 mountains bleak and cold;..... He put his arms of ten - der - ness a - round me,
 strengthened me when weak;..... He touch'd my eyes that long were seal'd in blind - ness,
 grac - ious King of Kings; For he has saved me with a great sal - va - tion,

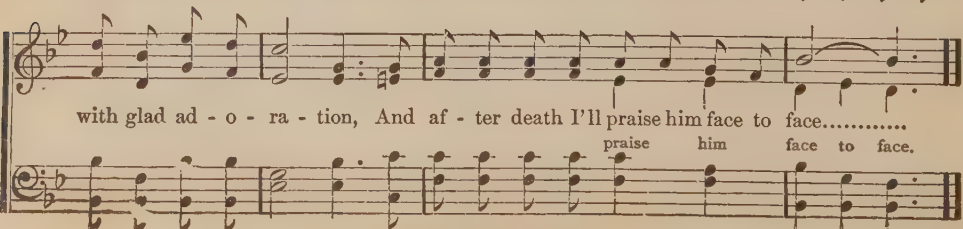
CHORUS.



And keeps me safe beneath his shelt'ring wing..... } He saves me with an ut - ter - most sal -
 Call'd me his child, and waded me to his fold..... }
 Then loosed my stam'ring tongue and bade me speak. }
 And keeps me safe be - neath his shel - t'ring wing



va - tion; He makes my heart his spir - it's dwelling place;..... Thro' life I'll praise him
 spir - it's dwell - ing place;



with glad ad - o - ra - tion, And af - ter death I'll praise him face to face.....
 praise him face to face.

God is Love.

A. A. PAYN.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, comes a song at e - ven - tide, Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 2. To and fro, to and fro, still the gentle tones we hear, Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 3. This we know, this we know, where-so-ev-er we may move, Sweet and low, sweet and low,

tones in gentle cadence glide; Soft and low, soft and low, as the dews of ev'ning fall,
 still they fall up-on the ear; God is love, God is love, ev'ry heart repeats the strain,
 comes the message, God is love; To and fro, sweet and low, we may hear its echoes fall,

Fine. CHORUS.
 "God is love," saying, "God is love," and his care is o - ver all.
 God is love, saying, God is love, waft its ech-oes o'er the plain. } Love, love, love that passeth
 God is love, saying, God is love, and his care is o - ver all.

D.S.—God is lov'n, saying, God is love, and his care is o - ver all.

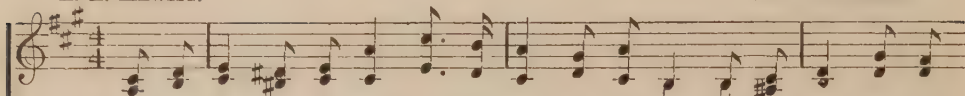
un-der-stand-ing, From our God is giv'n; Love, love, love surpassing an - y oth - er,

born for us in heav'n; Love, love, ev'ry heart rejoices as the burdens from us fall,


Will There Be any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

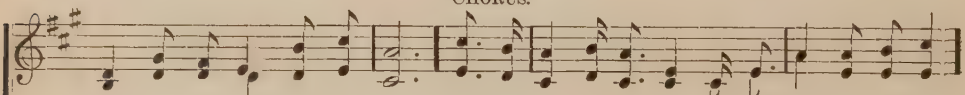


1. I am thinking to-day of that beau - ti - ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. O what joy will it be when his face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at his

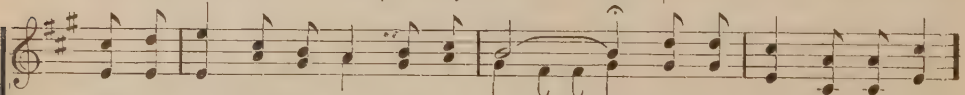


sun go - eth down; When thro' wonder - ful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there
 win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day, When his
 feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit - y of gold, Should there


CHORUS.



be an - y stars in my crown?
 praise like the sea bil - low rolls. } Will there be an - y stars, an - y stars in my crown,
 be an - y stars in my crown. }



When at ev'ning the sun go - eth down?..... When I wake with the blest
 goeth down?



In the mansions of rest, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?.....
 an - y stars in my crown?

Defeat We Never Know.

W. A. P.

W. A. Post.

f PRELUDE. *ff*

Mark time well, Not too fast.

rit.

1. We're marching forth to con-quer sin,
2. Our war-fare is not of this world,
3. O may we ev-er watch and pray,

Batt'ling for the right; No doubts or fears shall keep us back, For Je-sus is our light.
 Nor our weapons seen; Still we are sure we'll con-quer all, For Christ our strength has been.
 While we march along; And soon, if faithful, we will sing, A-mong that great white throng.

CHORUS.

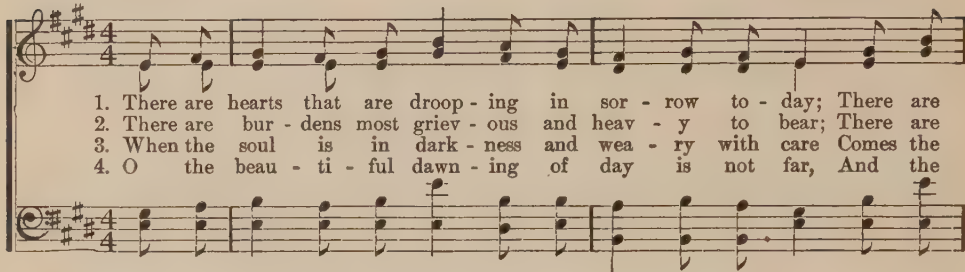
Then let us be joy-ful and hap-py, As on our way we go;.....

We march in-to bat-tle with song, and shout, "De-feat we nev-er know!"

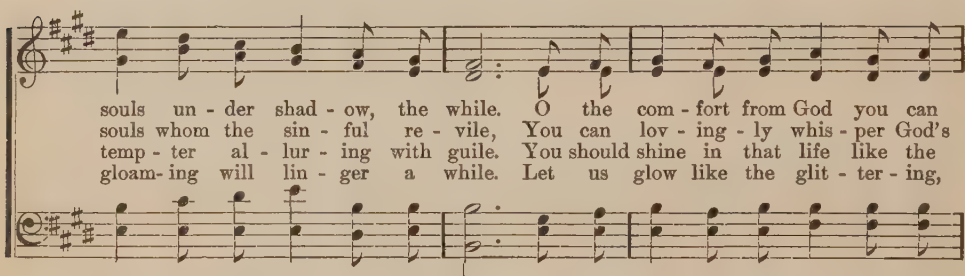
Brighten the Way With a Smile.

W. C. MARTIN.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. There are hearts that are droop - ing in sor - row to - day; There are
 2. There are bur - dens most griev - ous and heav - y to bear; There are
 3. When the soul is in dark - ness and wea - ry with care Comes the
 4. O the beau - ti - ful dawn - ing of day is not far, And the

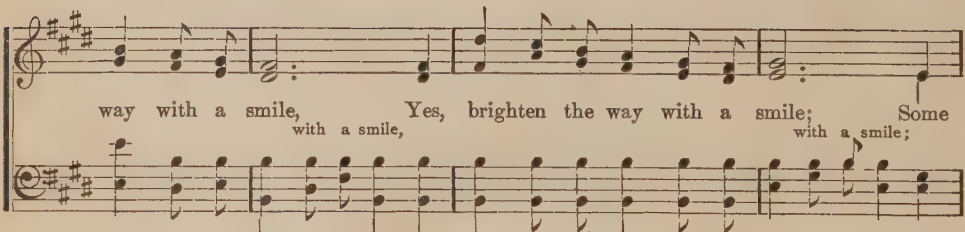


souls un - der shad - ow, the while. O the com - fort from God you can
 souls whom the sin - ful re - vile. You can lov - ing - ly whis - per God's
 temp - ter al - lur - ing with guile. You should shine in that life like the
 gloam - ing will lin - ger a while. Let us glow like the glit - ter - ing,

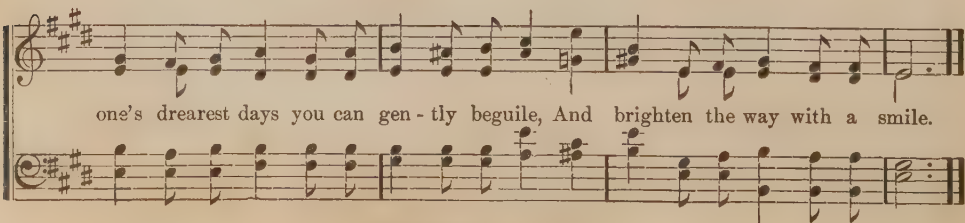
CHORUS.



gen - tly con - vey, And bright - en the way with a smile.
 prom - is - es rare, And bright - en the way with a smile. } O bright - en the
 sunbeams so fair, And bright - en the way with a smile.
 bright morning star, And bright - en the way with a smile.



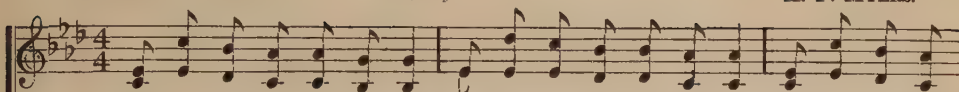
way with a smile, Yes, brighten the way with a smile; Some
 with a smile, with a smile;



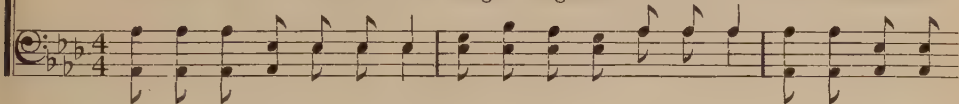
one's dearest days you can gen - tly beguile, And brighten the way with a smile.

REV. JOHN R. COLGAN.

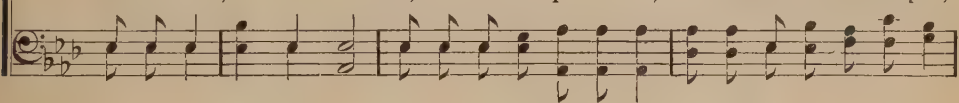
A. F. MYERS.



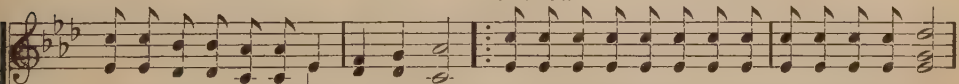
1. Might-y arm-y of the young, Lift the voice in cheerful song, Send the welcome
 2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee, Sing to all on
 3. Je - sus lives! O blessed words! King of kings and Lord of lords! Lift the cross and



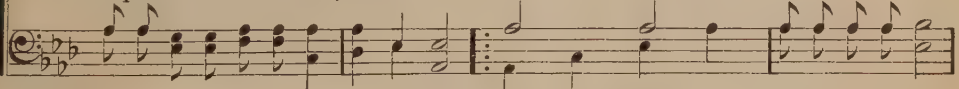
word along, Je - sus lives! Once he died for you and me, Bore our sins up - on the tree,
 land and sea, Je - sus lives! Light for you and all mankind, Sight for all by sin made blind,
 sheathe the swords, Je - sus lives! See, he breaks the prison wall, Throws aside the dreadful pall,



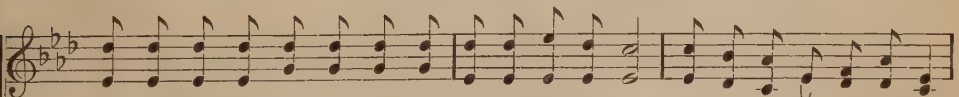
CHORUS.



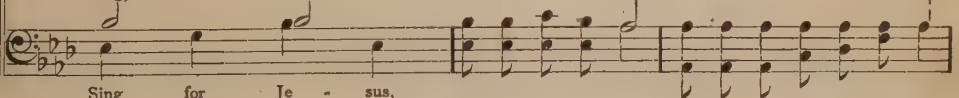
Now he lives to make us free, Jesus lives! } Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you older grow,
 Life in Jesus all may find, Jesus lives! }
 Conquers death at once for all, Jesus lives! } Wait not



Wait not, wait not



Ral - ly now and sing for Je - sus, ev'rywhere you go; Lift your joyful voices high,
 Sing, sing,



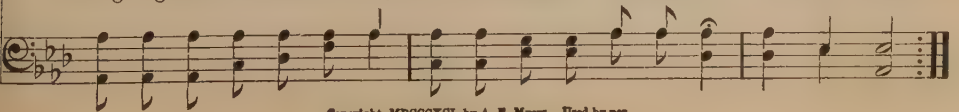
Sing for Je - sus,

Repeat Chorus *pp.*

f rit.

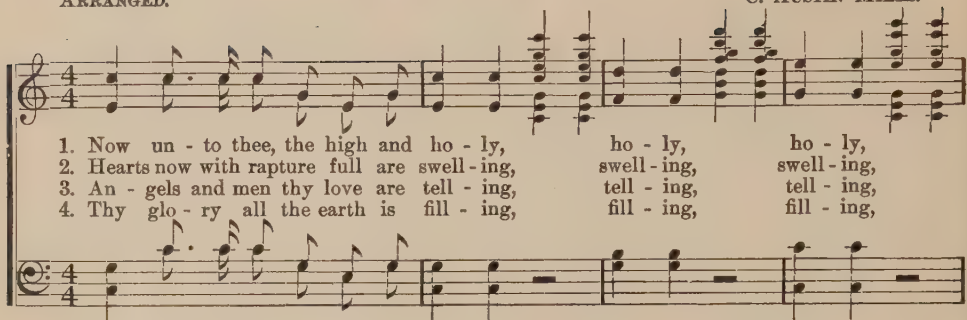


Ring - ing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the bless - ed ti - dings fly, Je - sus lives.

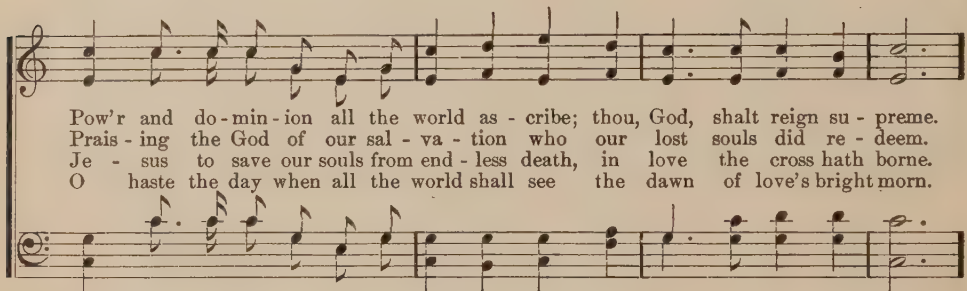


ARRANGED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

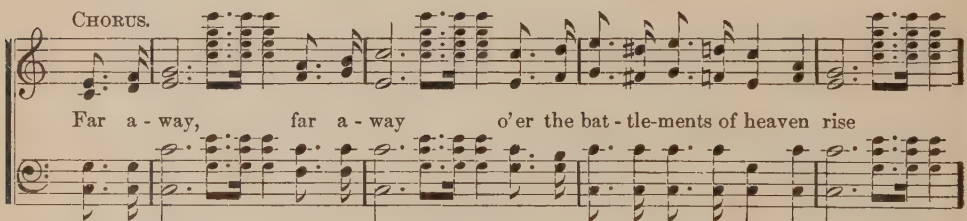


1. Now un - to thee, the high and ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 2. Hearts now with rapture full are swell - ing, swell - ing, swell - ing,
 3. An - gels and men thy love are tell - ing, tell - ing, tell - ing,
 4. Thy glo - ry all the earth is fill - ing, fill - ing, fill - ing,



Pow'r and do - min - ion all the world as - cribe; thou, God, shalt reign su - preme.
 Prais - ing the God of our sal - va - tion who our lost souls did re - deem.
 Je - sus to save our souls from end - less death, in love the cross hath borne.
 O haste the day when all the world shall see the dawn of love's bright morn.

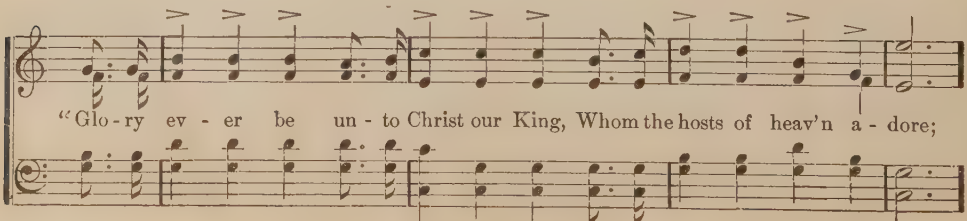
CHORUS.



Far a - way, far a - way o'er the bat - tle - ments of heaven rise



Songs of joy, heav'nly joy, Ringing thro' the por - tals of the skies:



"Glo - ry ev - er be un - to Christ our King, Whom the hosts of heav'n a - dore;

Song of Praise.—Concluded.

Glo - ry ev - er be un - to Christ our King, For ev - er, ev - er more {''
ev - er more!"

No. 109. Marching On to Crowns of Glory.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Faithful sol - diers of the King, Marching on to crowns of glo - ry, Let your shouts of
2. Clad in ar - mor pure and bright, Marching on to crowns of glo - ry, Trust ye in your
3. Christ the Lord will be your shield, Marching on to crowns of glo - ry; While the sword of
4. Go, re - joic - ing on your way, Marching on to crowns of glo - ry; Soon will break the

CHORUS.

vict - 'ry ring, Glad hal - le - lu - jahs sing.
Leader's might, And triumph in the fight.
truth you wield, On life's great bat - tle - field. } March - ing on, to the starry crowns of
draw - ing ray, The cor - o - na - tion day.

glo - ry, Marching on, with our faces t'ward the sky; Marching on, let Em -

manuel's banner's fly, March - ing on - ward, to our home on high.

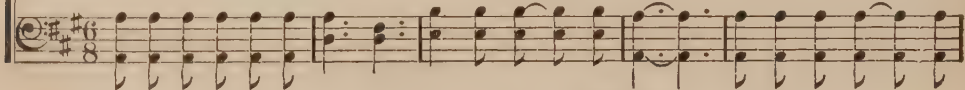
What are You Doing for Jesus?

EMILY P. MILLER.

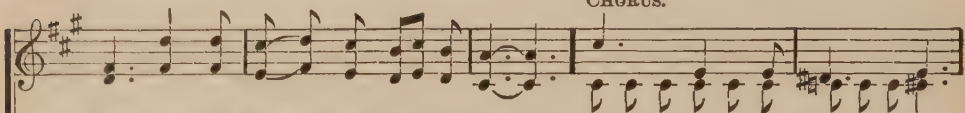
J. LINCOLN HALL.



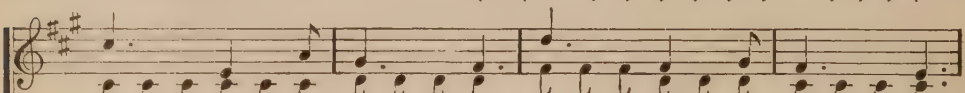
1. What are you doing for Je - sus, As you journey thro' life? Sowing the grain for the
2. What are you doing for Je - sus? Are you striving each day, By lit - tle acts of
3. What are you doing for Je - sus As the days go by? Telling the lone and the
4. What are you doing for Je - sus? Soon comes setting of sun; Hasten and tell the glad



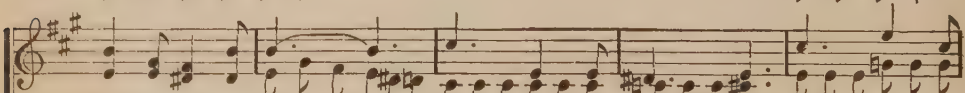
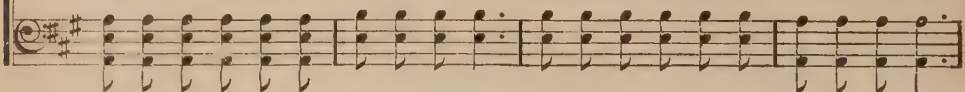
CHORUS.



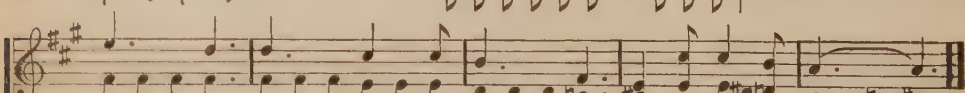
har - vest, Or scat - ter - ing seeds of strife?
 kind - ness, To bright - en someone's way? } What are you do - ing,
 wea - ry, Of rest be - yond the sky? } What are you do - ing for Jesus your Friend?
 tid - ings, Lest you leave some work un - done.



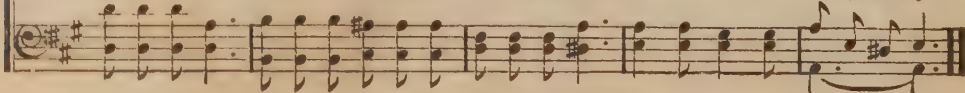
Do - ing for Je - sus? What are you do - ing,
 What are you do - ing for Je - sus to - day? What are you do - ing for Je - sus your Friend,



As the days go by?..... What are you do - ing, Do - ing for
 days go by? What are you doing for Jesus your Friend? What are you doing for



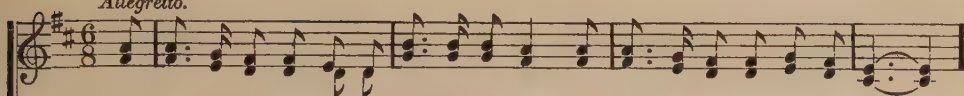
Je - sus? What are you do - ing, As the days go by?.....
 Je - sus to - day? What are you do - ing for Je - sus your Friend, days go by?



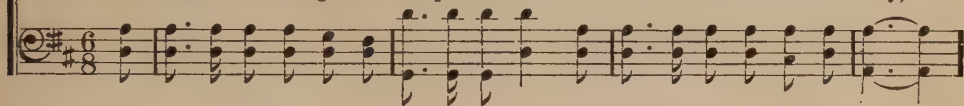
He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

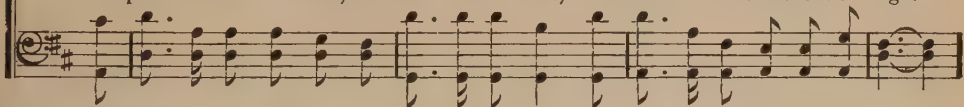
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

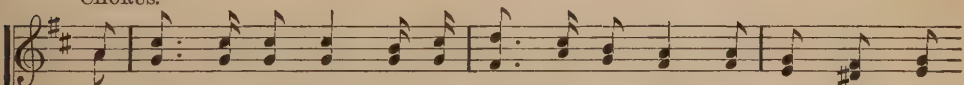
1. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful Sav - iour to me,
2. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my bur - den a - way,
3. With numberless blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his full - ness di - vine,
4. When clothed in his brightness transported I rise To meet him in clouds of the sky,



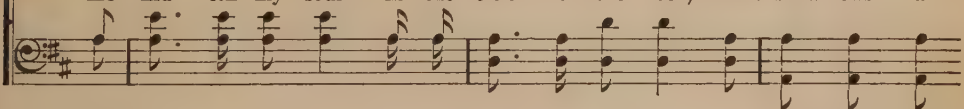
He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where riv - ers of pleasure I see.
 He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giv - eth me strength as my day.
 I sing in my rap - ture, O, glo - ry to God For such a Re - deem - er as mine.
 His per - fect sal - va - tion, his won - der - ful love, I'll shout with the millions on high.



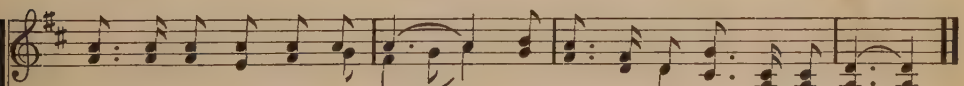
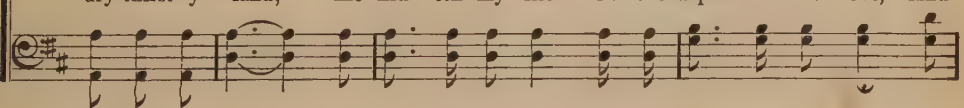
CHORUS.



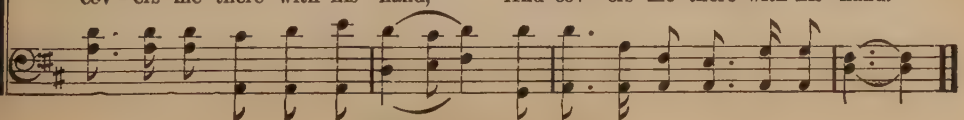
He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That shad - ows a



dry thirst - y land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of his love, And



cov - ers me there with his hand, And cov - ers me there with his hand.



REV. WM. STONE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



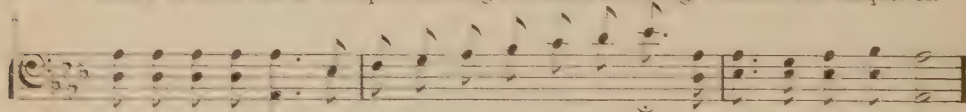
1. Mar - shall, ye hosts of God, And take this world of sin, Long has the
 2. For - ward, we onward march, A vast and mighty throng, Dark-ness shall
 3. Hast - en, the com - ing day, When he shall reign supreme, Glo - ry shall
 4. Ground arms! The vic't'ry's won, We march from earth a - way, Je - sus still



bat - tle waged, Yet darkness reigns with - in. Day dawns, we march a - way, Our
 be - dispelled, All na - tions hear our song. Je - sus our Captain is, And
 crown his brow, His praise the an - them theme. High - er the ban - ner raise, His
 leads us on, In realms of glorious day. High - er the anthem raise, Let



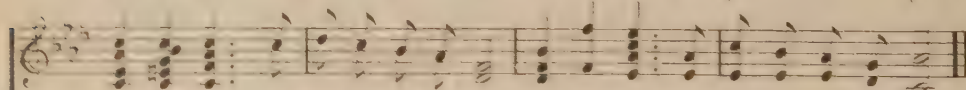
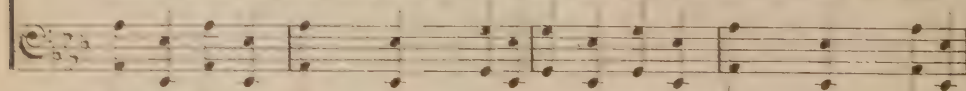
ban - ner to the breeze, Our bat - tle cry, This world or die, The conquest ne'er give o'er.
 leads the conquest on, A vic - t'ry win O'er death and sin, We raise the victor's song.
 love and pow'r proclaim, The blood-stained cross, Ne'er suffer loss, We claim the vic - to - ry,
 heav'n its ech-o swell, Our spoils we bring And crown him King, Proclaim him conquer-or.



CHORUS.



Onward march, and take this world of sin, Press each foe, the bat - tle now be - gin,



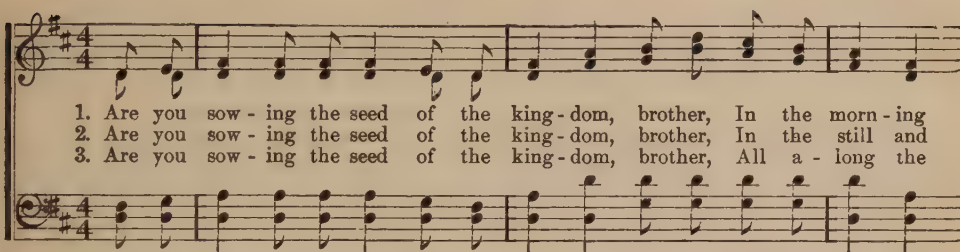
See! Sin yields, we shout the vic - to - ry: Crown him King! Our song shall ev - er be.



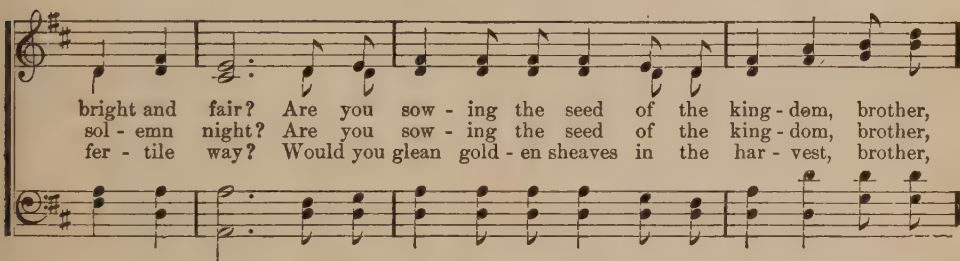
Sowing the Seed of the Kingdom.

F. A. F.

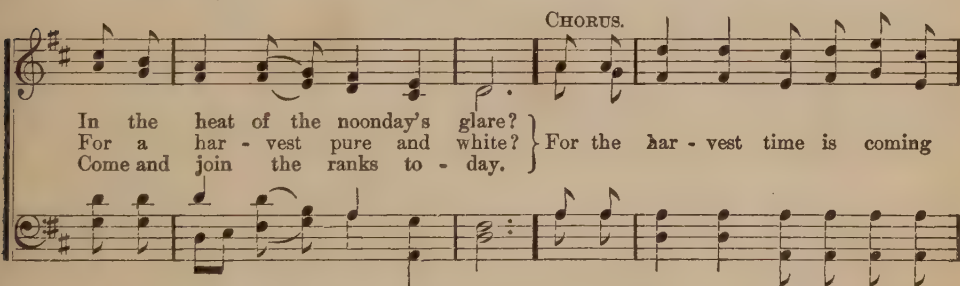
FRED. A. FILLMORE



1. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, brother, In the morn - ing
 2. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, brother, In the still and
 3. Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, brother, All a - long the

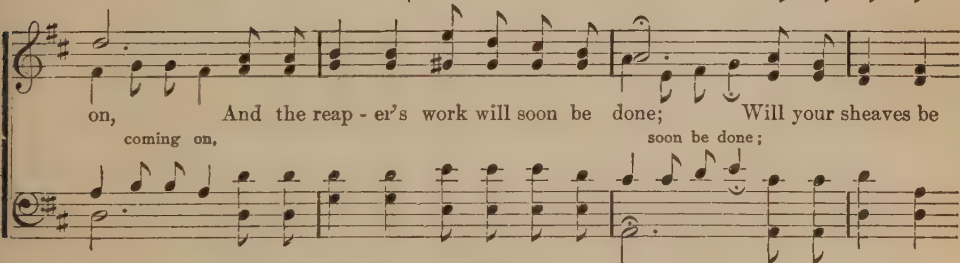


bright and fair? Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, brother,
 sol - emn night? Are you sow - ing the seed of the king - dom, brother,
 fer - tile way? Would you glean gold - en sheaves in the har - vest, brother,

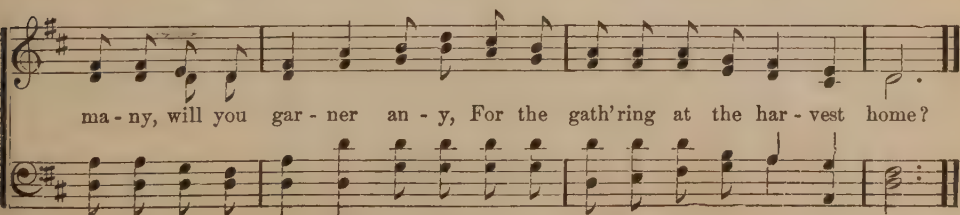


CHORUS.

In the heat of the noonday's glare?
 For a har - vest pure and white? } For the har - vest time is coming
 Come and join the ranks to - day.



on, And the reap - er's work will soon be done; Will your sheaves be
 coming on, soon be done;



ma - ny, will you gar - ner an - y, For the gath'ring at the har - vest home?

Battle Song.

W. C. MARTIN.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Wave the ban - ner of the cross, Charge the foe with one ac - cord;
 2. Nerve and for - ti - fy the soul, From the storehouse of the Word;
 3. Cast a - side each weight and sin, For no sol - dier can af - ford
 4. An - gels, watching from a - bove, Ev - 'ry worth - y deed re - cord;

For we fight beneath the Cap - tain Of the ar - mies of the Lord.
 Be no cow - ard, nor a weak - ling, In the arm - ies of the Lord.
 To have an - y e - vil hab - it, In the arm - ies of the Lord.
 What is done by faithful sol - diers In the arm - ies of the Lord.

CHORUS. BOYS.

For - ward go, charge the foe, An - y hardships un - der - go, For the

GIRLS.

Captain, whom we follow, leads to vic - t'ry. March a - long, with a song, Praising

God that we belong To the arm - ies of Je - ho - vah, mighty Vic - tor!

Battle Song.—Concluded.

BOTH.

INST.

INST.

Forward go, forward go, For the Captain of our hosts is the Saviour.

No. 115.

On the Victory Side.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! And our faith, en - raptured, sings,
2. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord him - self comes near,
3. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! For the tempt - er flies a - pace,
4. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! And our hearts beat high with praise,

While we throw to the breeze the stand - ard Of the might - y King of kings.
And the shout of a roy - al arm - y On the bat - tle - field we hear.
And the chains he has forged are breaking, Thro' the pow'r of redeem - ing grace.
Un - to him, in whose name we'll con - quer, And our song of triumph raise.

CHORUS.

On the vic - t'ry side, on the vic - t'ry side, In the ranks of the Lord are we;

On the vic - t'ry side we will bold - ly stand, Till the glo - ry land we see.

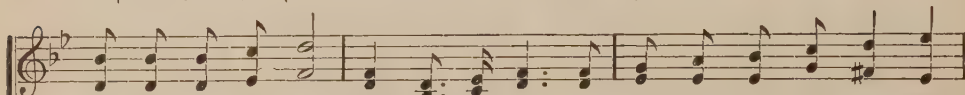
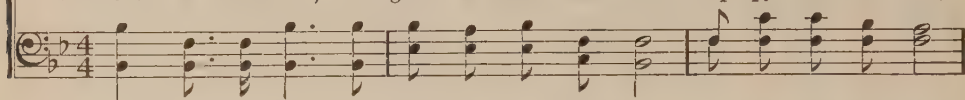
'Tis Love, Redeeming Love.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



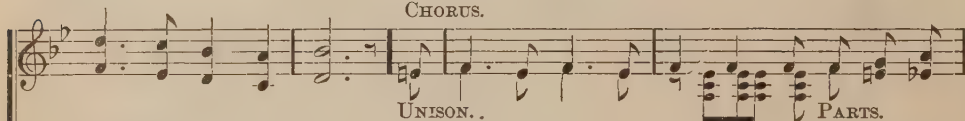
1. Faith - ful is he, and great his mer - cies are; Last - ing is his love,
 2. Love found a way to res - cue fall - en man, Love so full and free,
 3. "Love is the chain, the gold - en chain that binds Hap - py souls a - bove,



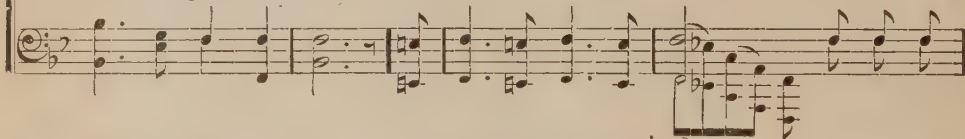
last - ing is his love; All thro' his word his prom - is - es de - clare, His
 love so full and free; 'Twas love that formed and car - ried on the plan, And
 hap - py souls a - bove; He is an heir of heav'n in - deed who finds His



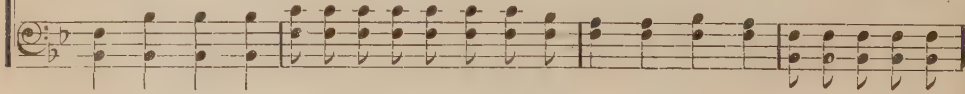
CHORUS.



love shall nev - er move.
 sent my Lord to me. } 'Tis love, 'tis love, re - deem - ing love, 'Tis love that
 bo - som glow with love." }



ev - er will a - bide,.....'Tis love that knows no ebb nor flow,.....
 that ev - er will a - bide, no ebb nor flow.



'Tis love that o - pened wide a crim - son tide That wash - es white as snow.



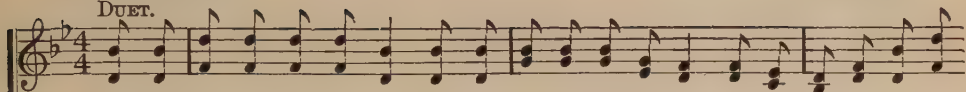
No. 117.

My Mother's Bible.

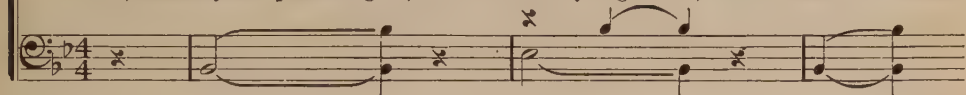
M. B. WILLIAMS.

C. D. TILLMAN.

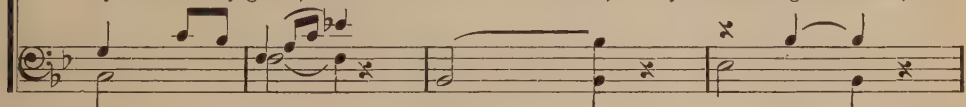
DUET.



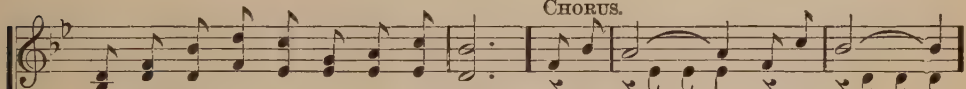
1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' it's worn and faded now, Which recalls the happy
2. There she read of Je - sus' love, As he blest the children dear, How he suffered, bled and
3. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lingers still, And the dear old Book each



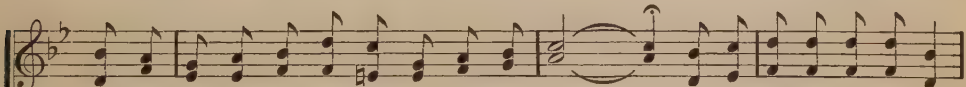
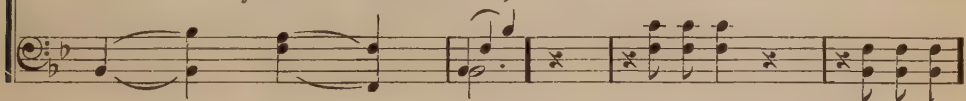
days of long a - go; When I stood at mother's knee, With her hand upon my brow, And I
 died up - on the tree; Of his heavy load of care, Then she dried my flowing tear With her
 day has been my guide; And I seek to do his will, As my mother taught me then, And



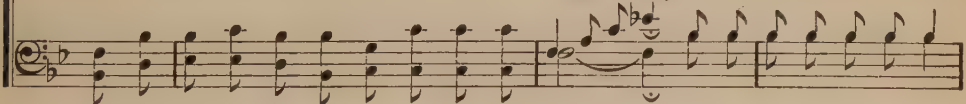
CHORUS.



heard her voice in gen - tle tones and low. } Blessed book,..... precious book,.....
 kiss - es as she said it was for me. } Blessed book, precious book,
 ev - er in my heart his words a - bide. }



On thy dear old tear-stained leaves I love to look;..... Thou art sweeter day by day,
 love to look;



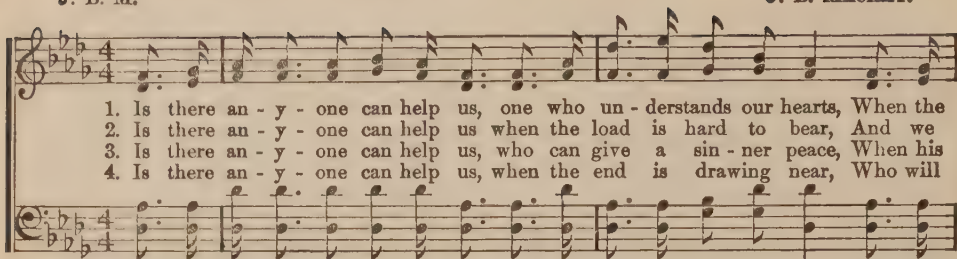
As I walk the nar - row way That leads at last to that bright home a - bove.



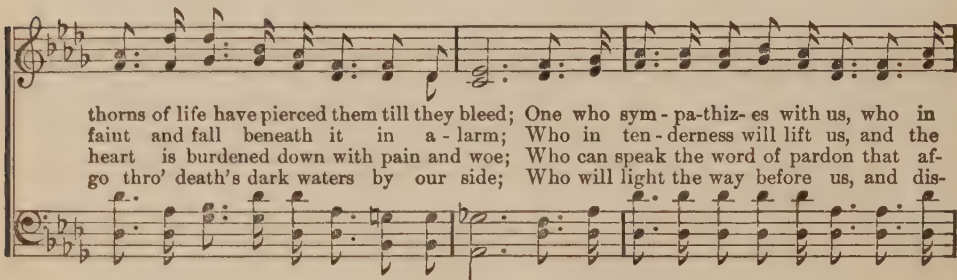
He's the One.

J. B. M.

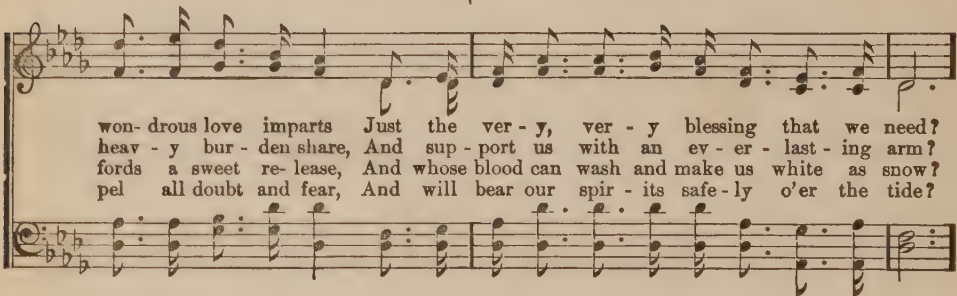
J. B. MACKAY.



1. Is there an - y - one can help us, one who un - der - stands our hearts, When the
 2. Is there an - y - one can help us when the load is hard to bear, And we
 3. Is there an - y - one can help us, who can give a sin - ner peace, When his
 4. Is there an - y - one can help us, when the end is drawing near, Who will

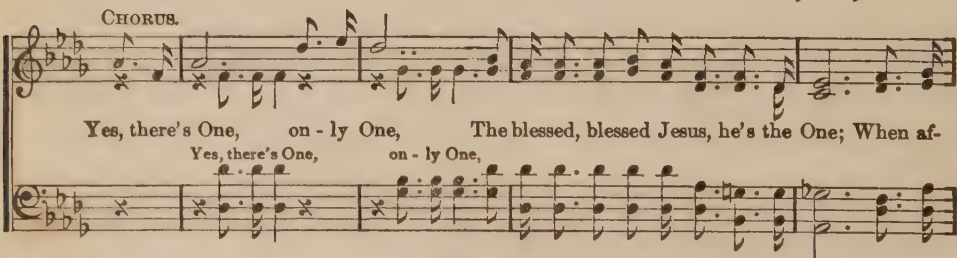


thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym - pa - thiz - es with us, who in
 faint and fall beneath it in a - larm; Who in ten - derness will lift us, and the
 heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon that af -
 go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way before us, and dis -

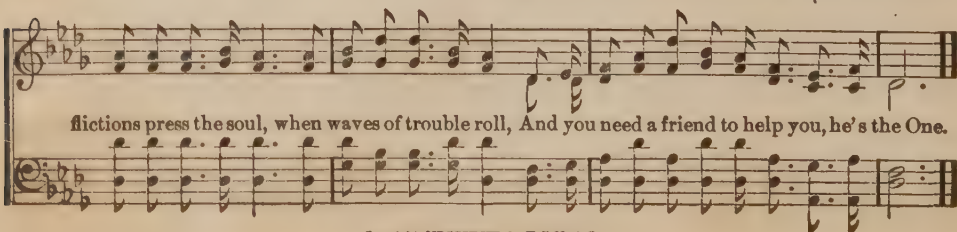


won - drous love imparts Just the ver - y, ver - y blessing that we need?
 heav - y bur - den share, And sup - port us with an ev - er - last - ing arm?
 fords a sweet re - lease, And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?
 pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir - its safe - ly o'er the tide?

CHORUS.



Yes, there's One, on - ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, he's the One; When af -
 Yes, there's One, on - ly One,

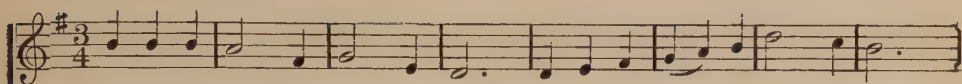


fictions press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, he's the One.

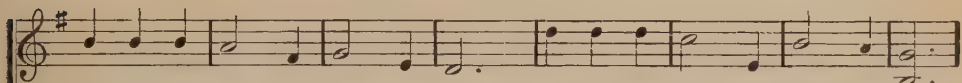
Under the Snow.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.



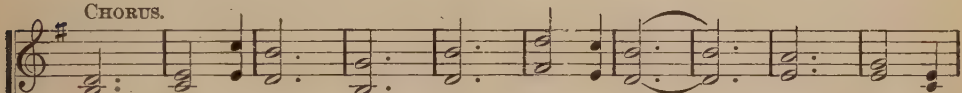
1. Un - der the snow so white and deep, Dear lit - tle flow'rs are fast a - sleep, —
2. Soon shall the rain with joy - ful sound Tap at the door - ways of the ground,
3. Then all ar - rayed in col - ors bright, Beau - ti - ful flow'rs shall greet the sight, —



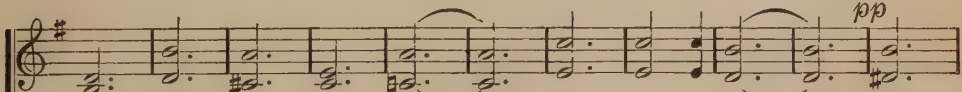
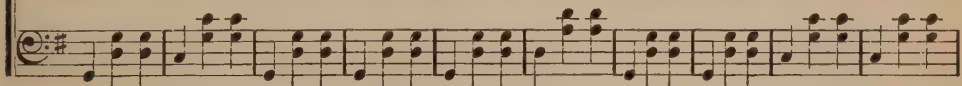
- Hid - den all safe - ly from the storm, Un - der a blan - ket white and warm.
 Call - ing: "O lit - tle flow'rs a - rise, Sun - shine is gleam - ing in the skies."
 Dear sum - mer flow'rs long hid - den low, Un - der a shin - ing robe of snow.



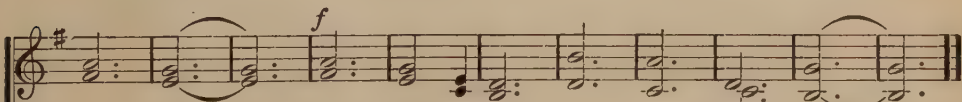
CHORUS.



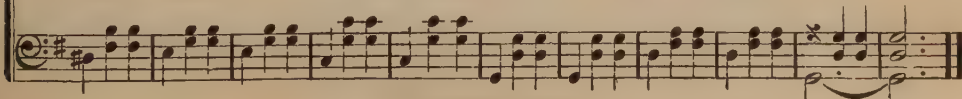
- Sleep, lit - tle flow - ers, sleep 'neath the snow,..... Till bright the



- sun of spring shall glow;..... Sleep, soft - ly sleep,..... sleep,



- sleep, sleep,..... Till bright the sun of spring shall glow!.....

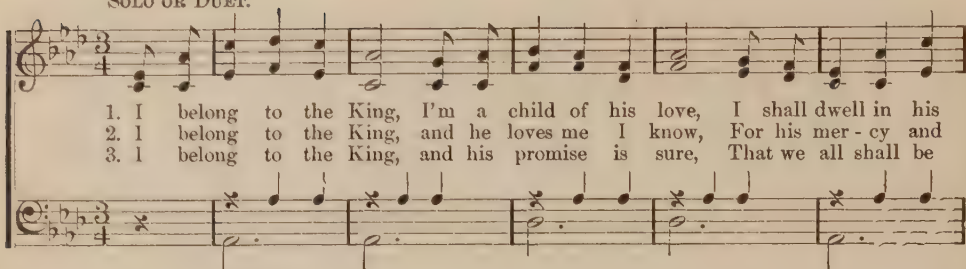


I Belong to the King.

IDA L. REED.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

SOLO OR DUET.

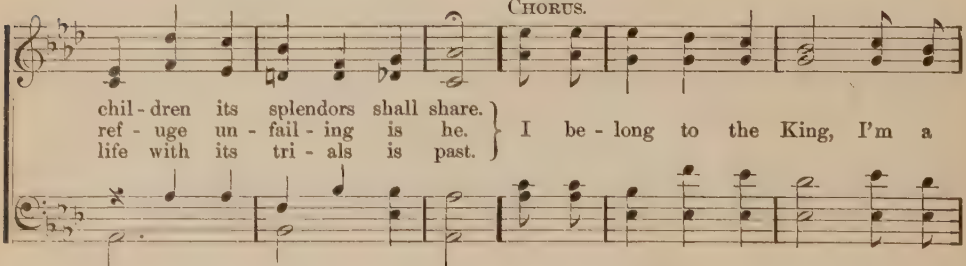


1. I belong to the King, I'm a child of his love, I shall dwell in his
 2. I belong to the King, and he loves me I know, For his mer-cy and
 3. I belong to the King, and his promise is sure, That we all shall be

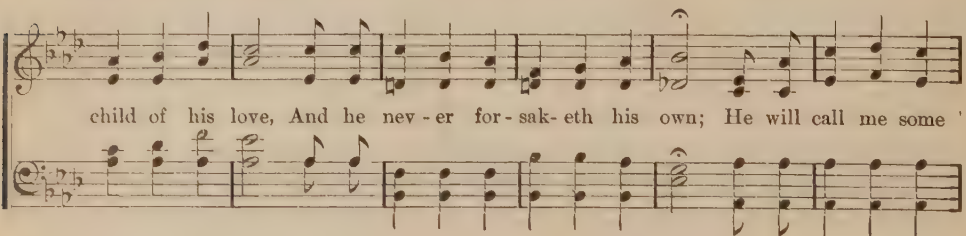


pal-ace so fair; For he tells of its bliss in yon heaven a bove, And his
 kindness, so free, Are un-ces-sing-ly mine, wher-so-ev-er I go, And my
 gathered at last In his kingdom a-bove, by life's wa-ters so pure, When this

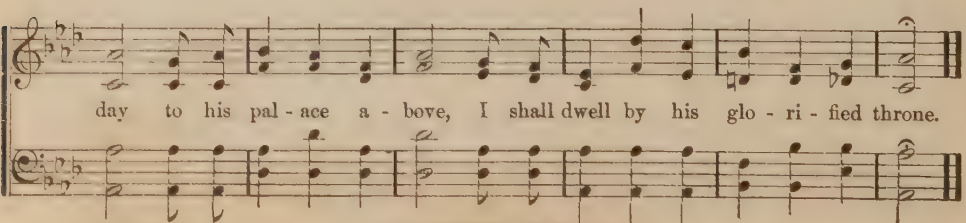
CHORUS.



chil-dren its splendors shall share. } I be-long to the King, I'm a
 ref-uge un-fail-ing is he. }
 life with its tri-als is past. }



child of his love, And he nev-er for-sak-eth his own; He will call me some



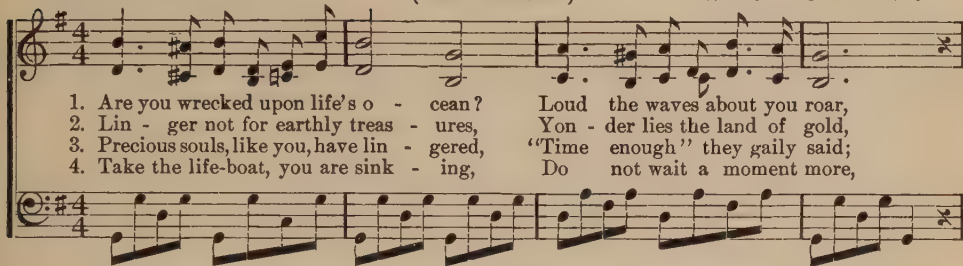
day to his pal-ace a-bove, I shall dwell by his glo-ri-fied throne.

Take the Life-Boat.*

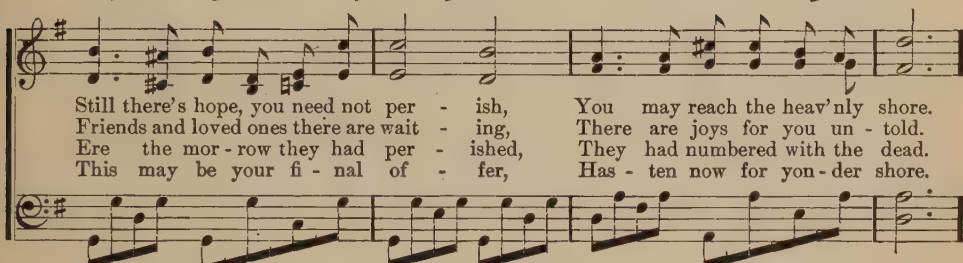
MRS. H. BRADFORD SPOOR.

(SOLO OR DUET.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

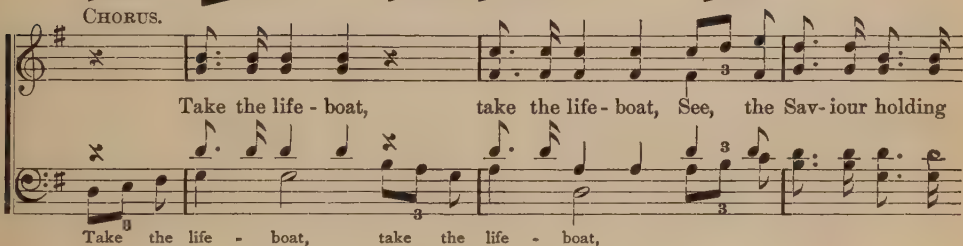


1. Are you wrecked upon life's o - cean? Loud the waves about you roar,
 2. Lin - ger not for earthly treas - ures, Yon - der lies the land of gold,
 3. Precious souls, like you, have lin - gered, "Time enough" they gaily said;
 4. Take the life-boat, you are sink - ing, Do not wait a moment more,



Still there's hope, you need not per - ish, You may reach the heav'nly shore.
 Friends and loved ones there are wait - ing, There are joys for you un - told.
 Ere the mor - row they had per - ished, They had numbered with the dead.
 This may be your fi - nal of - fer, Has - ten now for yon - der shore.

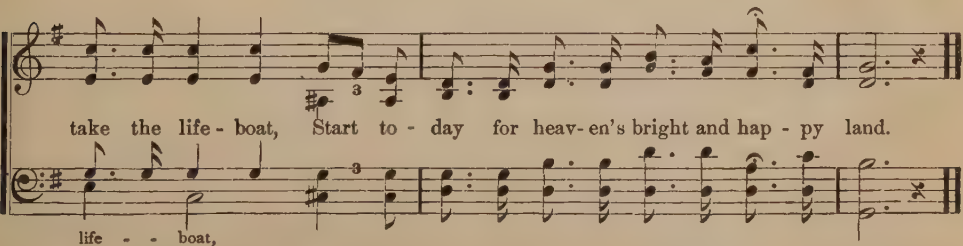
CHORUS.



Take the life - boat, take the life - boat, See, the Sav - iour holding
 Take the life - boat, take the life - boat,



out a help - ing hand;..... Wait no lon - ger,
 Wait no lon - - ger, take the



take the life - boat, Start to - day for heav - en's bright and hap - py land.
 life - - boat,

* Consul Gen. Wildman and family who went down with the Steamship Rio de Janeiro, Feb. 24, 1902, while entering the Golden Gate, San Francisco, might have been saved had they hastened into the life-boat. But while they waited to secure some valuables, the ship went down, and they were lost!

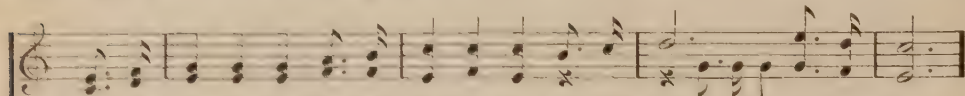
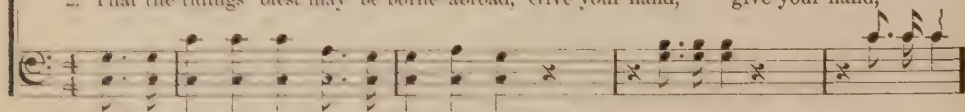
Fly Your Banners.

PALMER HARTSHOUGH.

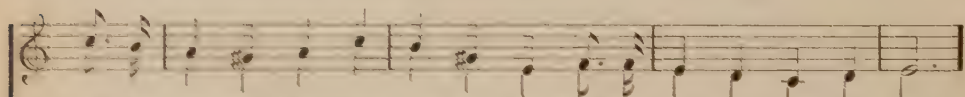
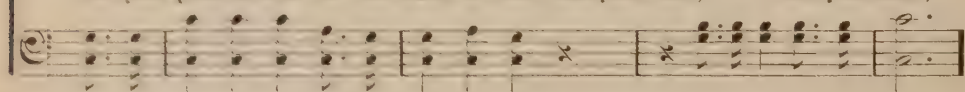
J. H. FILLMORE.



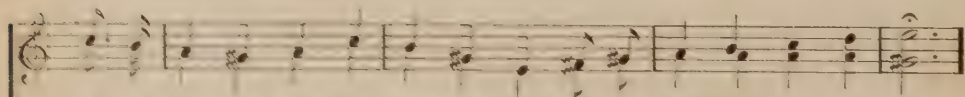
1. In the name of Christ fling your banners out, Let them fly, let them fly;
 2. That the tidings blest may be borne abroad, Give your hand, give your hand,



All ye valiant ones, let your rallying shout Rend the sky, rend the sky.
 That your place be filled in the ranks of God, Take your stand, take your stand,



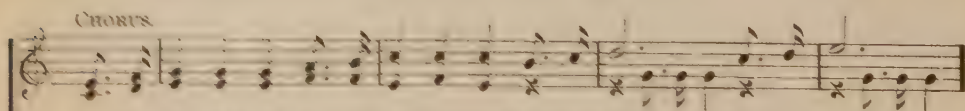
Now we see the brightness of his Word, And we hail the ris - ing dawn,
 And no ill thy soul unmoved shall see, In the bat - tle's din and shock,



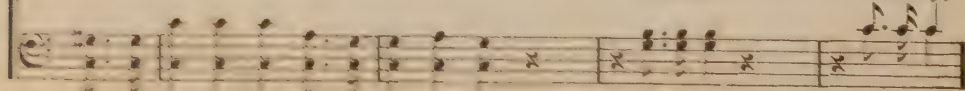
Now Je - ho - vah takes his conqu'ring sword, And his cause goes marching on.
 For the Lord him - self thy strength shall be, And thine ev - er - last - ing Rock.



CHORUS



In the name of Christ fling your banners out, Let them fly, let them fly;
 Let them fly, let them fly;



Fly Your Banners.—Concluded.

Musical score for 'Fly Your Banners.—Concluded.' The score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'Lift, ye valiant ones, your rallying shout To do or die; In the name of Christ let them fly, In the name of Christ let them fly; O let your banners fly, Let your banners fly.' The second system continues the piano accompaniment and ends with a double bar line.

No. 123.

Hide Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

Musical score for 'Hide Me.' The score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature of 4/4. The lyrics are: '1. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide me In thy ho - ly place; Resting there beneath thy
2. Hide me when the storm is rag - ing O'er life's troubled sea; Like a dove on ocean's
3. Hide me when my heart is breaking With its weight of woe; When in tears I seek the'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes.

REFRAIN.

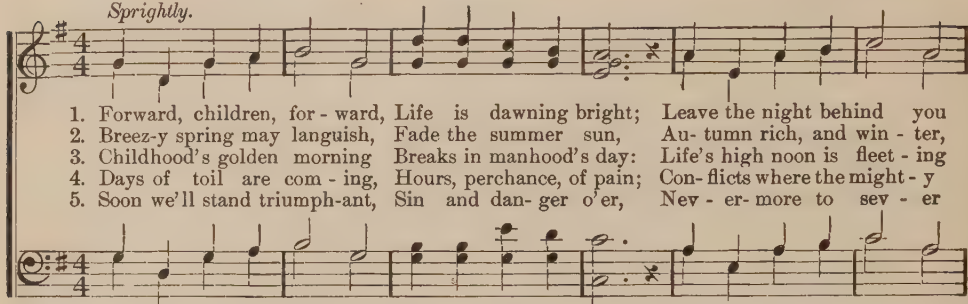
Musical score for the Refrain of 'Hide Me.' The score is written for voice and piano. The lyrics are: 'glo - ry, O let me see thy face. } Hide me, hide me,
bil - lows, O let me fly to thee. } Hide me, hide me, safe - ly hide me,
com - fort Thou canst a - lone be - stow.' The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes.

O blessed Saviour, hide me; O Saviour, keep me Safely, O Lord, with thee.
O my Saviour, keep thou me

Forward, Children, Forward.

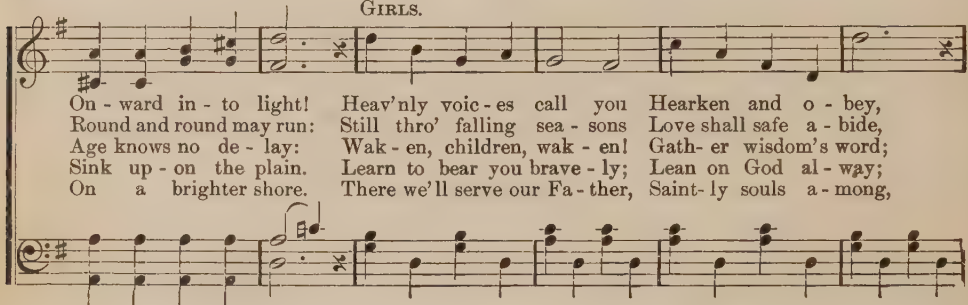
A. N. BLATCHFORD.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

Sprightly.


1. Forward, children, for - ward, Life is dawning bright; Leave the night behind you
 2. Breez-y spring may languish, Fade the summer sun, Au- tumn rich, and win - ter,
 3. Childhood's golden morning Breaks in manhood's day: Life's high noon is fleet - ing
 4. Days of toil are com - ing, Hours, perchance, of pain; Con- flicts where the might - y
 5. Soon we'll stand triumph-ant, Sin and dan- ger o'er, Nev - er - more to sev - er

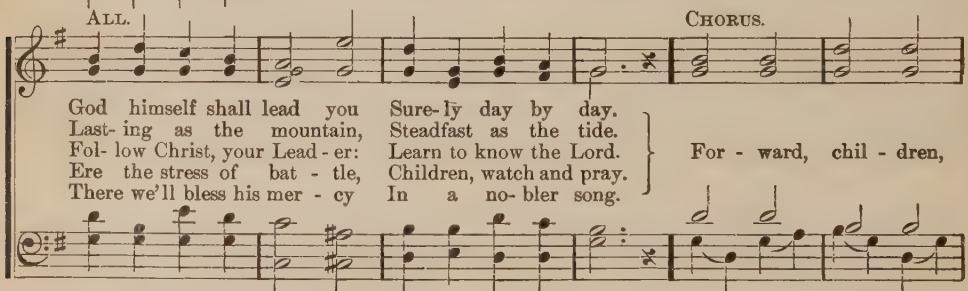
GIRLS.



On - ward in - to light! Heav'nly voic - es call you Hearken and o - bey,
 Round and round may run: Still thro' falling sea - sons Love shall safe a - bide,
 Age knows no de - lay: Wak - en, children, wak - en! Gath - er wisdom's word;
 Sink up - on the plain. Learn to bear you brave - ly; Lean on God al - way;
 On a brighter shore. There we'll serve our Fa - ther, Saint - ly souls a - mong,

ALL.

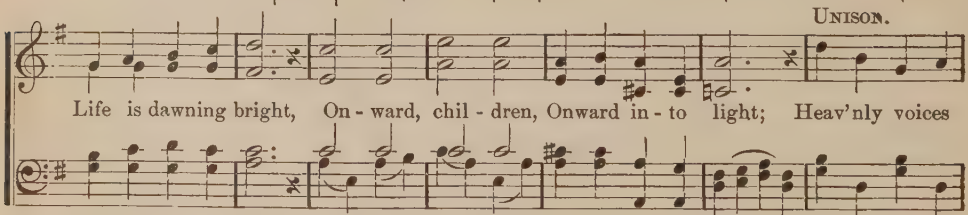
CHORUS.



God himself shall lead you Sure - ly day by day.
 Last - ing as the mountain, Steadfast as the tide.
 Fol - low Christ, your Lead - er: Learn to know the Lord.
 Ere the stress of bat - tle, Children, watch and pray.
 There we'll bless his mer - cy In a no - bler song.

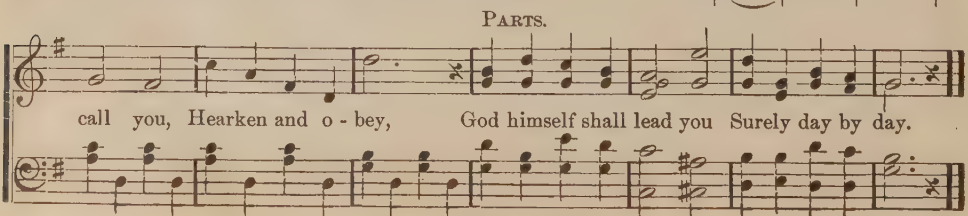
For - ward, chil - dren,

UNISON.



Life is dawning bright, On - ward, chil - dren, Onward in - to light; Heav'nly voices

PARTS.



call you, Hearken and o - bey, God himself shall lead you Surely day by day.

No. 125.

Blessed Words of Jesus.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

V. PAUL JONES.

UNISON.

1. Blessed words of Jesus, like a rainbow bright, Gleaming thro' the shadows with a fadeless light;
 2. Blessed words of Jesus, ready for each need, From his royal bounty, manna sweet indeed!
 3. Blessed words of Jesus, ocean-depths of love, Boundless, ever flowing from the Lord above;

Riches of the kingdom always kept in store, Golden keys that open wide the glo-ry - door.
 Leaves of balm and healing for each sin-sick soul, From the great Physician who can death control.
 Comfort for each sorrow, joy for days of light, Stars that gleam with brightness thro' the darkest night.

CHORUS.

Blessed words that nev - er fail those on them de - pend - ing! Wings of hope that

bear us upward, to his throne as - cend - ing! Grant us grace, al - might - y God,

may we prize each hallow'd page Shin-ing still with endless glo-ry, age to age.

When Jesus Leads.

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. When Jesus leads,..... the way grows bright,..... E'en tho' be - fore..... 'twas darkest
 2. Tho' dark the path my feet shall tread,..... And dark the clouds..... be o - ver-
 3. I'll follow him while life shall last,..... I'll follow him till I have

night;..... From him there beams..... a radiance fair,..... A heav'nly
 head,..... I'll have no fear,..... for at my side There walks the
 passed..... The golden gates of that fair shore Where I shall

rit. light, a light beyond com - pare. } I'll trust him though..... I cannot
 Son, my falt'ring steps to guide. } I'll trust him though I
 rest with him for - ev - er - more. }

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

see..... The path thro' which..... he leadeth me;..... My faith in
 cannot, cannot see The path thro' which he leadeth, leadeth me;

rit. him..... shall be my stay;..... I am content when Jesus leads the way.
 My faith in him shall be, shall be my stay;

Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON

Use as Solo or Duet.

1. Lead me gen - tly home, Father, Lead me gen - tly home, When life's toils are
 2. Lead me gen - tly home, Father, Lead me gen - tly home, In life's darkest

end - ed, And part - ing days have come. Sin no more shall tempt me;
 hours, Fa - ther, When life's troubles come; Keep my feet from wand'ring,

rit. p
 Ne'er from thee I'll roam, If thou't on - ly lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
 Lest from thee I roam, Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

CHORUS.

Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly;
 Lead me gen - tly home Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther;

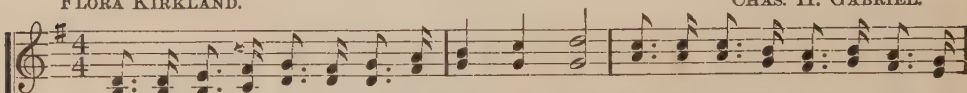
Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gen - tly home.
 gently home.

Countless Mercies.

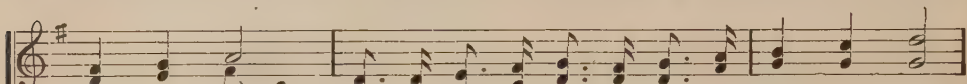
"According to the multitude of his mercies."—Lamentations 3: 32.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.




1. Are you heav - y - la - den and with sor - row tried? Stop and look to Je - sus, Helper,
 2. Think of hidden dangers he hath brought you thro'; Think of all the burdens he hath
 3. Does your pathway darken 'neath a cloud of fear? Count your many mercies; dry each
 4. As he looks from heaven now on you and me, Don't you know he chooseth what each




Friend and Guide; Think of all his mer - cies; such a bound - less store!
 borne for you; Count his words of com - fort in your deep - est need;
 bit - ter tear. E - ven 'mid the shad - ows trust him with - out fear;
 day shall be? Trust his lov - ing wis - dom, tho' the hot tears start,

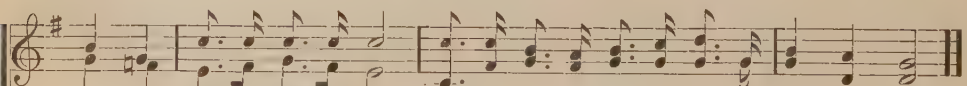
CHORUS.



Tears will change to prais - es as you count them o'er.
 Count the times when Je - sus proved a Friend in - deed. } Count - less mer - cies!
 "Home will be the sweet - er for the dark down here." } Countless mercies! Such a
 Give to him the in - cense of a grate - ful heart.



Such a boundless store! Count - less mer - cies! Pressed and running o'er! Count - less
 bound - less store! Countless mercies! Pressed and run - ning o'er! Countless mercies!



mer - cies! Try to count them o'er, Till you gaze in wonder at your boundless store.
 Try to count them o'er,

The Heavenly Summerland.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Be - yond the winter's storms and blight, Be - yond the summer's shining strand,
2. No ling'ring shadow of the night Shall dim the glo - ry of that shore;
3. No part - ing word, no tears nor pain, Shall pass those portals fair and bright,

There waits a land of joy and light— O bright and fadeless summer land!
There all is joy and song and light, And rest and peace for ev - er - more!
There part - ed friends shall meet a - gain, With- in that land of love and light!

O summer-land,..... that gleams a- far,..... Beyond the light.....
O summerland,..... that gleams a- far,..... Beyond the light.....

of sun or star,..... O summer - land,..... O summer-
of sun or star, O sum-mer-land,

and, We long for thee, dear summer - land.
 O summerland, We long for thee, dear summerland.

1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on his Word, Just to feel I am
 2. When my way dark-est seems, when are blight-ed my dreams, Just to feel that the
 3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je - sus for

his ev-'ry day; Just to walk by his side, with his Spir it to guide, Just to
 Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to his will, just to trust and be still, Just to
 my dear-est friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to obtain, True and

CHORUS.

fol - low where he leads the way. Just to say what he wants me to
 lean on his bo - som and rest. }
 faith - ful he'll be to the end. } what he

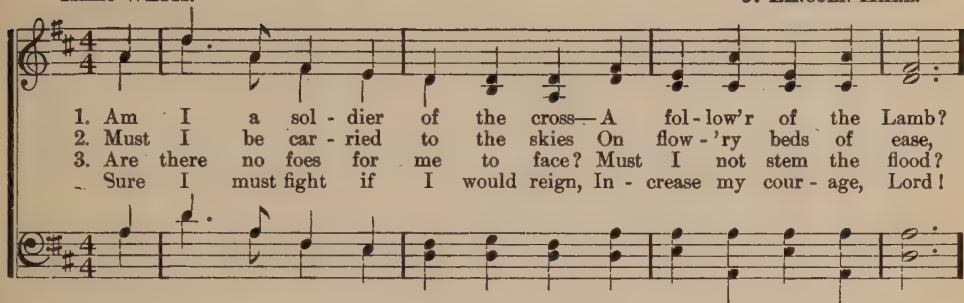
say, And be still when he whispers to me; Just to
 wants me to say, when he whispers to me;

go where he wants me to go,..... Just to be what he wants me to be.
 where he wants me to go,

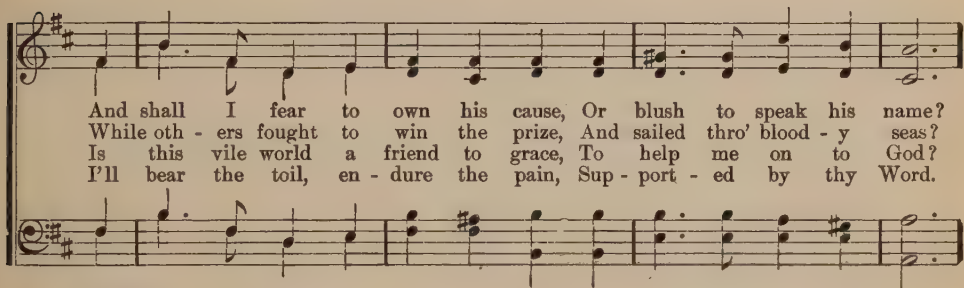
Am I A Soldier of the Cross?

ISAAC WATTS.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

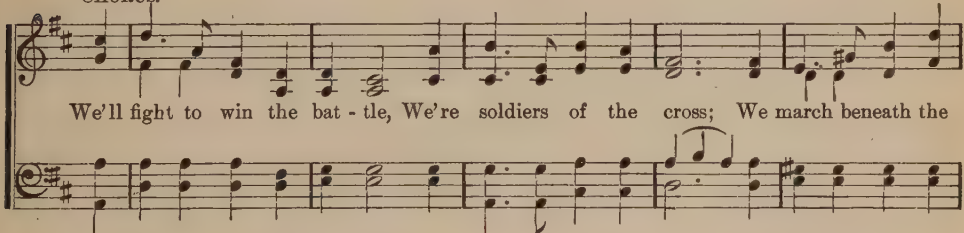


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross—A fol-low'r of the Lamb?
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease?
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 Sure I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord!

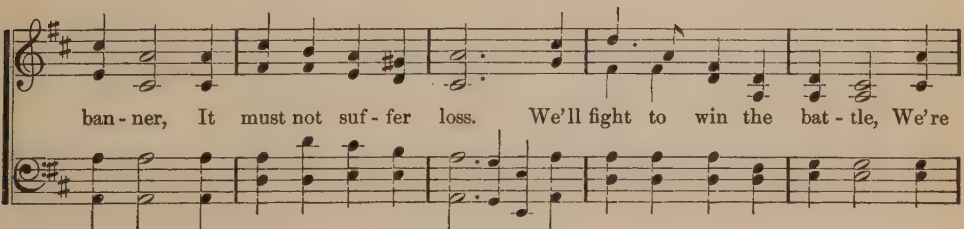


And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy Word.

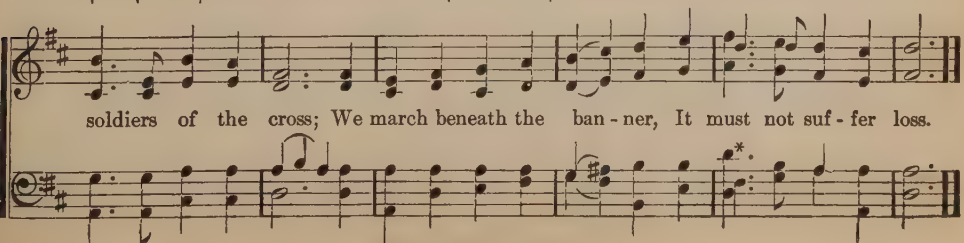
CHORUS.



We'll fight to win the bat - tle, We're soldiers of the cross; We march beneath the



ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss. We'll fight to win the bat - tle, We're



soldiers of the cross; We march beneath the ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss.

The King of Glory.

From Psalm xxiv.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Ye gates, lift up your heads on high; Ye doors, that last for aye,
 2. But who of glo - ry is the King? The might - y Lord is this;
 3. But who is he that is the King Of glo - ry? Who is this?
 4. Ye gates, lift up your heads on high; Ye doors, that last for aye,

Be lift - ed up, that so the King Of glo - ry en - ter may.
 E'en that same Lord that great in might And strong in bat - tle is.
 The Lord of hosts, and none but he, The King of glo - ry is.
 Be lift - ed up, that so the King Of glo - ry en - ter may.

CHORUS. GIRLS.

Who is the King of glo - ry? Who is the King of glo - ry? Who is the King? O

who is the King? Who is the King of glo - ry? The Lord, the Lord, the

ff FULL SCHOOL.
 INST. INST.

Faster, with joyfulness.

Lord of hosts, He is the King of glo - ry, He is the King of

The King of Glory.—Concluded.

rit.

glo - ry, He is the King, he is the King, He is the King of glo - ry.

No. 133.

Where Jesus is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. J. BUTLER.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
 2. Once heav - en seemed a far - off place, Till Je - sus showed his smil - ing face;
 3. What mat - ters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?

And 'mid earth's sor - rows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
 Now it's be - gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while end - less a - ges roll.
 In cot - tage, or a mansion fair, Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

CHORUS.

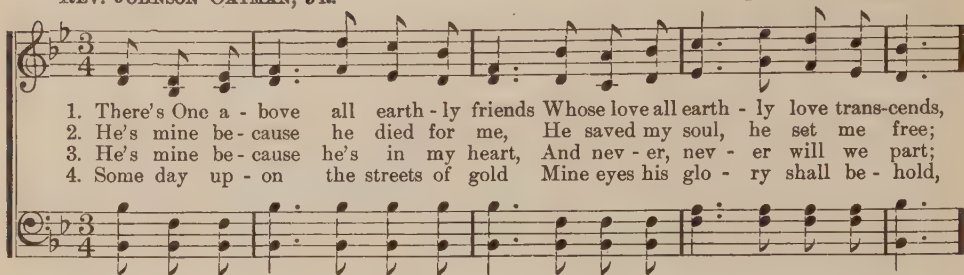
O hal - le - lu - jah! Yes, 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for - giv'n;

On land or sea, what matters where? Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

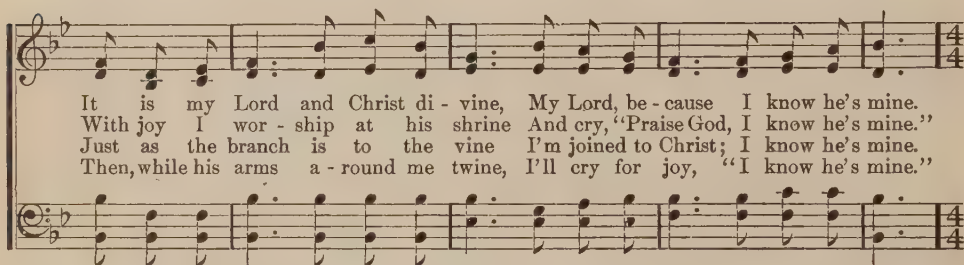
I Know He's Mine.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

B. FRANK BUTTS.

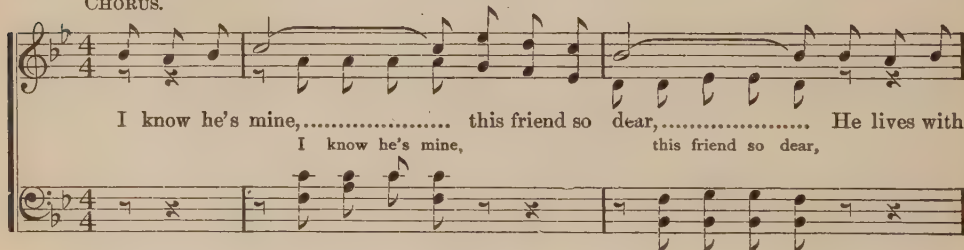


1. There's One a - bove all earth - ly friends Whose love all earth - ly love trans-cends,
 2. He's mine be - cause he died for me, He saved my soul, he set me free;
 3. He's mine be - cause he's in my heart, And nev - er, nev - er will we part;
 4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes his glo - ry shall be - hold,

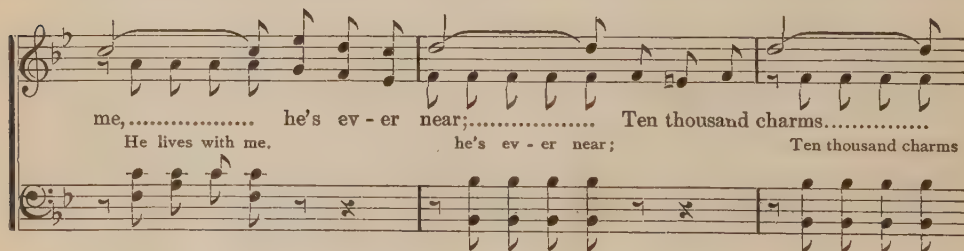


It is my Lord and Christ di - vine, My Lord, be - cause I know he's mine.
 With joy I wor - ship at his shrine And cry, "Praise God, I know he's mine."
 Just as the branch is to the vine I'm joined to Christ; I know he's mine.
 Then, while his arms a - round me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know he's mine."

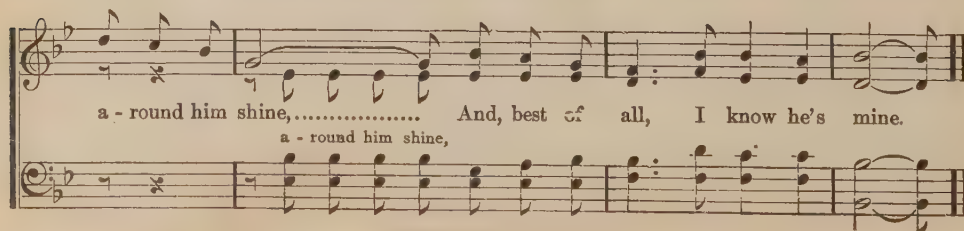
CHORUS.



I know he's mine,..... this friend so dear,..... He lives with
 I know he's mine, this friend so dear,



me,..... he's ev - er near;..... Ten thousand charms.....
 He lives with me. he's ev - er near; Ten thousand charms



a - round him shine,..... And, best of all, I know he's mine.
 a - round him shine,

I've Anchored in Jesus.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Up - on life's boundless o - cean where mighty billows roll, I've fixed my hope in Je - sus, blest
2. He keeps my soul from e - vil and gives me blessed peace, His voice hath stilled the waters and
3. He is my Friend and Saviour, in him my anchor's cast, He drives a - way my sor-rows and

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a repeat sign at the end of the first measure.

an - chor of my soul. When tri - als fierce as - sail me as storms are gath - 'ring o'er,
bid their tu - mult cease. My pi - lot and de - liv - 'rer to him I all con - fide,
shields me from the blast. By faith I'm look - ing up - ward be - yond life's troubled sea,

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of two staves. The upper staff is the melody, and the lower staff is the accompaniment. The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, and a quarter note B4. The accompaniment starts with a quarter note G3, an eighth note A3, and a quarter note B3. The system ends with a double bar line.

CHORUS.

I rest up - on his mer - cy and trust him more. }
 For al - ways when I need him, he's at my side. } I've anchored in Je - sus, The
 There I be - hold a ha - ven pre-pared for me. }

storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in Je - sus, I fear no wind or wave, I've

The first system of the musical score is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B-flat4. This is followed by a dotted quarter note G4, a dotted quarter note F4, and a dotted quarter note E4. The next measure contains a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, and a quarter note B3. The final measure of the system consists of a quarter note A3, a quarter note G3, and a quarter note F3. The system concludes with a double bar line.

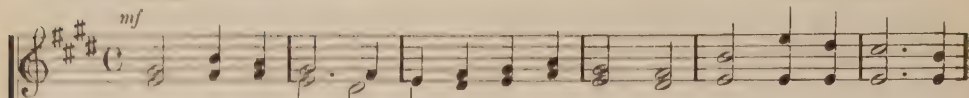
anchored in Je - sus, For he hath pow'r to save, I've anchored to the rock of a - ges.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The system ends with a double bar line.

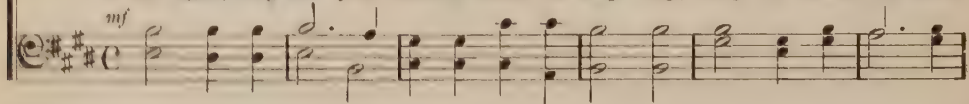
Hark! Hark, My Soul.

F. W. FABER.

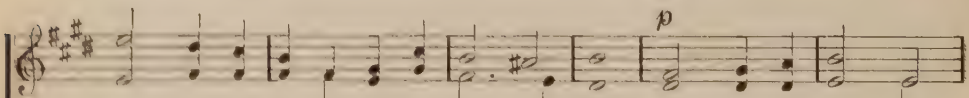
HENRY SMART.



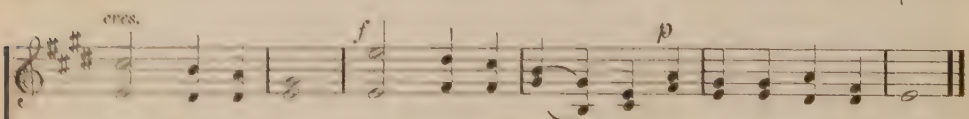
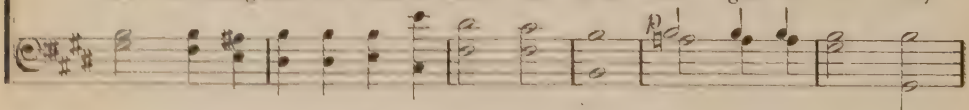
1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at even - ing peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
 4. Rest comes at length, though life be long and drear - y, The day must dawn, and
 5. An - gels, sing on! your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag - ments



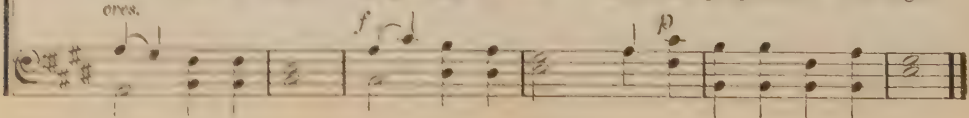
o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing
 Je - sus bids you come;" And through the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing,
 sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thousands meek - ly steal - ing,
 dark - some night be past; Faith's jour - neys end in wel - come to the wea - ry,
 of the songs a - bove; Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing,



Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An - gels of Je - sus,
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee. An - gels of Je - sus,
 And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last. An - gels of Je - sus,
 And life's long shad - ows break in cloud - less love. An - gels of Je - sus,



An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.



No. 137.

Volunteers Wanted.

GEO. P. BEARD.

ARTHUR WILTON.

1. O who will vol-un-ter to stand In gos-pel arm-or bright And
 2. Recruits are wanted here to-day; En-list while yet there's room; Then
 3. O ral-ly, then, like soldiers true, For ser-vice in this strife; Our

join the ranks of arm-y grand That battles for the right? The ban-ner of the
 vol-un-ter without de-lay, You can-not come too soon: The en-e-my is
 Cap-tain has a crown for you Who vol-un-ter for life. Our Leader is our

cross unfurled Against all sin and wrong, The bat-tle-field is all the world, And
 in the field To win the world by sin; Then vol-un-ter and nev-er yield, The
 Sav-iour, too; O trust him without fear; He conquers by his cross for you, He

CHORUS.

vic-to-ry our song.
 brave and true shall win. } Rejoice and sing, rejoice and sing With loy-al heart and
 saves the vol-un-ter. }

voice; We fol-low Christ, the conqu'ring King, And bear a-loft his cross.

Press Onward with Rejoicing.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Press onward with re-joicing! The conflict may be long, Raise high the royal standard!
 2. Where Jesus leads we'll follow, In armor bright arrayed, March on with songs of triumph!
 3. His cross is lift-ed o'er us, His kingdom draweth nigh; The Lord is our sal-va-tion,

CHORUS.

His grace will make you strong,
 Trust God! Be not a-fraid!
 His glo-ry fills the sky.

Press on - ward, on - ward, with the cross on high,
 Press onward, onward, onward, onward,

Press on - ward, on - ward, vic - to - ry is nigh; Press on - ward,
 Press onward, onward, onward, onward, is nigh, Press onward, onward,

on - ward, with his banner go, Press on-ward, onward to conquer ev-'ry foe.
 onward, onward,

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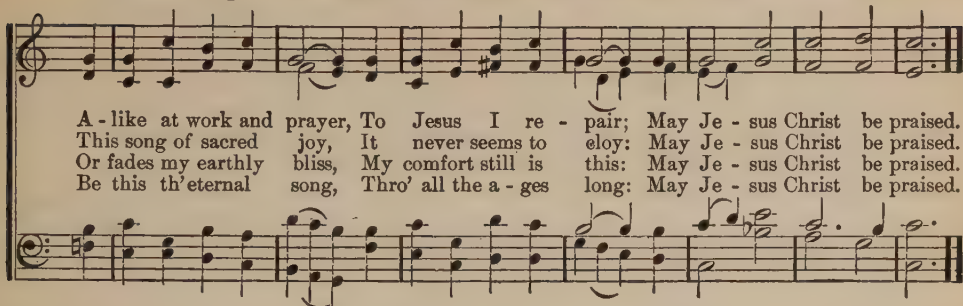
When Morning Gilds the Skies.

EDWARD CASWALL.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries, May Je-sus Christ be praised:
 2. To Thee, O God, a - bove, I cry with glowing love, May Je-sus Christ be praised:
 3. Does sadness fill my mind, A so-lace here I find; May Je-sus Christ be praised:
 4. Be this, while life is mine, My can-ti-cle di-vine: May Je-sus Christ be praised:

When Morning Gilds the Skies.—Concluded.

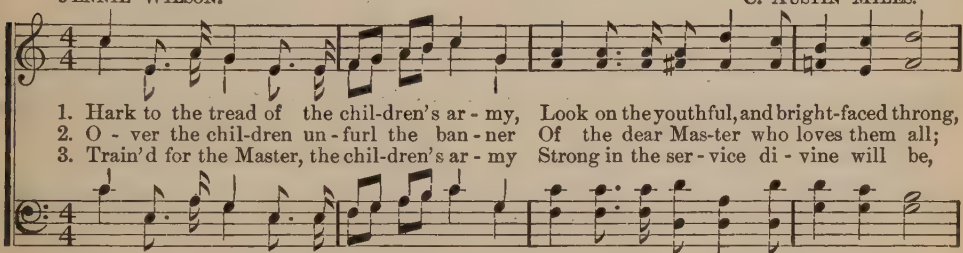


A - like at work and prayer, To Jesus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 This song of sacred joy, It never seems to eloy: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 Or fades my earthly bliss, My comfort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 Be this th'eternal song, Thro' all the a - ges long: May Je - sus Christ be praised.

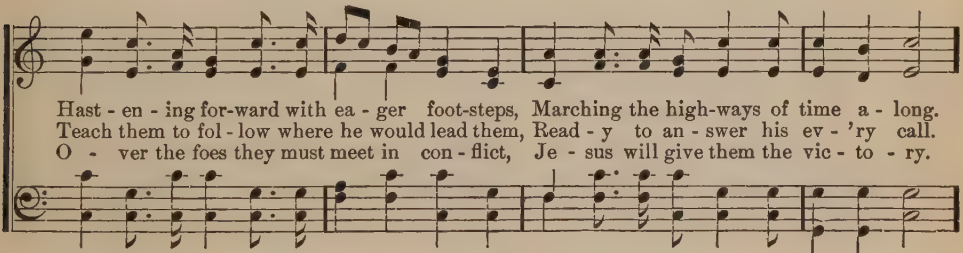
No. 140. The Children's Army.

JENNIE WILSON.

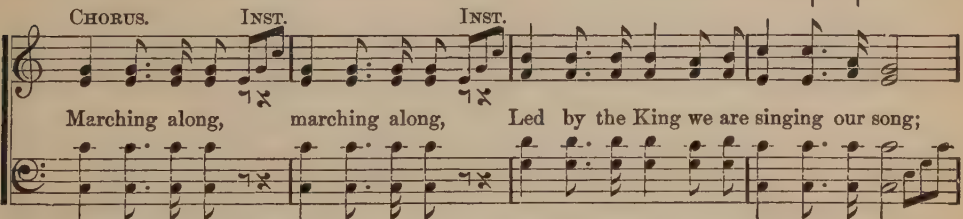
C. AUSTIN MILES.



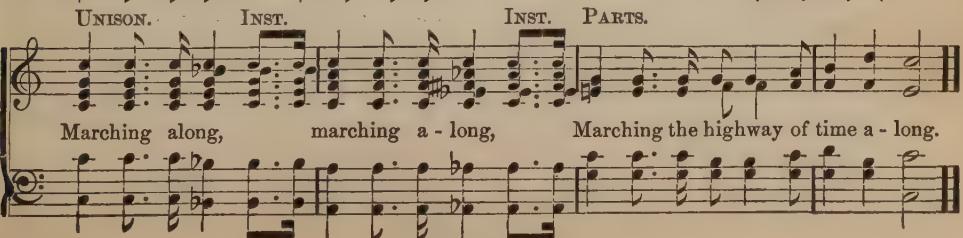
1. Hark to the tread of the chil-dren's ar - my, Look on the youthful, and bright-faced throng,
 2. O - ver the chil-dren un - furl the ban - ner Of the dear Mas - ter who loves them all;
 3. Train'd for the Master, the chil-dren's ar - my Strong in the ser - vice di - vine will be,



Hast - en - ing for - ward with ea - ger foot - steps, Marching the high - ways of time a - long.
 Teach them to fol - low where he would lead them, Read - y to an - swer his ev - 'ry call.
 O - ver the foes they must meet in con - flict, Je - sus will give them the vic - to - ry.



CHORUS. INST. INST.
 Marching along, marching along, Led by the King we are singing our song;



UNISON. INST. INST. PARTS.
 Marching along, marching a - long, Marching the highway of time a - long.

No. 141.

Marching On.

M. A. C.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

1. Marching on, marching on to glo - ry, With the cross of the Saviour dear;
 2. Marching on, marching on to glo - ry, In the name of Im-man - u - el;
 3. Marching on, marching on to glo - ry, Not a mo - ment to i - dly stand;

marching along;

In his name we will press the bat - tle, In his ranks we will nev - er fear.
 Join the song, join the song of tri - umph, Let the sound of the anthem swell.
 Soon the jour - ney of strife will be o - ver, We will rest in the glo - ry - land.

marching along.

CHORUS.

We are marching on, ev - er march - ing, To the glo - ry - land ev - er fair;

marching along;

We will sing our song as we jour - ney, Praise the Lord, we will soon be there.

marching along.

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No. 142.

Abide With Me.

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e-ven- tide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with me a-bide!
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a - way;
 3. I need thy presence ev - 'ry passing hour, What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
 4. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my closing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

Abide With Me.—Concluded.

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O, a-bide with me!
 Change and de - cay in all around I see; O thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!
 Who, like thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, O, abide with me!
 Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me!

No. 143.

The Inner Circle.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whisper, "I have chos - en you?"
 2. As the first dis - ci - ples fol - lowed, As they went wher - e'er he sent;
 3. Or, if he shall choose to send us On some er - rand in his name,
 4. Mas - ter, at thy foot - stool kneel - ing, We, thy chil - dren, hum - bly wait;

Does he tell you in com - mun - ion What he wish - es you to do?
 So to - day we, too, may fol - low, On his lead - ing still in - tent.
 We can serve him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
 Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heav - en's gate.

CHORUS.

Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Mas - ter's call?
 Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Mas - ter's call?

Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is he now your All in all?
 Have you giv'n your

No. 144.

Shine for Jesus.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. In this world of darkness let us ev - er be Each a light that shineth clear and bright;
 2. Nev - er think your light so humble is and small That it mat - ters not if it should fade;
 3. E'en a lit - tle light can pierce the gloom afar; It can shine for Je - sus day by day;

O the shin - ing ray some wand'ring soul may see, And be led to Christ, the Light.
 Let its radiance soft - ly thro' the dark - ness fall, That some soul from sin be stay'd.
 It may serve to someone as a guid - ing star That shall lead from sin a - way.

CHORUS.

Shine for Je - sus! Shine for Je - sus! Nev - er let your light grow dim;
 Shine for Je - sus! Shine for Je - sus!

Shine for Je - sus! Shine for Je - sus! Souls will be led to follow him.
 Shine for Je - sus! Shine for Je - sus! to fol - low him.

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No. 145.

Nearer, Still Nearer.

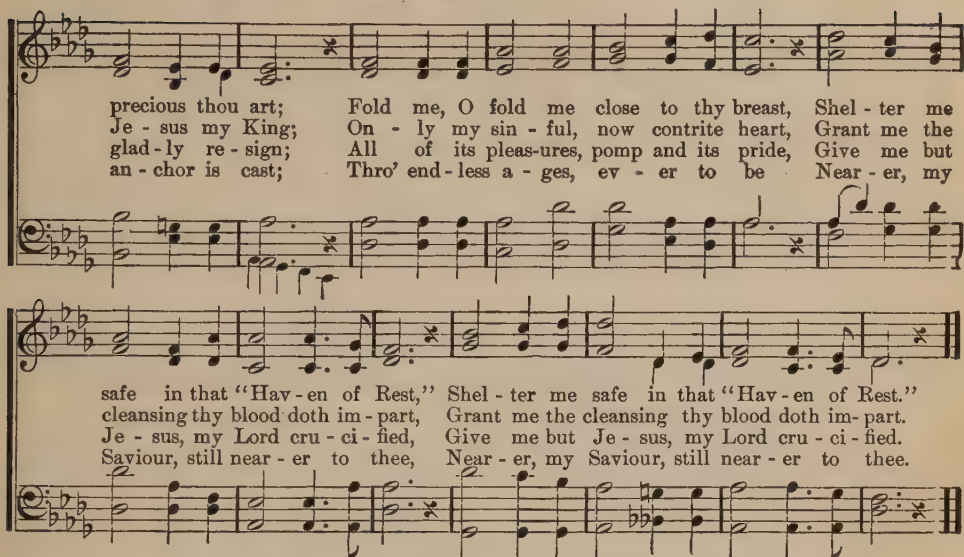
C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Near - er, still near - er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - iour, so
 2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an off - 'ring to
 3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I
 4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my

Copyright, 1900, by H. L. Gilmore, Waco, Tex.

Nearer, Still Nearer.—Concluded.



precious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shel-ter me
 Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
 glad-ly re - sign; All of its pleas-ures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
 an - chor is cast; Thro' end - less a - ges, ev - er to be Near - er, my

safe in that "Hav - en of Rest," Shel - ter me safe in that "Hav - en of Rest."
 cleansing thy blood doth im - part, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth im - part.
 Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
 Saviour, still near - er to thee, Near - er, my Saviour, still near - er to thee.

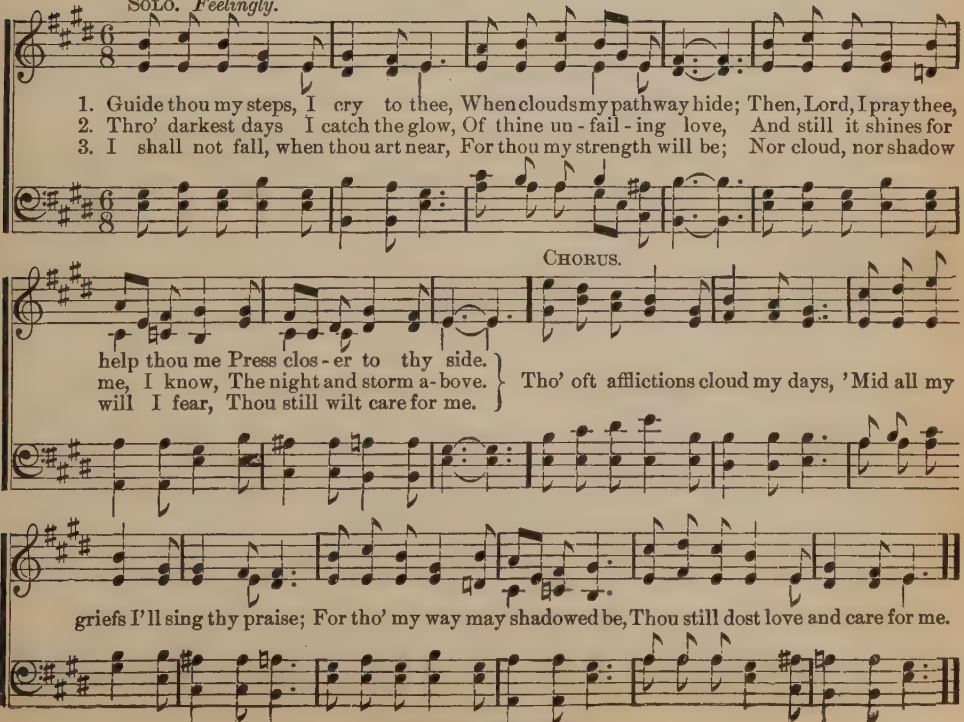
No. 146.

The Father's Love.

IDA L. REED.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.

SOLO. *Feelingly.*

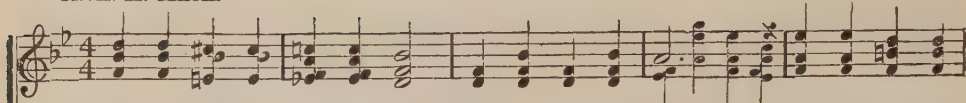


1. Guide thou my steps, I cry to thee, When clouds my pathway hide; Then, Lord, I pray thee,
 2. Thro' darkest days I catch the glow, Of thine un - fail - ing love, And still it shines for
 3. I shall not fall, when thou art near, For thou my strength will be; Nor cloud, nor shadow

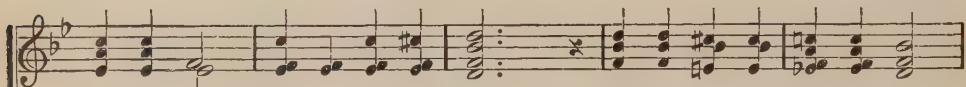
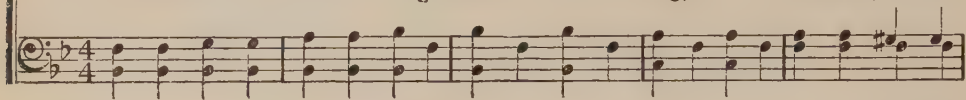
CHORUS.

help thou me Press clos - er to thy side. }
 me, I know, The night and storm a - bove. } Tho' oft afflictions cloud my days, 'Mid all my
 will I fear, Thou still wilt care for me. }

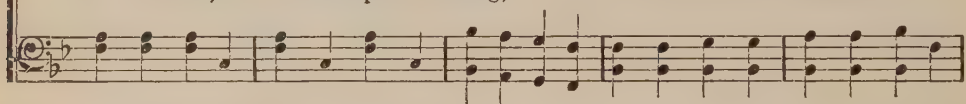
griefs I'll sing thy praise; For tho' my way may shadowed be, Thou still dost love and care for me.



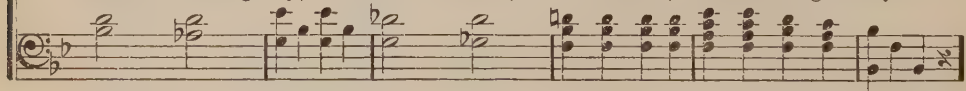
- | | | | |
|-----------------------|------------------|----------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Praise the Lord, O | star - ry skies, | Make his glo - ries known. | Na - tions of the |
| 2. Join, mankind, in | Nature's song, | Praise of God to sing; | Now enthroned in |
| 3. Join with Nature's | voic - es strong | Praise of God to sing; | Fountains, riv - ers |



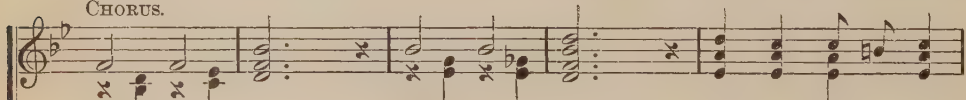
earth a - rise,	Claim him as your own.	Is - lands of the far - off seas,
ev - 'ry heart	Let him reign as King.	Ev - er - more to him as - cribe,
and the sea,	All their praises bring;	Flow'rs and shrub of brilliant hue



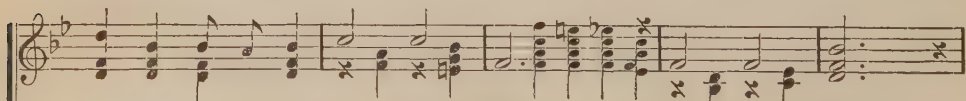
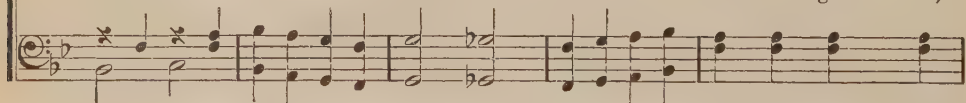
Bring your homage now,	Laud and mag - ni - fy his name,	Low be - fore him bow.
In a glad ac - cord,	Maj - es - ty for - ev - er - more,	Praise, O praise the Lord.
Join the swelling lay;	Dome of heav'n, e - ter - nal blue,	Swells the song to - day.



CHORUS.



Praise the Lord!	Praise the Lord!	Great and glo - ri - ous,
------------------	------------------	---------------------------



all vic - to - ri - ous, God doth reign.	King of kings!
--	----------------



God Doth Reign.—Concluded.

Lord of lords! Great and glo-ri-ous, all vic-to-ri-ous, Praise the Lord!

No. 148.

Lift Your Voices.

IRVIN H. MACK.
UNISON.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. Lift on high your happy voices,
2. Hearts of thousands now are bounding,
3. Je-sus, author of sal-va-tion,
Now your songs of gladness raise,
Filled with hope, from sin set free!
Lo, thy name we now a-dore;

Till the earth and heav'n re-joice,
Hear the gos-pel trump is sounding,
Praise and glo-ry, ad-o-ra-tion,
Sounding forth our Saviour's praise,
'Tis the sound of ju-bi-lee,
Thine henceforth for-ev-er-more.

REFRAIN.

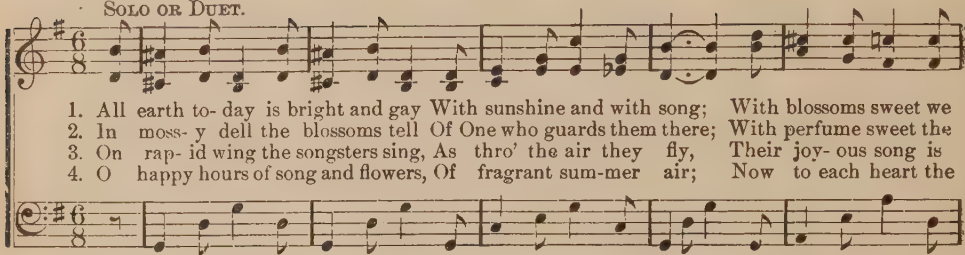
O sing his praises, He lives for-ev-er, The King of glory, who reigns on high! In songs as

cending, His praise un-end-ing, While hosts of heaven to earth re-ply.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

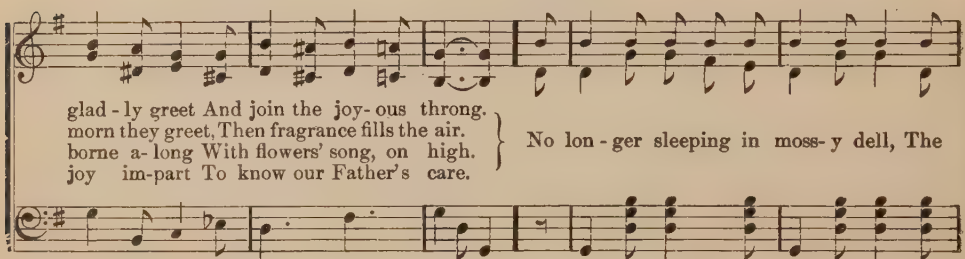
J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOLO OR DUET.

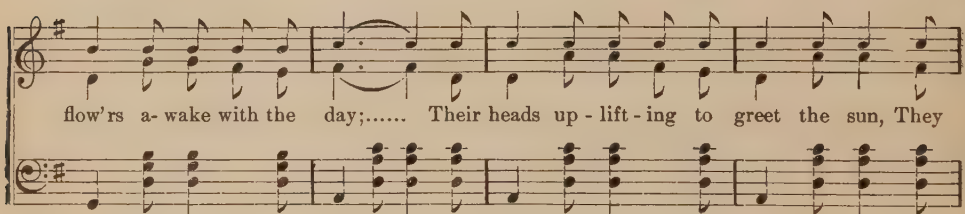


1. All earth to-day is bright and gay With sunshine and with song; With blossoms sweet we
 2. In moss-y dell the blossoms tell Of One who guards them there; With perfume sweet the
 3. On rap-id wing the songsters sing, As thro' the air they fly, Their joy-ous song is
 4. O happy hours of song and flowers, Of fragrant sum-mer air; Now to each heart the

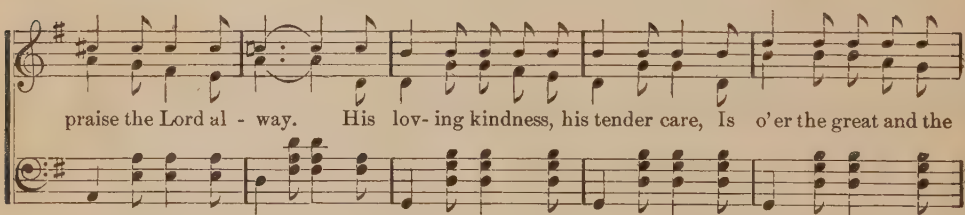
* CHORUS.



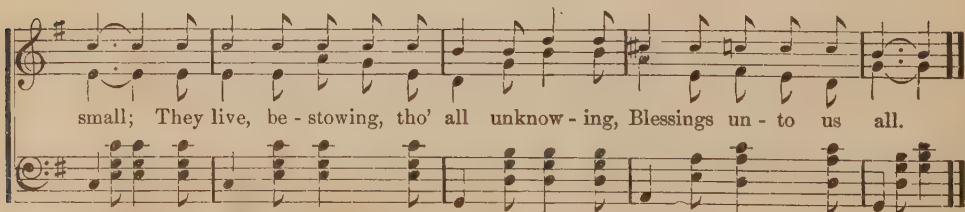
glad-ly greet And join the joy-ous throng.
 morn they greet, Then fragrance fills the air.
 borne a-long With flowers' song, on high. } No lon-ger sleeping in moss-y dell, The
 joy im-part To know our Father's care.



flow'rs a-wake with the day;..... Their heads up-lift-ing to greet the sun, They



praise the Lord al-way. His lov-ing kindness, his tender care, Is o'er the great and the




small; They live, be-stowing, tho' all unknow-ing, Blessings un-to us all.

* A fine effect may be made by having the duet sung by two older voices, and at chorus have one voice lead the girls in singing the small notes and another voice leading boys with melody. If this is impracticable, have whole school sing melody of chorus, a few strong, selected voices sing small notes.


Singing, Ever Singing.

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



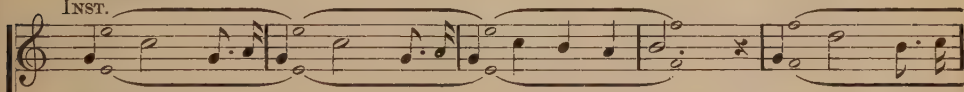
1. Safe we rest, what - ev - er may be - tide us; God is o - ver all.
 2. Young are we and life is still be - fore us, Fill'd with smiles and tears;
 3. Low - ly na - ture sings the Father's praises, As its gifts may be;
 4. We will trust him, who is watching o'er us, Safe are we and blest;




Lo! his an - gels ev - er walk be - side us, — Lead us lest we fall.
 But our Fa - ther ev - er watch - es o'er us Through the pass - ing years.
 Buds and blos - soms join the si - lent cho - rus; They from care are free.
 In his arms the Fa - ther will en - fold us, Give us joy and rest.

CHORUS.


INST.



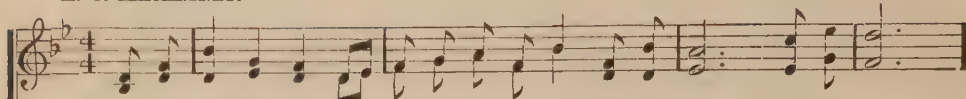
Sing - ing, ev - er sing - ing, we are in our Fa - ther's care. Sing - ing, ev - er



sing - ing, who would not be hap - py there? Trust - ing, ev - er trust - ing in the

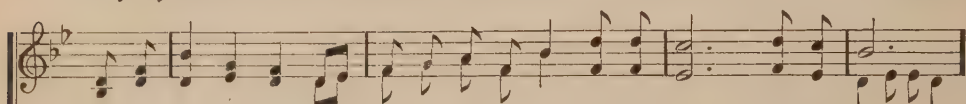


Fa - ther whom we love, For he ev - er watches o'er us from his heav'nly throne above.



1. We are soldiers in the army of the Lord, Marching on, marching on;
 2. We have girded on the armor of the Lord, Marching on, marching on;
 3. Hark! The bugle-call is sounding loud and clear, Marching on, marching on;

Marching on, marching on;

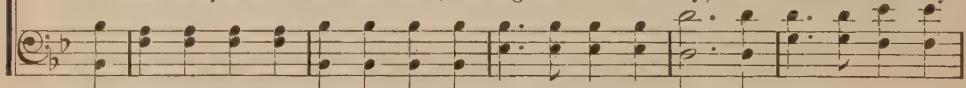


We are trusting in the power of his word, Marching on, marching on.
 We have tak-en up the Spirit's mighty sword, Marching on, marching on.
 See how Satan's hosts are gath'ring far and near, Marching on, marching on.

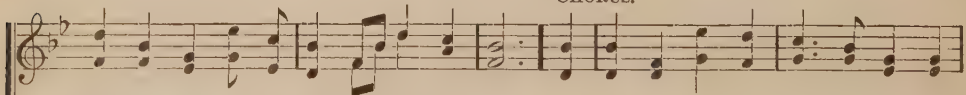
Marching on, marching on.



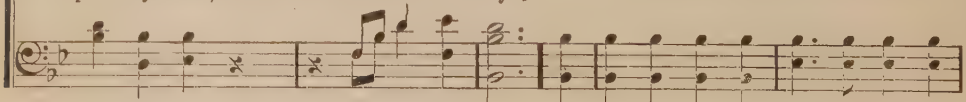
No foe we fear, when he is near, To lead us on our way; We'll trust his word, nor
 We march a-long, and this our song For-ev-ermore shall be, He suffered loss up-
 We're all arrayed with shield and blade, And eag-er for the fray; Tho' Satan's host may



CHORUS.



sheathe the sword, 'Till we gain the bat-tle day. }
 on the cross, And he died to make us free. } Then raise the blood-stained banner high, Be-
 proud-ly boast, Still we're sure to win the day. }



neath its folds we stand; See how the hosts of Sa-tan fall At the sound of the Christian band.



Just A Sunbeam.

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Just a sunbeam shining from a-bove, On a gold-en morn-ing, Touch'd a blossom
 2. Just a sunbeam, but its cheering ray, Lightens ev-'ry bur-den; Wea-ry travellers
 3. Just a sunbeam, but a welcome guest; In some darken'd dwell-ing One may en-ter,
 4. But a sunbeam, smiling as you go, Bear-ing gold-en bless-ings In-to homes and

GIRLS.
 with a ray of love And death was changed to life.
 on the up-ward way Are cheer'd and helped and bless'd. } O the pow'r of love,
 with its mes-sage blest, And with its light of 'love.
 lives of want or woe, O car-ry love's bright ray.

Wondrous pow'r of love, Easing pain and woe; O that all may be, Sunbeams light and free

CHORUS.
 Ev-'ry-where we go. Shine, ever shine, O sunbeam bright, Turn winter's darkness

in-to light, Em-blem thou, of heav'n's bright morning, Foll'wing earth's night.

M. S. HAYCRAFT.

ARTHUR J. JAMOUNEAU.

Andante tranquillo.

1. Tho' here we list no more fair, The tones we loved so
2. O cit y calm and fair, O ha - ven ev - er

well, blest, Our precious ones for ev - er - more With
By Je - sus' grace we, too, shall share Thy

the Redeem - er dwell. Their hearts no sor - row know,
glo - ry and thy rest. Safe, safe up - on the shore,

And tears are wiped a - way, Where leaves of healing sweetly blow
By saints triumph - ant trod, With those we love for ev - er - more,

For Evermore.—Concluded.

cres. *ff rit.*

Thro' nev - er - end - ing day;
We'll praise the Lord our God;

Thro' nev - er - end - ing day.
We'll praise the Lord our God.

No. 154.

Tend My Sheep.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Have you heard the Mas - ter say - ing, "Go and feed my lambs to - day,
2. Have you heard the Shep - herd call - ing, "Bring the wand'ers to the fold,
3. "If ye love me, keep my say - ing: Go and tend my sheep to - day,
4. Then how sweet, when night is fall - ing, Not to come to him a - lone!

On the mountains they are stray - ing, Faint with hun - ger, far a - way?"
Ere the ev'n - ing shades are fall - ing, O'er the moun-tains drear and cold?"
Far from home their steps are stray - ing, From the straight and nar - row way."
O what joy to hear him call - ing, "Come, ye faith - ful to my throne!"

CHORUS.

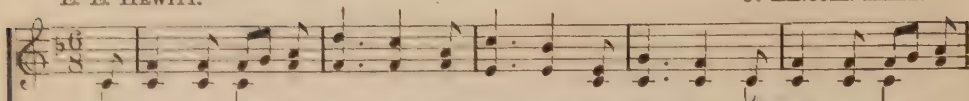
"If ye love me, go and win them; Take to them the heav'n - ly bread;

If ye love me, quickly bring them, To the liv - ing Foun - tain - head."

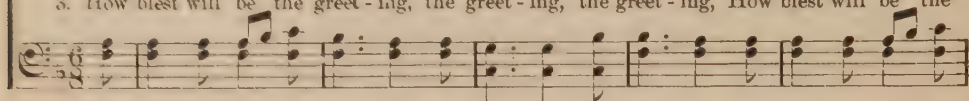
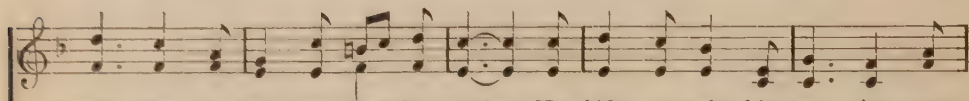
The Master Now is Calling.

E. E. HEWITT.

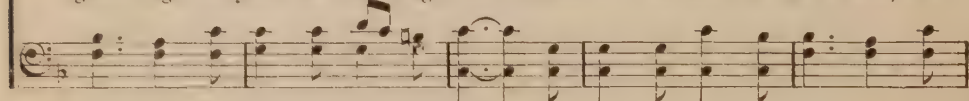

J. LINCOLN HALL.




1. The Mas - ter now is call - ing, is call - ing, is call - ing, The Mas - ter now is
 2. His fields for you are wait - ing, still wait - ing, still wait - ing; His fields for you are
 3. How blest will be the greet - ing, the greet - ing, the greet - ing, How blest will be the

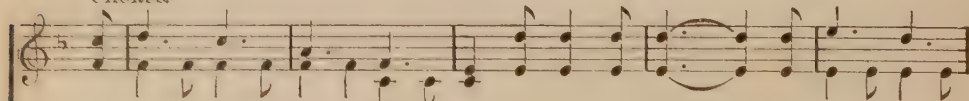
call - ing, O will you hear his voice? He bids us make his ser - vice, sweet
 wait - ing, go forth and sow the seed; The seeds of lov - ing kind - ness, of
 greet - ing be - yond the set - ting sun! When to his faith - ful ser - vants, true



ser - vice, glad ser - vice, Our free and hap - py choice, and in his love re - joice.
 kindness, of kindness, Where - er there is need, wher - ev - er he shall lead.
 ser - vants, true servants, Who goodly sheaves have won, the Lord shall say, "Well done!"




CHORUS.



The Mas - ter calls! O hear his words of love,..... So sweet - ly,
 The Master calls! O hear his words, O hear his words, his words of love, So sweetly ringing

sweet - ly ring - ing from a - boves..... O take his yoke and
 from above, so sweet - ly ring - ing from above; O take his yoke and learn of him, and



The Master Now is Calling.—Concluded.

learn of him to-day,..... He'll lead you safe-ly on the way.....
 learn of him, of him to-day, He'll lead you safe-ly on the way, he'll lead you on the way

No. 156.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

T. KOSCHAT.

Lento. m

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know, I feed in green pastures, safe
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since thou art my guardian, no
3. In the midst of af-flict-ion my ta-ble is spread; With blessings un-meas-ured my
4. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God, Still fol-low my steps till I

m *f*

fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when
 e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, thy staff be my stay; No harm can be-
 cup run-neth o'er; With perfume and oil thou a-nointest my head; O what shall I
 meet thee a-bove, I seek by the path which my fore-fa-thers trod, Thro' the land of their

m *p* *ff* *rit.* *p*

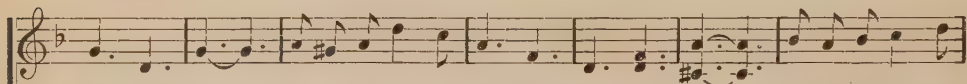
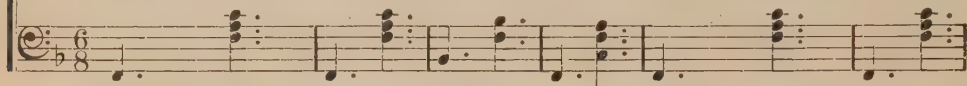
wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd, Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
 fall, with my Com-fort-er near, No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.
 ask of thy prov-i-dence more? O what shall I ask of thy prov-i-dence more?
 so-journ, thy king-dom of love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, thy king-dom of love.

E. E. HEWITT.

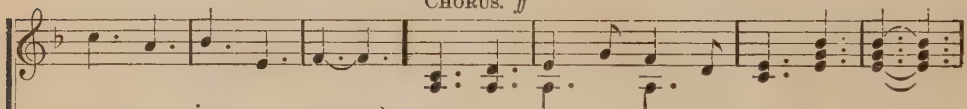
MAURICE A. CLIFTON.



1. Singing the love of Je - sus day by day, Happy the songs we raise him
2. Trusting the love of Je - sus all the while, Whether the skies above us
3. Telling the love of Je - sus, blest em - ploy! Bringing to those around us



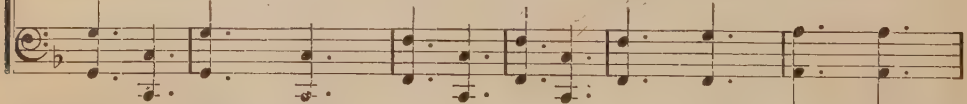
on the way; He is the Friend unfaul - ing, kind and true, Let all who know his
frown or smile; His is the light un - faul - ing, piercing gloom, Bringing to dreary
pur - est joy; Showing his grace and beauty as we go, Letting our cups of

CHORUS. *ff*

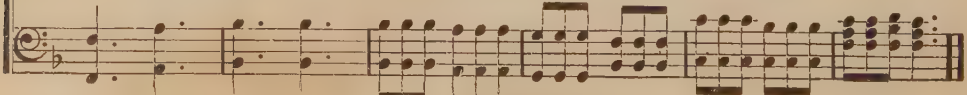
mer - cy, sing a - new.
path - ways E - den's bloom. } Sing the Saviour's ev - er - last - ing love;
bless - ing o - ver - flow. }



Let the hap - py mu - sic ring a - bove; Sing his love,



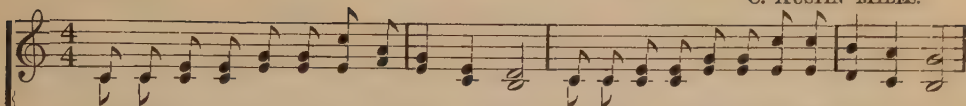
O ransomed soul, While the heav'nly hal - le - lu - jahs roll.



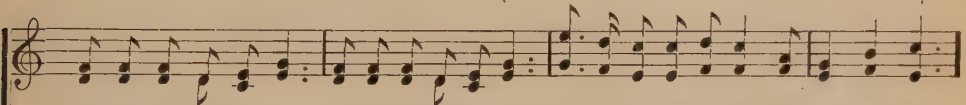
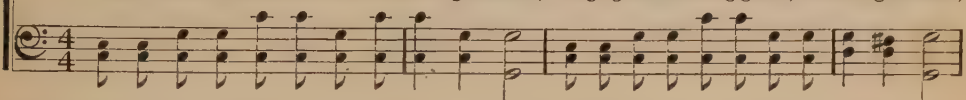
When I Get Home.

C. A. M.

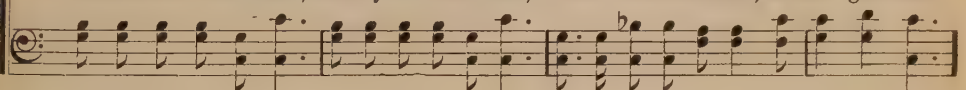
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. I shall wear a golden crown, When I get home; I shall lay my burdens down, When I get home;
 2. All the darkness will be past, When I get home; I shall see the light at last, When I get home;
 3. I shall see my Saviour's face, When I get home; Sing again of saving grace, When I get home;



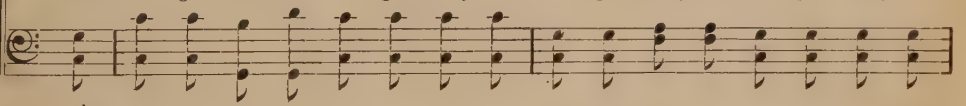
Clad in robes of glo-ry, I shall sing the story Of the Lord who bought me, When I get home.
 Light from heaven streaming, O'er my pathway beaming, Ever guides me onward Till I get home.
 I shall stand before him; Gladly I'll adore him; Ever to be with him, When I get home.



CHORUS.



When I get home, When I get home, All
 When I get home, when I get home, When I get home, when I get home,



sor-row will be o-ver, When I get home; When I get home, When
 When I get home, when I get home, When



I get home, All sorrow will be o-ver, When I get home.
 I get home, when I get home



Alleluia! Praise Him.

MARY C. SHELLEY.

W. A. POST.

1. Praise the Lord, in ac - cord, for his mercies free,
 2. Ev - 'ry-where, let us share, love we all may know,
 3. Winds that blow, flow'rs that grow, tell of lov - ing care,
 4. Glad - ly raise, songs of praise, to the Lord of all,

Sent in love, from a - bove,
 Sound his praise, thro' life's days,
 So may we, clear - ly see,
 He whose ear, bends to hear,

giv'n to you and me;
 ev - 'ry - where you go;
 God is ev - 'ry - where;
 all who on him call;

Praise his name, blessed name, 'tis a sound so sweet,
 Tell to men, once a - gain, Je - sus reigns on high,
 Life and love, from a - bove, dwell on ev - 'ry side,
 To his throne, all his own, may draw nigh, nor fear,

CHORUS. MALE VOICES ONLY. *Boldly.*

O'er and o'er, more and more, e'er that name re - peat.
 Lo, he brings, ev - er brings, his sal - va - tion nigh.
 So may all, great and small, in his care a - bide.
 To him pray, day by day, he will ev - er hear.

Praise him, praise him,

as the days go by,..... Praise him, praise him, as the moments fly,.....

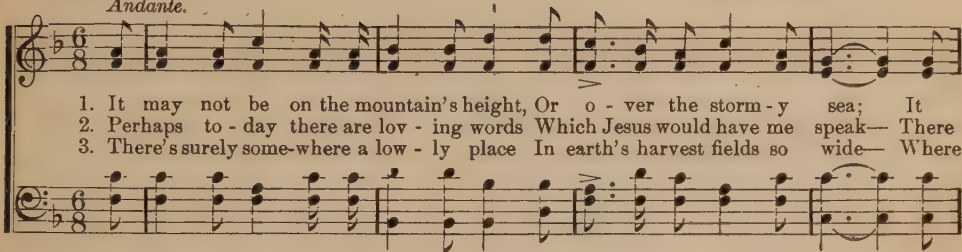
ALL VOICES UNISON.

Sing al - le - lu - ia, sing al - le - lu - ia, Sing, O sing un - to God on high.

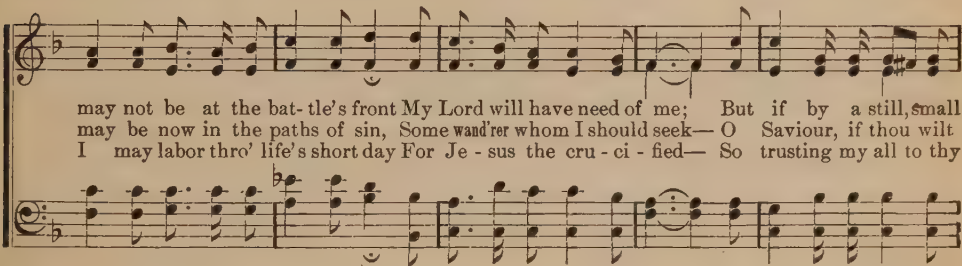
No. 160. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.
Andante.

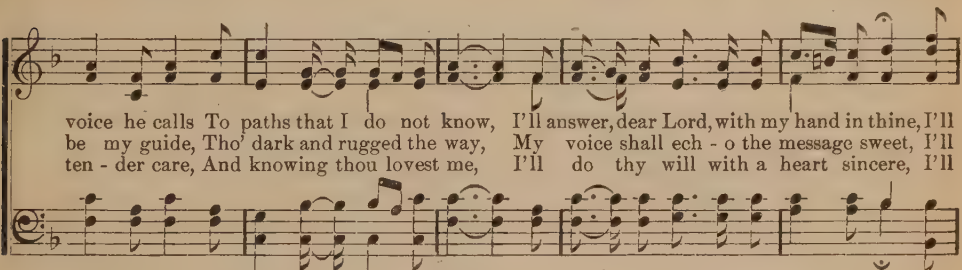
CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.



1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea; It
2. Perhaps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak— There
3. There's surely some-where a low - ly place In earth's harvest fields so wide— Where

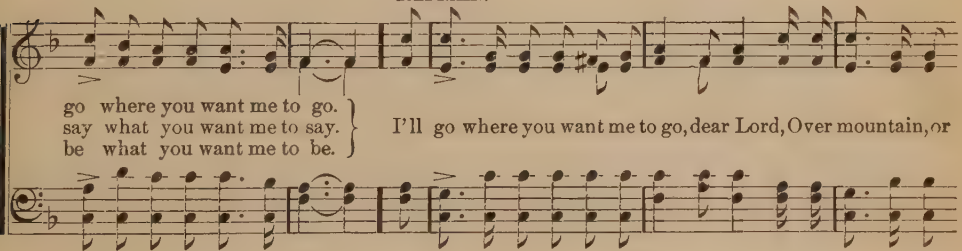


may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me; But if by a still, small
may be now in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek— O Saviour, if thou wilt
I may labor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied— So trusting my all to thy

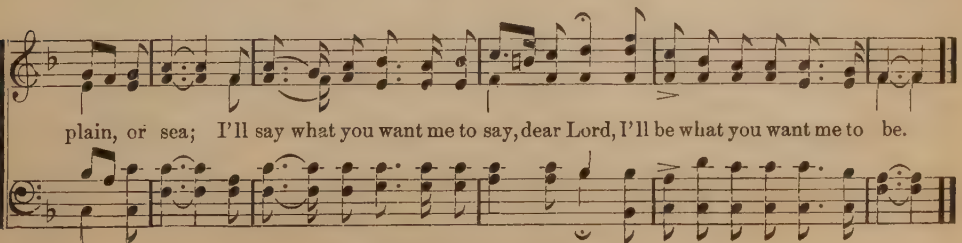


voice he calls To paths that I do not know, I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll
be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way, My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll
ten - der care, And knowing thou lovest me, I'll do thy will with a heart sincere, I'll

REFRAIN.



go where you want me to go. } I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or
say what you want me to say. }
be what you want me to be. }



plain, or sea; I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

Tell of Love.

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

QUARTET.

1. Breez - es blow, Soft - ly blow, Perfume of fields and bow'rs; Breez - es blow,
 2. Sweet - ly grow, Sweet - ly grow, Flow'rs of the wood and glade, Bright and fair,
 3. Prais - es sing, Prais - es sing, Je - sus, our Lord, is King; Grate - ful - ly,
 4. Joy - ous - ly, Joy - ous - ly, Join in the songs to - day, Cheer - ful be,

TRIO.

Soft - ly blow, Incense of sum - mer flow'rs. Tell, as you gent - ly blow,
 Bright and fair, Let not your beau - ty fade. Out in the woodland deep
 Grate - ful - ly, Gifts un - to him we bring. Ros - es bloom ev - 'ry-where;
 Cheer - ful be, Bright'ning our earthy way. Je - sus looks down in love,

QUARTET.

Tell that all men may know, Tell ev - 'ry-where you go, God is love.
 Let not your perfume sleep, Forth on the breezes leap, Tell of God.
 Frag - rant the balm - y air; Flow'rs in the trib - ute share, Prais - ing God.
 Down from his throne a - bove, Guid - ing us as we move Here be - low.

CHORUS.

God is love, God is love, Blessing us as we meet; Glad - ly bring Of - fer -

ing, Place at the Master's feet..... God is love, God is love,

Tell of Love.—Concluded.

Bow in his presence sweet; Raise the song, Notes prolong, Je - sus to greet.....

No. 162.

Till We Meet Again.

IRVIN H. MACK.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. Till we meet a - gain, in thy house, dear Lord, Be our comfort and guide, we pray;
 2. Till we meet a - gain, guide our steps aright: From thy paths we would never stray;
 3. Till we meet a - gain, we may do thy will, There is la - bor a - waiting all;
 4. Till we meet a - gain, we may do thy will, In the va - ri - ous ways we take;

Keep us faithful, Lord, to thy Ho - ly Word, In what - ev - er we do or say.
 To our feet a lamp, to our paths a light That will lead to a per - fect day.
 We may tell of him who in mer - cy still Will re - ply to the faintest call.
 There's a word to speak, there's a smile to give, There are lives we may brighter make.

CHORUS.

Till we meet a - gain, Till we meet a - gain, Be our comfort and guide and stay;

Till we meet a - gain, Till we meet a - gain, Till we meet a - gain.

5 Till we meet again, whether here below
 Or in mansions so fair above,
 Benedictions sweet with us all may go,
 If we trust in his boundless love.

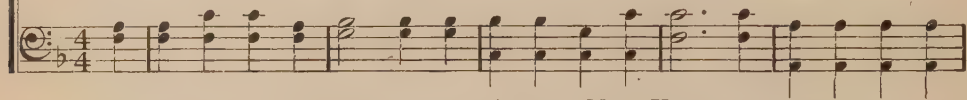
6 Till we meet again. So, we bid adieu;
 My your blessings be new each day.
 With the hope to meet and each other greet,
 We betake us upon our way.

A. A. PAYN.

MAURICE A. CLIFTON.



1. A message God has giv - en That tells of Christ our King; Its words of hope and
2. Rejoice, O wea - ry pil - grim, A - long earth's troubled way, The Word that God has
3. Take courage, mourning watcher, There comes a heavenly dawn When eyes long dimmed with
4. The Word of God is giv - en, Nor ev - er shall it fail; The Word of God tri -

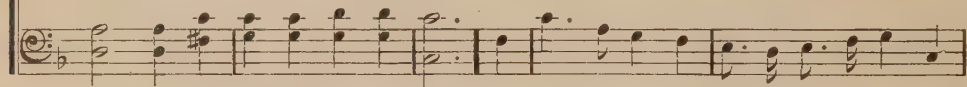


CHORUS. MALE VOICES ONLY.



com - fort Great joy and peace can bring.
 giv - en Tells of a brighter day.
 weep - ing Shall view the promised morn.
 umphant O'er doubtings must pre-vail.

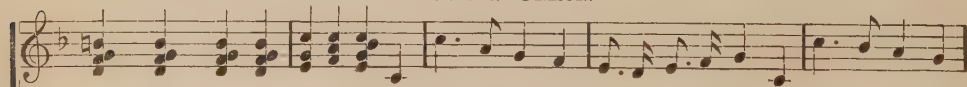
} Be strong, fear not; behold, your God shall come! The



des - ert then shall blossom as the rose, The lame shall leap, the dumb shall sing for joy, The



ALL VOICES. UNISON.



eyes of all the blind unclosethe. The ransomed of the Lord shall then return, With songs, to Zion;



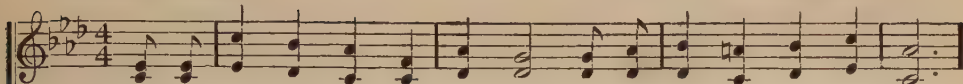
in that wondrous day Great joy and gladness shall forever reign—All sorrow then shall flee away.



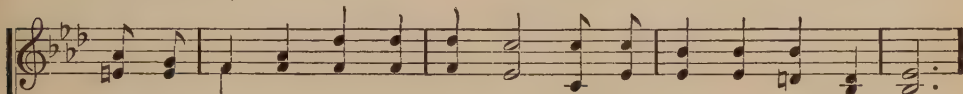
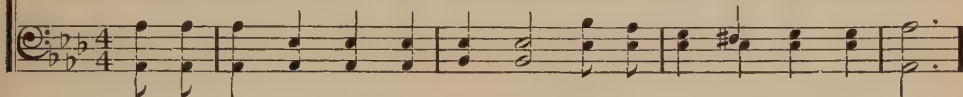
I will Praise Him.

JENNIE E. HUSSEY.

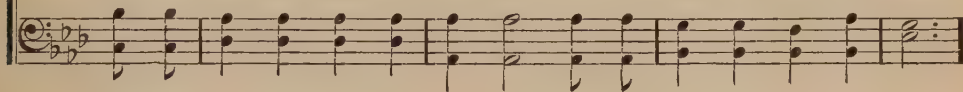
J. LINCOLN HALL.



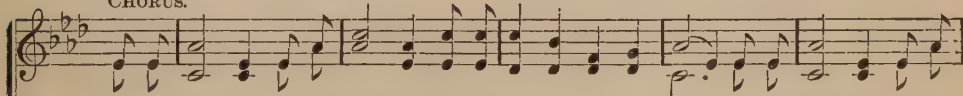
1. In our days of care and sor - row, Oft we turn, with eyes grown dim,
2. When our cup is full of pleas - ure And his mer - cy crowns our days,
3. Ev - 'ry gift, both good and per - fect, All that com - eth from a - bove,
4. Let us come with all our sad - ness, Wea - ry nights and drear - y days,



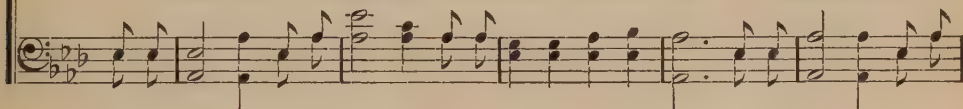
To the Lord who holds the mor - row And who bids us come to him.
 He will add un - bounded meas - ure, If we bring him songs of praise.
 Calls for grate - ful, hum - ble wor - ship, Songs of praise to prove our love.
 And in times of joy and glad - ness Let us bring him songs of praise.



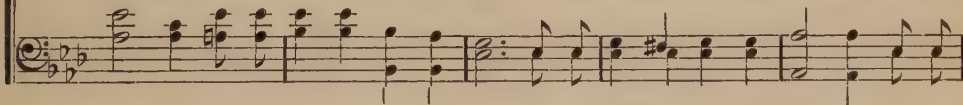
CHORUS.



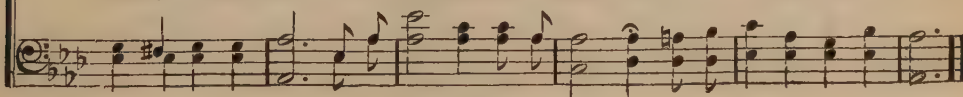
I will praise him, I will praise him, For his mercy floweth free! I will praise him, yes, I'll



praise him, For he ev - er cares for me! I will praise him, I will praise him, For his

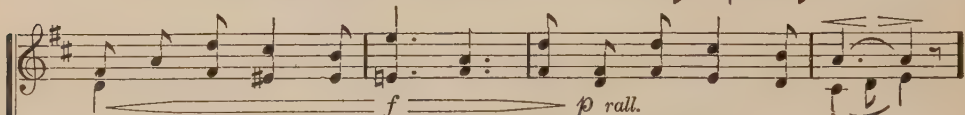
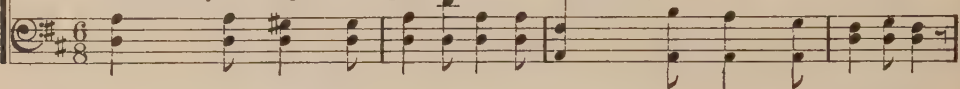


mercy floweth free! I will praise him, yes, I'll praise him, For he ev - er cares for me!

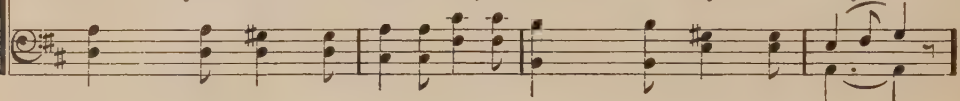


SOLO. *Andante con espressione.*

1. Come while the day is dawn - ing, Life's du - ties soon be - gin;
 2. Come in life's morn - ing hours, Ere has be - gun the day;
 3. Wheth - er by vale or mount - ain, Whether by land or sea,
 4. Come with your songs of glad - ness, Come with your songs of praise,



- Come in life's ear - ly morn - ing, Free from the stain of sin.
 Gath - er hope's love - ly flow - ers Blooming a - long the way.
 Drink - ing from love's pure fount - ain. Hap - py we e'er shall be.
 Ban - ish your tears and sad - ness, Wel - come this day of days.

CHORUS. *Allegretto.*

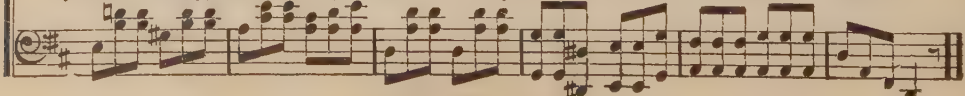
Sing with re - joic - ing, Sing with re - joic - ing, Lift ev - 'ry



voice in pray'r and praise, While now is dawn - ing



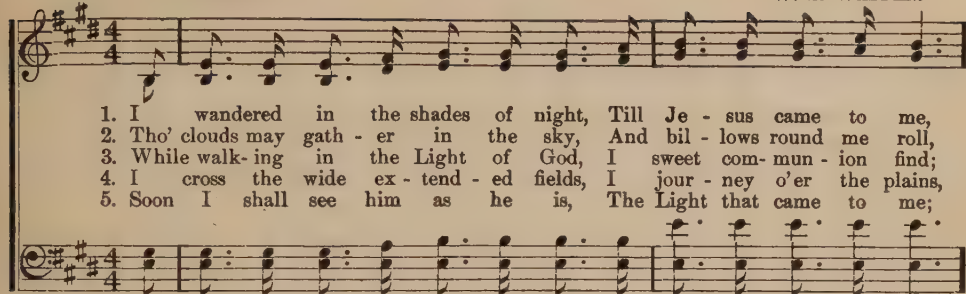
youth's happy morn - ing Let ev - 'ry voice in an - them raise.



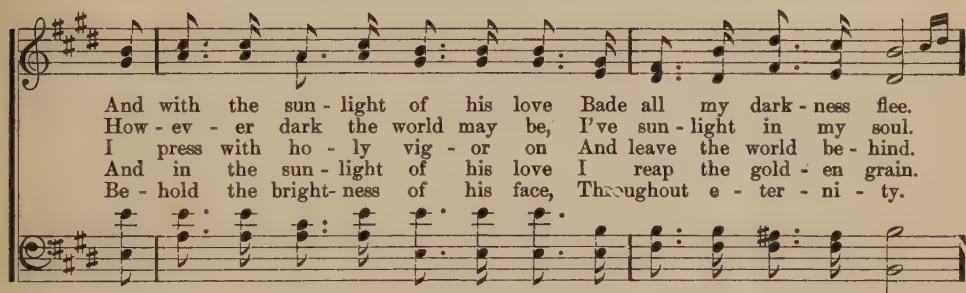
Sunlight.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

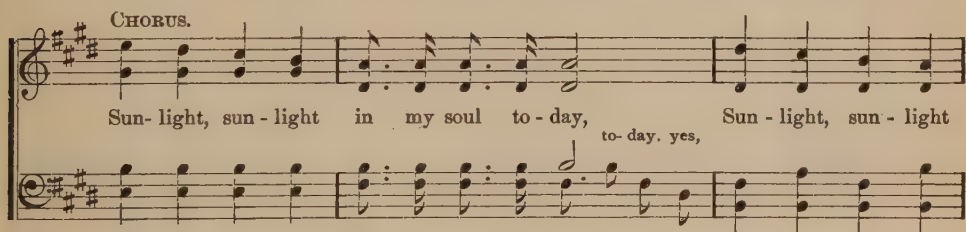


1. I wandered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
 2. Tho' clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
 3. While walk - ing in the Light of God, I sweet com - mun - ion find;
 4. I cross the wide ex - tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plains,
 5. Soon I shall see him as he is, The Light that came to me;

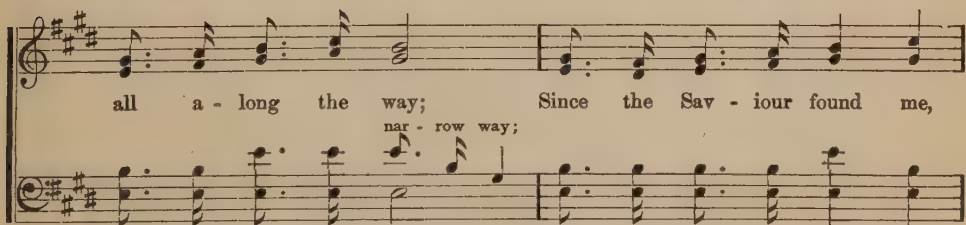


And with the sun - light of his love Bade all my dark - ness flee.
 How - ev - er dark the world may be, I've sun - light in my soul.
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world be - hind.
 And in the sun - light of his love I reap the gold - en grain.
 Be - hold the bright - ness of his face, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

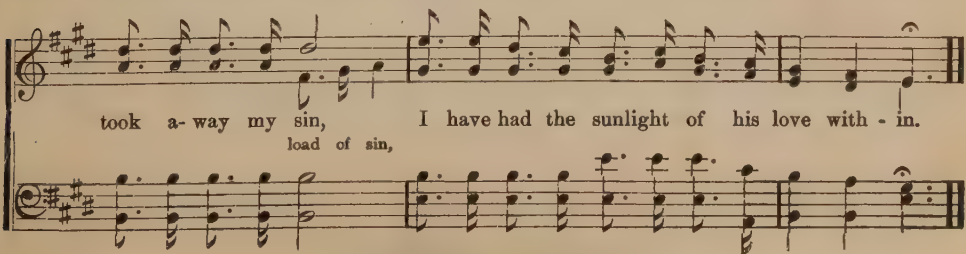
CHORUS.



Sun - light, sun - light in my soul to - day, Sun - light, sun - light
 to - day, yes,



all a - long the way; Since the Sav - iour found me,
 nar - row way;



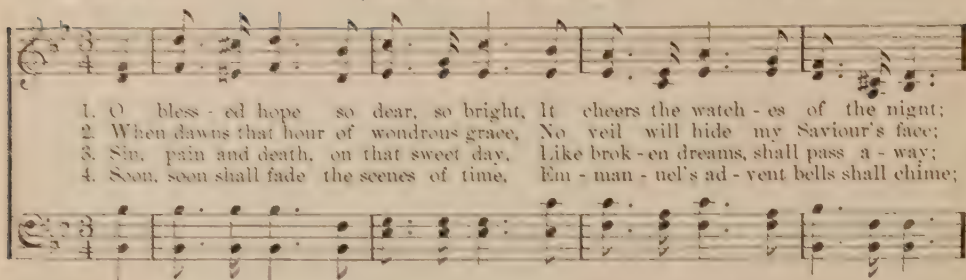
took a - way my sin, I have had the sunlight of his love with - in.
 load of sin,

O Blessed Hope!

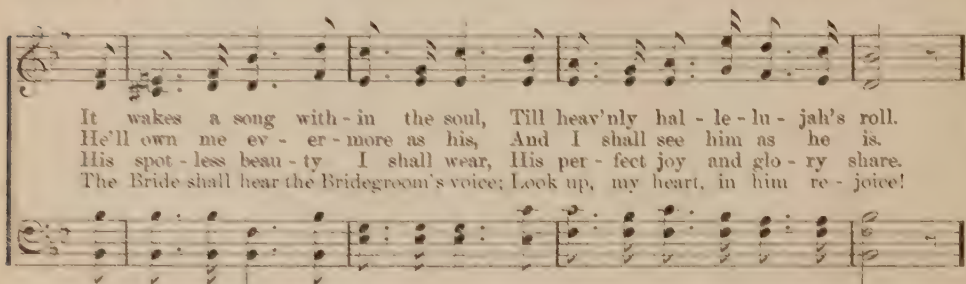
E. E. HEWITT.

(SOLO, DUET OR QUARTET.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

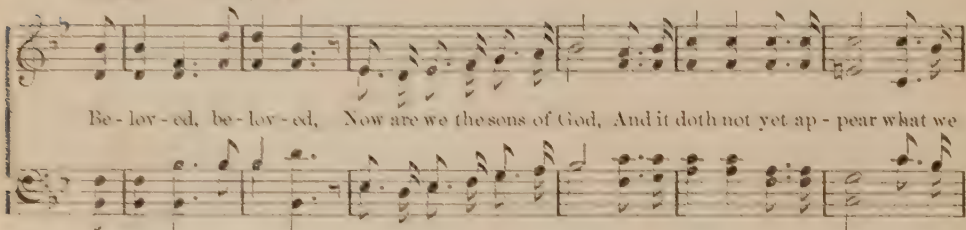


1. O bless - ed hope so dear, so bright, It cheers the watch - es of the night;
 2. When dawns that hour of wondrous grace, No veil will hide my Saviour's face;
 3. Sin, pain and death, on that sweet day, Like brok - en dreams, shall pass a - way;
 4. Soon, soon shall fade the scenes of time, Em - man - uel's ad - vent bells shall chime;

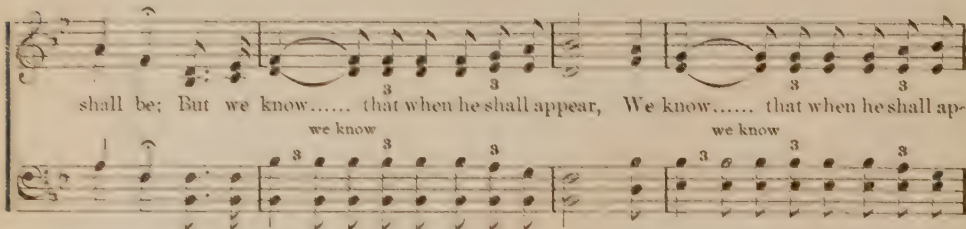


It wakes a song with - in the soul, Till heav'nly hal - le - lu - jah's roll.
 He'll own me ev - er - more as his, And I shall see him as he is.
 His spot - less beau - ty I shall wear, His per - fect joy and glo - ry share.
 The Bride shall hear the Bridegroom's voice; Look up, my heart, in him re - joice!

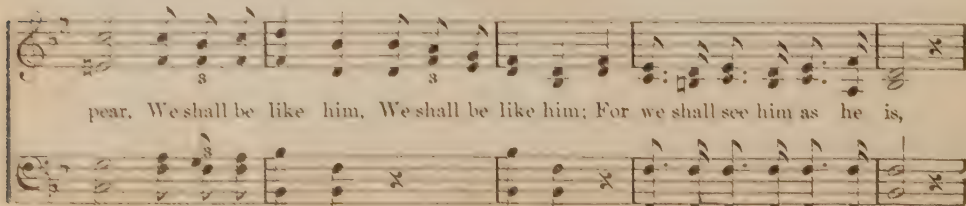
CHORUS. 1 John, 3: 2.



Be - lov - ed, be - lov - ed, Now are we the sons of God, And it doth not yet ap - pear what we



shall be; But we know..... that when he shall appear, We know..... that when he shall ap -
 we know we know



pear, We shall be like him, We shall be like him; For we shall see him as he is,

O Blessed Hope!—Concluded.

poco ritard. *a tempo.*

We shall see him as he is: We know.....that when he shall appear, We know.....that when
 we know 3 we know 3 we know 3

he shall ap-pear, We shall be like him, We shall be like him; For we shall see him as he is.

No. 168.

God's Care.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. He my ref-uge is, my fortress, I will put my trust in him; While his own strong arm up-
 2. For the Lord who clothes the lilies Greater care shall have for me; Tho' a thousand fall be-
 3. He hath set his love up-on me, Angels watch o'er all my ways, And his lov-ing care, his
 4. He will answer me in trouble, Will de-liv-er when I cry; And because his name I

CHORUS.

holds me, Never shall my faith grow dim.
 side me, From destruction I am free. } He shall cover thee with his feathers And under his
 kind-ness, Well deserves my highest praise.
 hon - or He will set me up on high.

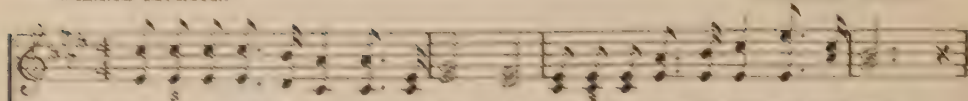
rit.

wings shalt thou trust; He shall cover thee with his feathers And under his wings shalt thou trust.

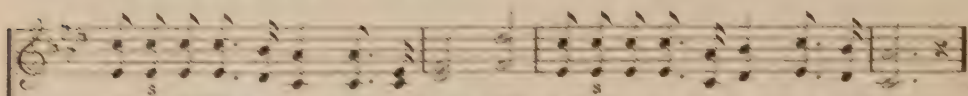
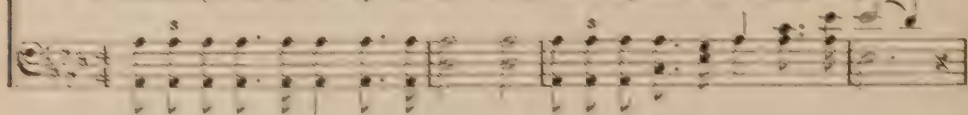
Sowing the Seed.

JENNIE MORTON.

HOWARD CLARK.



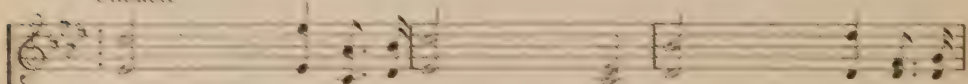
1. Scat-ter-ing seeds of hope, peace and mer - cy. Scat-ter-ing seeds of blessings and love,
 2. Scat-ter-ing seeds of love by the dawn - ing. Scat-ter-ing seeds of love at the noon,
 3. Scat-ter-ing seeds in ev - 'ry lo - ca - tion. Scat-ter-ing seeds with singing and pray'r,



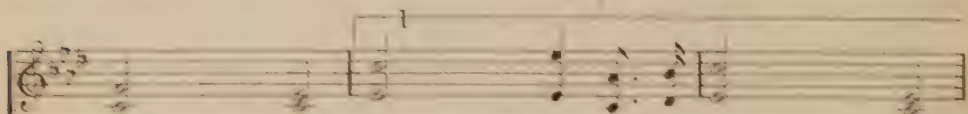
Scat-ter-ing seeds for Je - sus our Sav - iour. Scat-ter-ing for the har - vest of God.
 Scat-ter-ing seeds of love in the ev - 'ning. Scat-ter-ing seeds of love all the day.
 Scat-ter-ing seeds to ev - 'ry dear na - tion. Je - sus will sure - ly gar - ner the fruit.



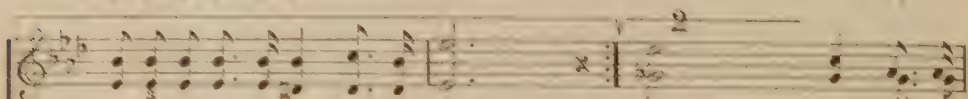
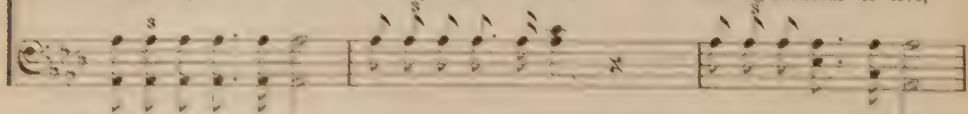
CHORUS.



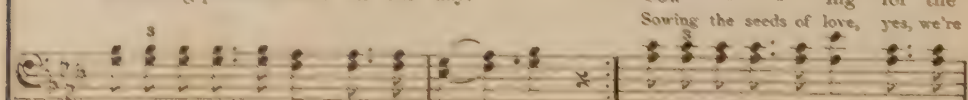
Sow - - ing by the way - - side, Sow - - ing o'er the
 Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seeds, scat-ter-ing pre-cious seeds, Scat-ter-ing o'er the earth,



earth wide; Sow - - ing for the Mas - - ter,
 scat-ter-ing o'er the earth; Sow-ing the seeds of love, sow-ing the seeds of love,



Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seeds all the day.



Sow - - ing for the
 Sow-ing the seeds of love, yes, we're

Sowing the Seed.—Concluded.

Max - - - ter, sowing the seeds of love Scatter - ing precious seeds all the day. all the day.

No. 170.

REV. T. M. EASTWOOD.

We Would See Jesus.

HERBERT J. LACEY.

1. There is a face I long to see, The face of him who died for me,
2. O could I but be - hold the grace That sparkles in his love - ly face,
3. Well, I may see him, if I will; His love may all my bo - som fill;
4. When I shall end my earth - ly race, I will be - hold him face to face,

Who gave his life on Cal - va - ry, Je - sus, my Lord.
'Twould make this world a heav'n - ly place Un - to my soul.
And he will jour - ney with me still, If I de - sire.
A mon - u - ment of sav - ing grace, For - ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Face to face I soon shall see him, Face to face with Christ, my King;
see him, soon shall see him, with Christ, my King;

Face to face to see and know him, Je - sus, my Lord.

For You and for Me.

W. L. T.

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

Very slow.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing— Call - ing for you and for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing— Pleading for you and for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the mo - ments are pass - ing— Pass - ing from you and from
 4. O for the won - der - ful love he has promised— Promised for you and for

me; See, on the por - tals he's wait - ing and watch - ing—
 me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not his mer - cies—
 me; Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing—
 me; Though we have sinned, he has mer - cy and par - don—

REFRAIN.

Watch - ing for you and for me. Come home,..... come home,.....
 Mer - cies for you and for me?
 Com - ing for you and for me. } Come home, come home,
 Par - don for you and for me.

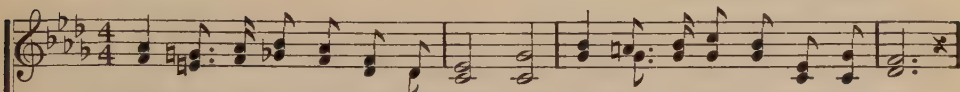
Ye who are wea - ry, come home;..... Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly

Je - sus is call - ing— Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

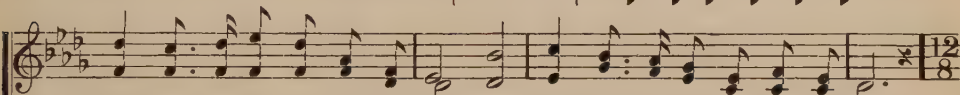
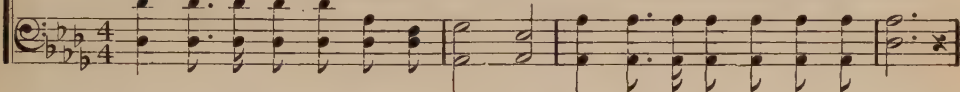
A Song of Praise and Gladness.

E. E. HEWITT.

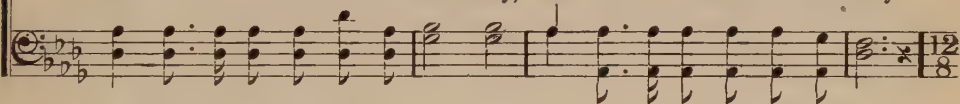
MAURICE A. CLIFTON.



1. Come with a song of praise and glad-ness! Come to our Father's house of pray'r!
2. Won-der-ful gifts his hand be-stow-ing, Wak-ing our hearts to joy-ful praise;
3. While we up-lift a hap-py cho-rus, Let us a-gain his grace proclaim;
4. Faith-ful-ly tread the paths of du-ty, Je-sus him-self hath led the way;



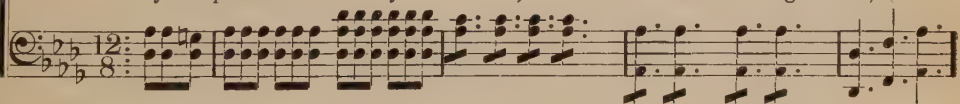
Here will we find a balm for sad-ness, Here may we all his bless-ing share.
 Sun-beams of love, so pure-ly glow-ing, Brighten and cheer our pass-ing days.
 Serv-ing the Lord who goes be-fore us, Min-is-tring to his precious name.
 Des-o-late lives shall bloom with beauty, Com-fort-ed hearts shall own his sway.



CHORUS IN UNISON.



Joy-ful prais-es sincere-ly ren-der, For the numberless blessings we see;.....



Sing of mer-cies so mighty and ten-der, Of his bounties unmeasured and free..... :||



Sing of mer-cies so mighty and ten-der, Of his bounties unmeasured and free.....



No. 173.

I Will Bear the Cross.

THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt.

REV. WM. STONE. Alt.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free.
 2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
 3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with - out a tear.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

CHORUS.

I..... will bear the cross for Je - sus, I..... will bear the cross for Je - sus,
 I will bear the cross, I will bear the cross,

I..... will bear the cross for Je - sus, He bore the cross for me.
 I will bear the cross for me.

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No. 174.

Glory Be to the Father.

GLORIA PATRI.

HENRY W. GREATORIX.

Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

Glory Be to the Father.—Concluded.

was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end; A - men, A - men.

No. 175.

We Have Fellowship.

L. E. J.

(1 John, 1: 7.)

L. E. JONES.

1. There's a precious fountain, flowing deep and wide, There is per-fect cleansing in the crimson tide;
2. We are living safe beneath the fountain's flow, Free from sinful dross, with raiment white as snow;
3. From the bonds of sin the Lord hath brought release, Bade our cry of mourning evermore to cease;
4. From our hearts the praise of Jesus Christ we sing, By our service we will crown him Lord and king;

Un - der - neath its cur - rent we would e'er a - bide, Walking in the light of God.
 We've a hand to guide us, as we on - ward go, Walking in the light of God.
 We are filled each mo - ment with his blessed peace, Walking in the light of God.
 To his feet an of - fer - ing of love we bring, Walking in the light of God.

CHORUS.

If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, We have fel - low - ship one

with an - oth - er, and the blood of Je - sus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

No. 176.

I Surrender All.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.
SOLO.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to him I free - ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres - ence dai - ly live. }
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Humb - ly at his feet I bow; }
 { World - ly pleas - ure all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now; }
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour, whol - ly thine; }
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine. }

CHORUS.

I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;
 I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;
 I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;

All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Lord, I give myself to thee;
 Fill me with thy love and power,
 Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Now I feel the sacred flame;
 O the joy of full salvation!
 Glory, glory to his name!

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No. 177.

Jerusalem the Golden.

BERNARD OF CLUNY. Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

ALEX. EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be - neath thy con - tem -
 2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care released, The song of them that
 4. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect! O sweet and bless - ed

Jerusalem the Golden.—Concluded.

pla - tion, Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, O I know not, What
an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng. The Prince is ev - er in them, The
tri - umph, The shout of them that feast; And they who, with their Lead - er, Have
coun - try That ea - ger hearts ex - pect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To

joys a - wait us there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light beyond compare.
daylight is se - rene; The pastures of the bless - ed Are decked in glorious sheen.
conquered in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
that dear land of rest; Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.

No. 178. Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast;
3. Fin - ish then thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;

Fix in us thy hum - ble dwelling; All thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
Let us see thy great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stored in thee:

Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.
D.S.—End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Till we cast our crowns be - fore thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise. D.S.

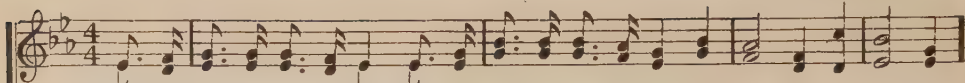
Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bounded love thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

No. 179.

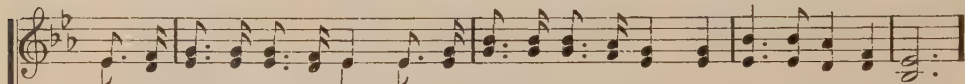
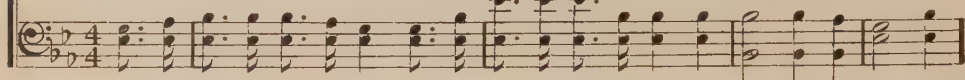
My Saviour.

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



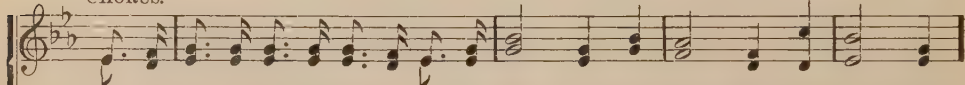
1. He will hear me when I call, He will help me when I fall, My Saviour, my Saviour;
2. I will la - bor, I will pray, I will trust him ev-'ry day, My Saviour, my Saviour;
3. When I'm weary and distressed, I will go to him for rest, My Saviour, my Saviour;
4. May I nev - er, nev - er stray From thy precious side a - way, My Saviour, my Saviour;



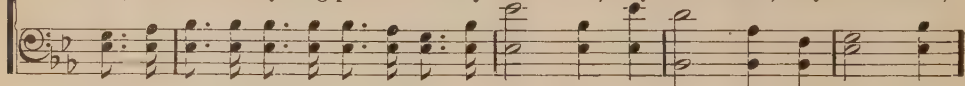
He will give me strength to bear Ev - 'ry grief that may appear; My all in all is he.
 I will look to him in faith, I will trust him un - til death; My all in all is he.
 To his lov - ing arms I'll fly, Ev - 'ry need he will sup - ply; My all in all is he.
 Naught of e - vil will I fear, While I have my Saviour near; My all in all is he.



CHORUS.



Yes, a sat - is - fy - ing por - tion is my Sav - iour, My Sav - iour, my Sav - iour;



My rock, my stay, by night and day, My all in all is he.



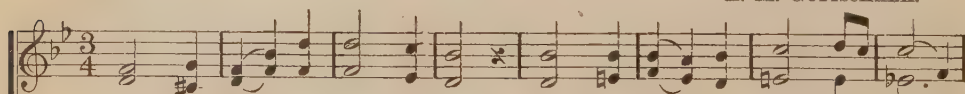
Copyright, MCMIV, by Hall-Mack Co.

No. 180.

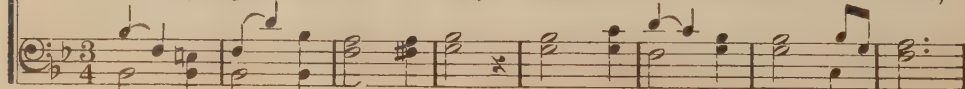
Holy Spirit.

ANDREW REED.

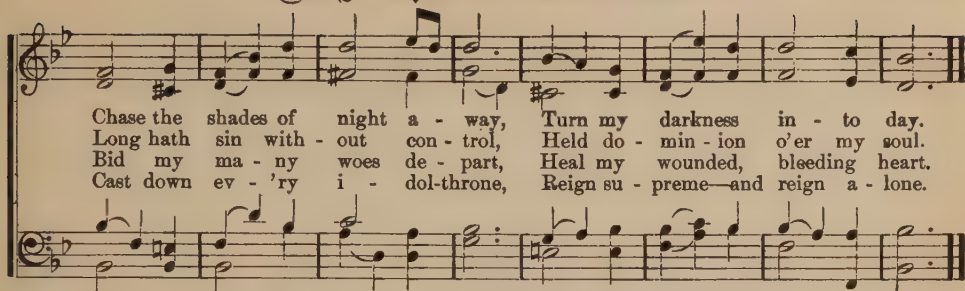
L. M. GOTTSCHALK.



1. Ho - ly Ghost! with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost! with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost! with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it! all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;



Holy Spirit.—Concluded.

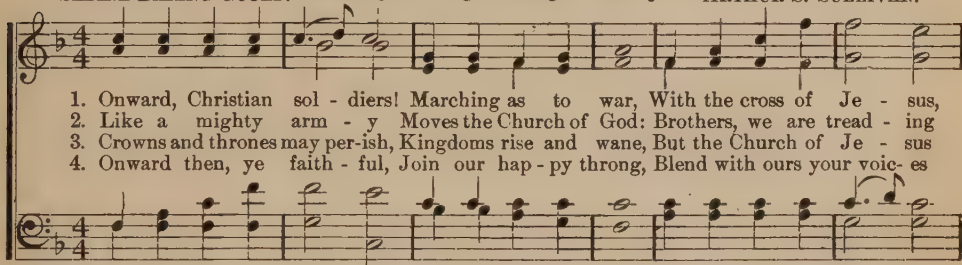


Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my darkness in - to day.
 Long hath sin with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol-throne, Reign su - preme—and reign a - lone.

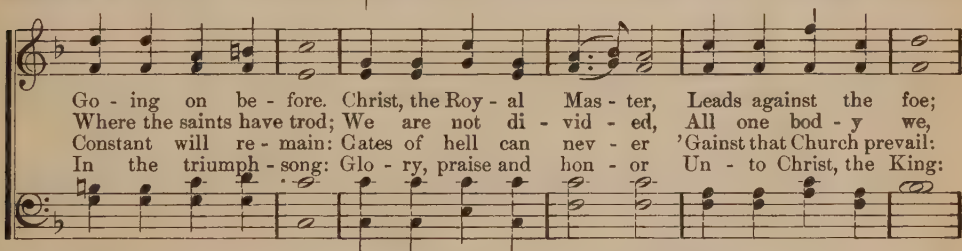
No. 181.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. "Be strong and of a good courage."—Deut. 31: 6. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

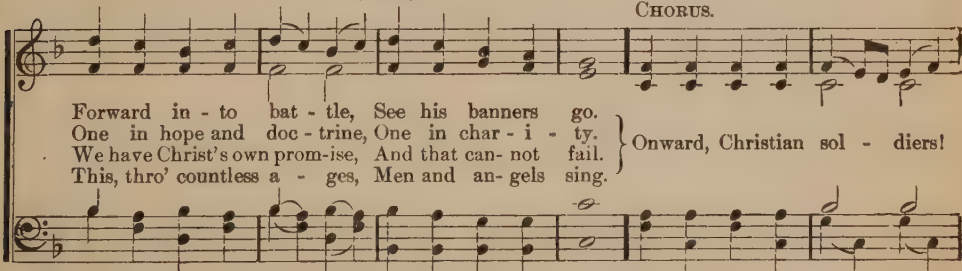


1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus,
 2. Like a mighty arm - y Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are tread - ing
 3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
 4. Onward then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voices

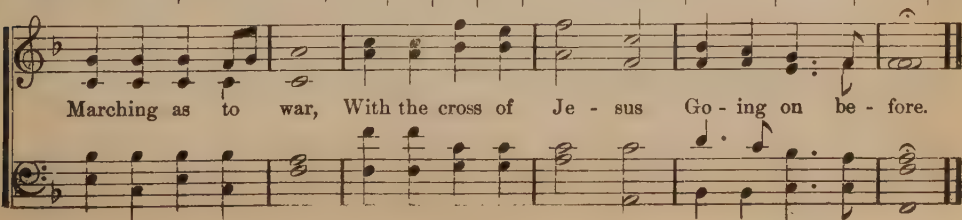


Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
 Constant will re - main: Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail:
 In the triumph - song: Glo - ry, praise and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King:

CHORUS.



Forward in - to bat - tle, See his banners go.
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. } Onward, Christian sol - diers!
 We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
 This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 182.

O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

WILLIAM W. HOW.

(ST. HILDA.)

JUSTIN H. KNECHT, *et. al.*

1. O Je-sus, thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In low-ly patience
 2. O Je-sus, thou art knocking; And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns thy brow en-
 3. O Je-sus, thou art pleading In ac-cents meek and low, "I died for you, my

wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Chris-tians, His
 cir-cle, And tears thy face have marred: O love that pass-eth knowledge, So
 chil-dren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor-row We

name and sign we bear: O shame, thrice shame upon us! To keep him standing there.
 pa-tient-ly to wait! O sin that hath no e-equal, So fast to bar the gate!
 o-pen now the door: Dear Saviour, en-ter, en-ter, And leave us nev-er-more!

No. 183.

Depth of Mercy!

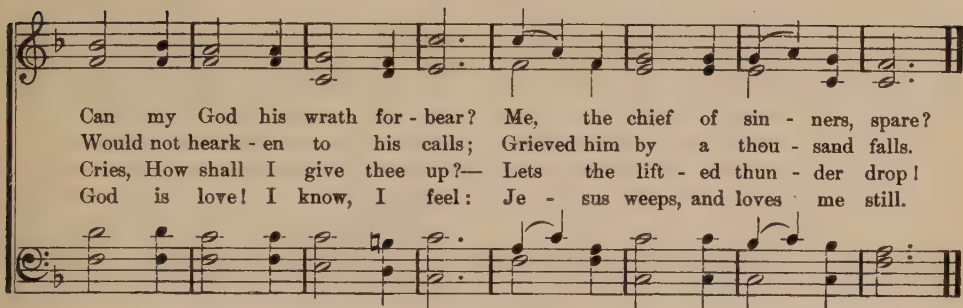
CHARLES WESLEY.

(ALETIA.)

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. Depth of mer-cy!—Can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me?
 2. I have long with-stood his grace; Long pro-voked him to his face;
 3. Kin-dled his re-lent-ings are; Me he now de-lights to spare;
 4. There for me the Sav-iour stands; Shows his wounds and spreads his hands!

Depth of Mercy!—Concluded.



Can my God his wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
 Would not heark - en to his calls; Grieved him by a thou - sand falls.
 Cries, How shall I give thee up?— Lets the lift - ed thun - der drop!
 God is love! I know, I feel: Je - sus weeps, and loves me still.

No. 184.

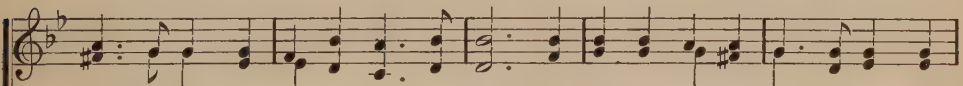
The Son of God.

REGINALD HEBER.

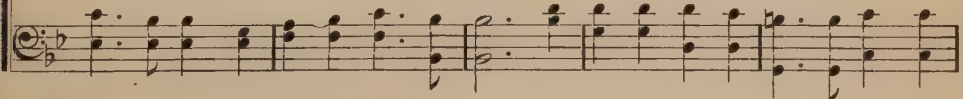
DR. HENRY S. CUTLER.



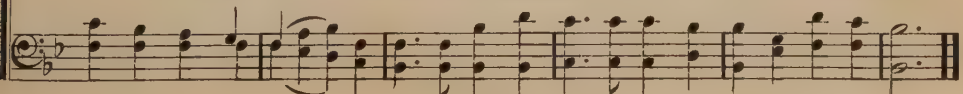
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain; His blood-red banner
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw his Mas - ter
3. A glo - rious band the chos - en few, On whom the Spirit came: Twelve valiant saints, their

streams a - far: Who fol - lows in his train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, And
 in the sky, And called on him to save: Like him, with pardon on his tongue, In
 hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame. They climbed the dizzy steep to heav'n Thro'




tri - umph o - ver pain, Who patient bears his cross below—He fol - lows in his train.
 midst of mor - tal pain, He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who follows in his train.
 per - il, toil, and pain: O God! to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train.

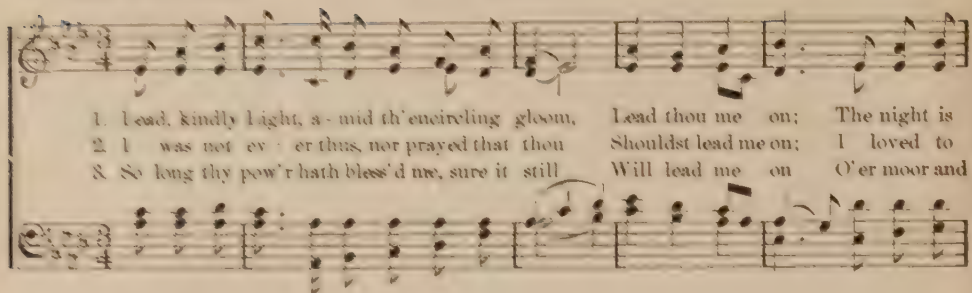


Lead, Kindly Light.

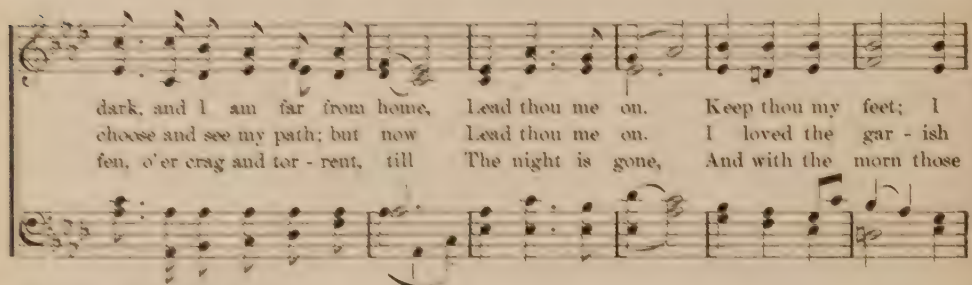
JOHN H. NEWMAN.

(LUX RENTONA.)

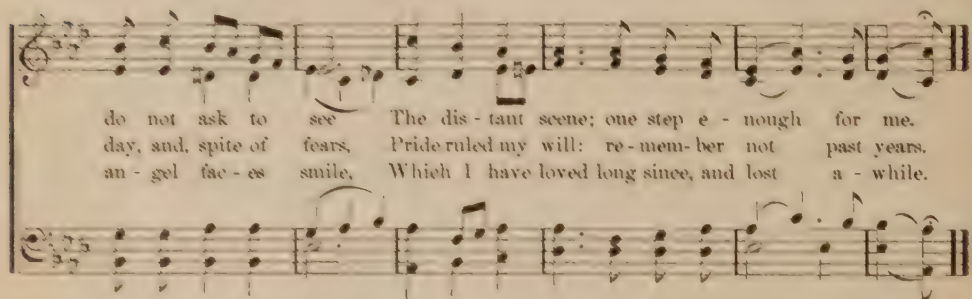
JOHN B. DYKES.



1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev-er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long thy pow'r hath bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and



dark, and I am far from home, Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on. I loved the gar-ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone, And with the morn those



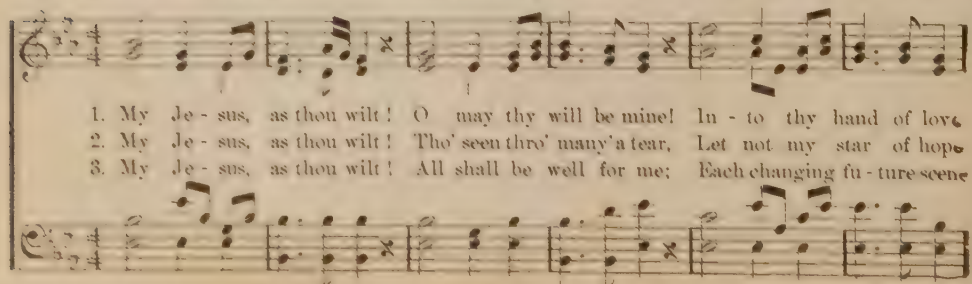
do not ask to see The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: re-mem-ber not past years.
an-gel fac-es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a-while.

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

FR. JANE BORTHWICK.

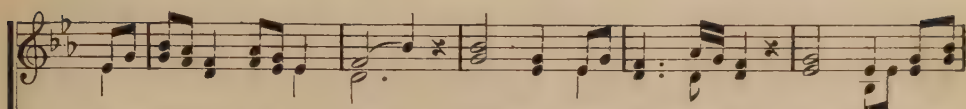
(JEWETT.)

CARL M. VON WEBER, arr. H

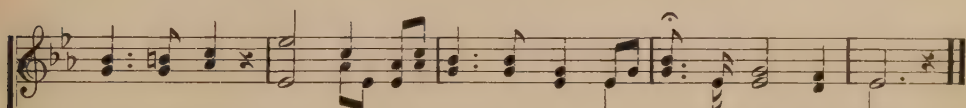
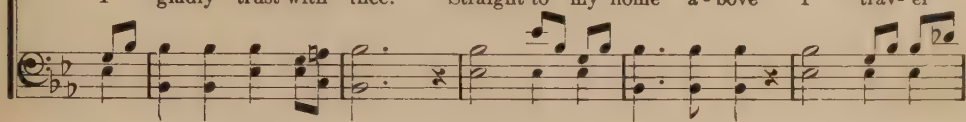


1. My Je-sus, as thou wilt! O may thy will be mine! In-to thy hand of love
2. My Je-sus, as thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many'a tear, Let not my star of hope
3. My Je-sus, as thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene

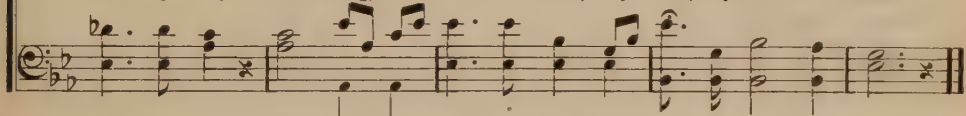
My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!—Concluded.



I would my all re - sign; Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Con - duct me
Grow dim or dis - ap - pear; Since thou on earth hast wept, And sor - rowed
I gladly trust with thee: Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el



as thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!
oft a - lone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done!
calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, thy will be done!



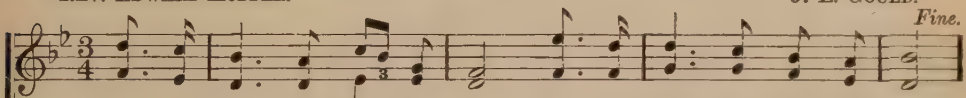
No. 187.

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

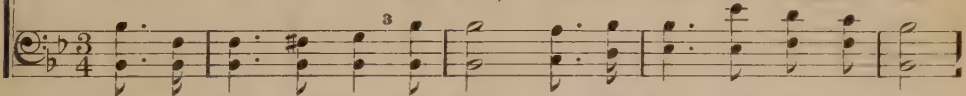
REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

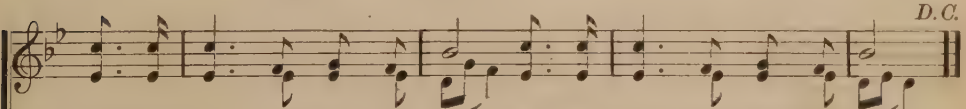
Fine.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

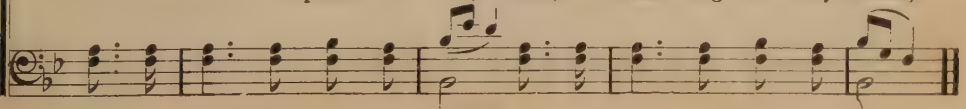


D. C.—Chart and com - pass come from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."



D. C.

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou sayst to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,



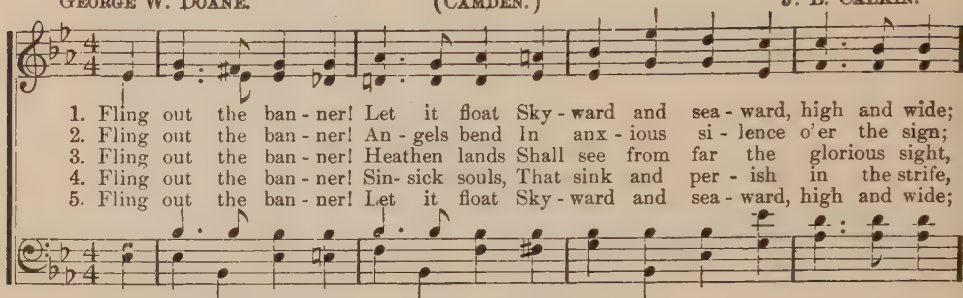
No. 188.

Fling Out the Banner.

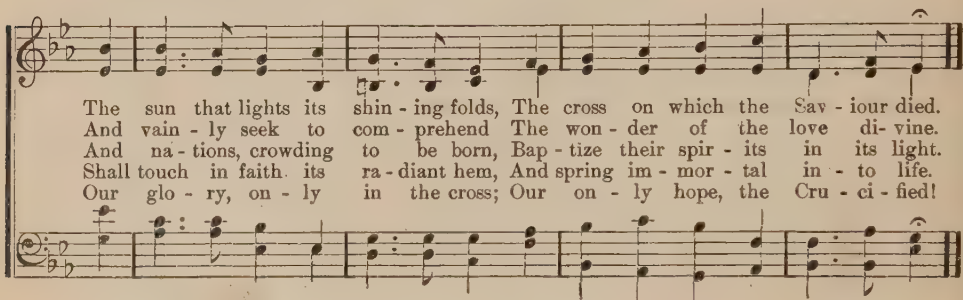
GEORGE W. DOANE.

(CAMDEN.)

J. B. CALKIN.



1. Fling out the ban-ner! Let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
 2. Fling out the ban-ner! An-gels bend in anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign;
 3. Fling out the ban-ner! Hea-then lands Shall see from far the glorious sight,
 4. Fling out the ban-ner! Sin-sick souls, That sink and per-ish in the strife,
 5. Fling out the ban-ner! Let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;



The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-iour died.
 And vain-ly seek to com-prehend The won-der of the love di-vine.
 And na-tions, crowding to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
 Shall touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in-to life.
 Our glo-ry, on-ly in the cross; Our on-ly hope, the Cru-ci-fied!

No. 189.

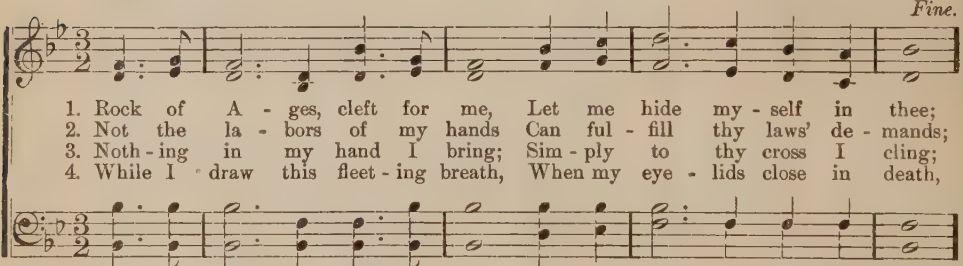
Rock of Ages.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY.

(TOPLADY.)

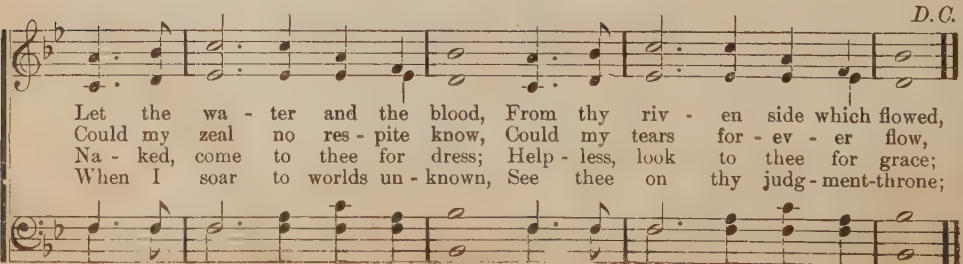
THOMAS HASTINGS.

Fine.



1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;
 2. Not the la-bors of my hands Can ful-fill thy laws' de-mands;
 3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring; Sim-ply to thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eye-lids close in death,

Be of sin the doub-le cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
 D.C.—All for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save, and thou a-lone.
 Foul, I to the Fountain fly; Wash me, Sav-iour, or I die!
 Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee.



Let the wa-ter and the blood, From thy riv-en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for-ev-er flow,
 Na-ked, come to thee for dress; Help-less, look to thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds un-known, See thee on thy judg-ment-throne;

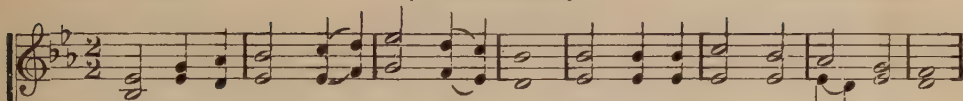
No. 190.

Jesus Shall Reign.

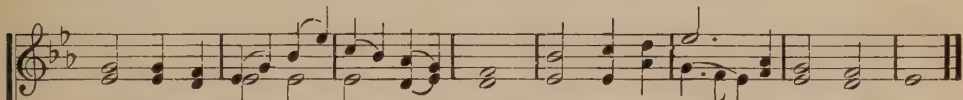
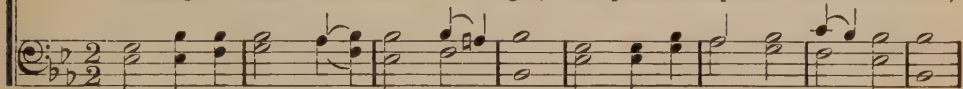
ISAAC WATTS.

(DUKE STREET.)

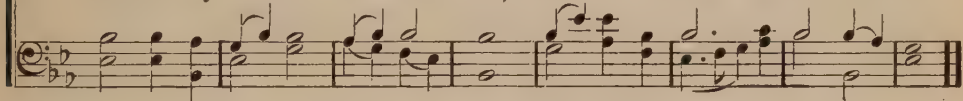
JOHN HATTON.



1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
2. To him shall end - less prayer be made, And end - less prais - es crown his head;
3. Peop - le and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on his love, with sweet - est song;
4. Blessings a - bound wher - e'er he reigns; The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;



His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 His name, like sweet per - fume, shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
 And in - fant voic - es shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on his name.
 The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.



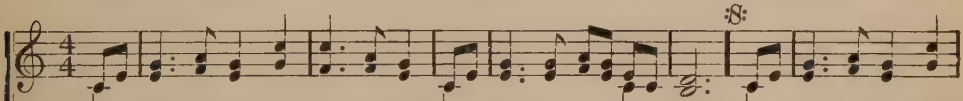
No. 191.

There Is A Fountain.

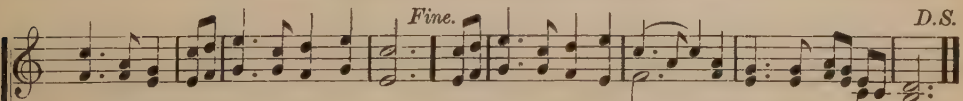
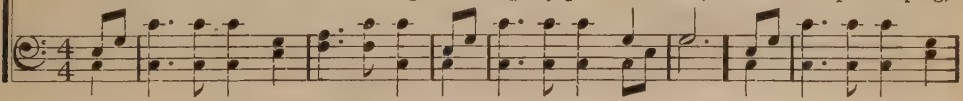
WILLIAM COWPER.

(FOUNTAIN.)

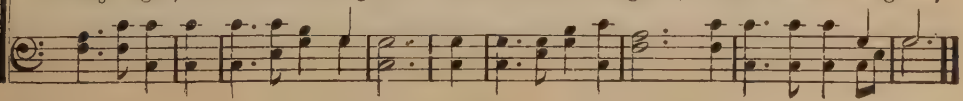
Western Melody.



1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged be -
2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, though
3. Thoudying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall nev - er lose its power, Till all the ransomed
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply, Re - deem - ing love has
5. Then in a nob - ler, sweeter song I'll sing thy pow'r to save, When this poor lisping,



neath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains,
 vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way. Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way,
 church of God Be saved, to sin no more. Be saved to sin no more, Be saved to sin no more,
 been my theme, And shall be, till I die. And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die,
 stammering tongue, Lies silent in the grave. Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave,



How Firm A Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

(PORTUGUESE HYMN.)

MARCANTOINE PORTOGALLO.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in his
 2. "Fear not, I. am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
 3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
 4. "When thro' fie-ry tri-als thy pathway shall lie, My grace all-suf-fi-cient, shall

ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say, than to you he hath said— To
 still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-
 not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless, And
 be thy sup-ply; The flame shall not hurt thee; I on-ly de-sign Thy

you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 held by my gracious, omnip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gracious, omnip-o-tent hand."
 sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est distress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deepest dis-tress."
 dross to consume, and thy gold to re-fine, Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-fine."

5 'E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And then, when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne."

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not—I will not desert to his foes,
 That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never—no never—no never forsake!"

Holy, Holy, Holy.

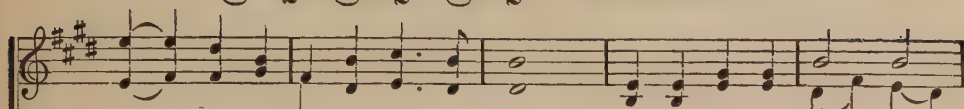
REGINALD HEBER.

(NICAEA.)

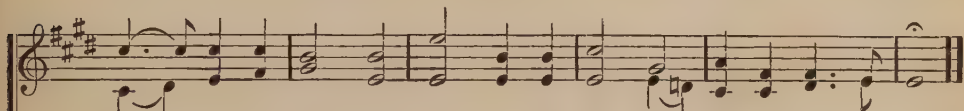
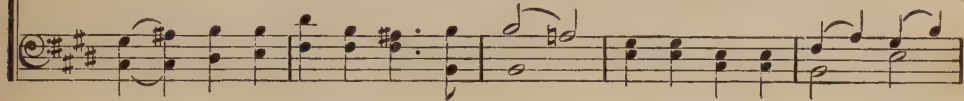
REV. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
 2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, all the saints a-dore thee, Cast-ing down their
 3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God al-might-y! All thy works shall

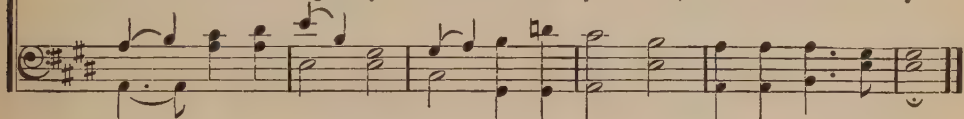
Holy, Holy, Holy. — Concluded.



morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,



mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, bless - ed trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down be - fore thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
Lord God al - might - y! God in three per - sons, bless - ed trin - i - ty!

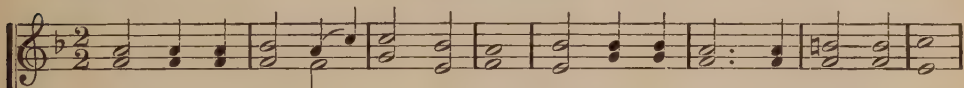


No. 194. Behold, A Stranger's at the Door.

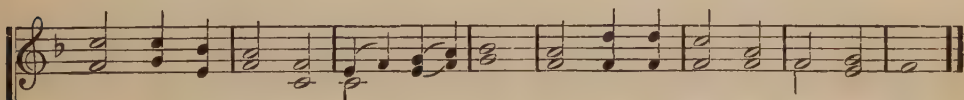
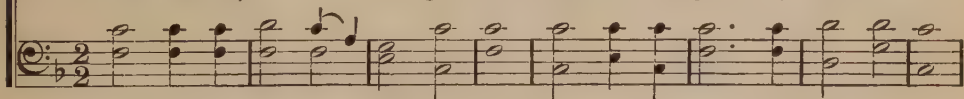
JOSEPH

(FEDERAL STREET.)

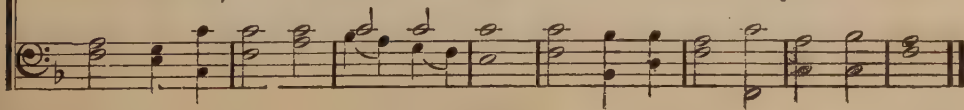
HENRY K. OLIVER.



1. Be - hold, a Stran - ger's at the door! He gen - tly knocks—has knocked be - fore;
2. O love - ly at - ti - tude, he stands With melt - ing heart and lad - ed hands!
3. But will he prove a friend in - deed? He will; the ver - y friend you need:
4. Rise, touched with grati - tude di - vine; Turn out his en - e - my and thine;
5. Ad - mit him, ere his an - ger burn— His feet de - part - ed, ne'er re - turn:



Has wait - ed long—is wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O matchless kindness! and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
The friend of sin - ners—yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
That soul - de - stroy - ing mon - ster—sin, And let the heav'nly stran - ger in.
Ad - mit him, or the hour's at hand You'll at his door re - ject - ed stand.

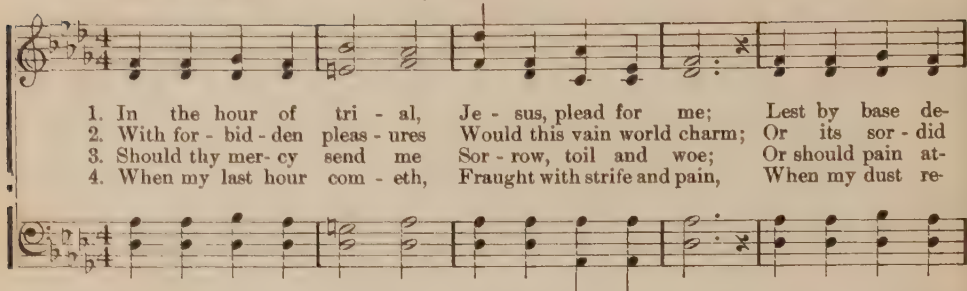


In the Hour of Trial.

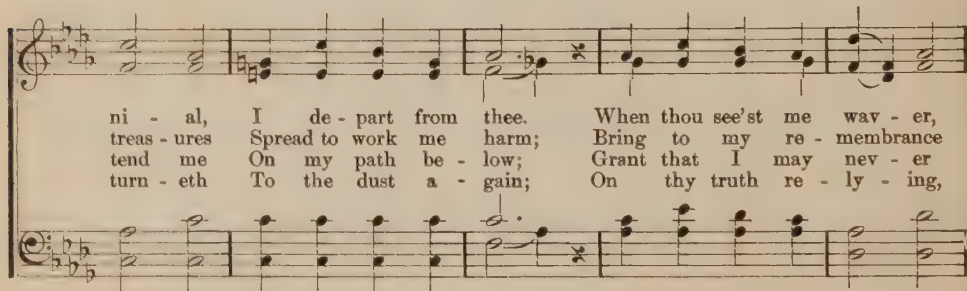
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

(PENITENCE.)

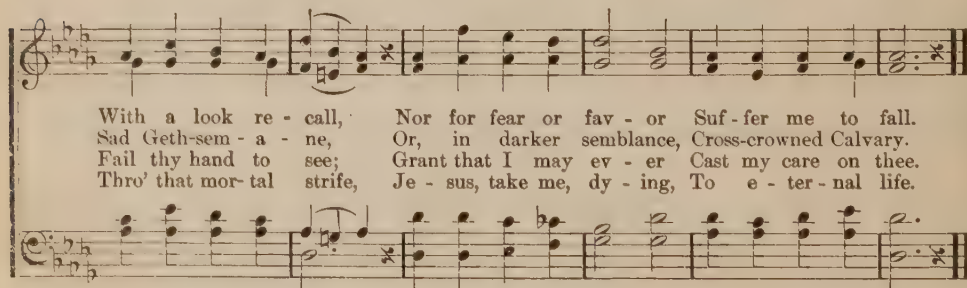
SPENCER LANE.



1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me; Lest by base de-
 2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor - did
 3. Should thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil and woe; Or should pain at-
 4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re-



ni - al, I de - part from thee. When thou see'st me wav - er,
 treas - ures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - membrance
 tend me On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er
 turn - eth To the dust a - gain; On thy truth re - ly - ing,



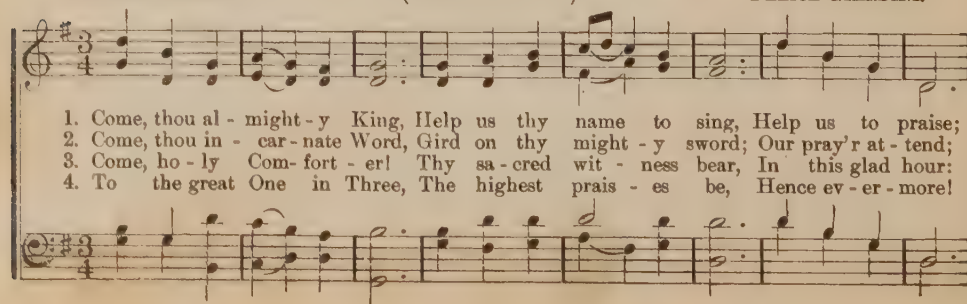
With a look re - call, Nor for fear or fav - or Suf - fer me to fall.
 Sad Geth - sem - a - ne, Or, in darker semblance, Cross-crowned Calvary.
 Fail thy hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on thee.
 Thro' that mor - tal strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

(ITALIAN HYMN.)

FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, thou al - might - y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise;
 2. Come, thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on thy might - y sword; Our pray'r at - tend;
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour:
 4. To the great One in Three, The highest prais - es be, Hence ev - er - more!

Come, Thou Almighty King.—Concluded.

Fa-ther! all-glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, Ancient of days!
 Come, and thy people bless, And givethy word success, Spir-it of ho-li-ness! On us de-scend.
 Thou, who almighty art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spi-rit of power!
 His soverign maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.

No. 197.

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

(BETHANY.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en though it
 2. Though like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou
 4. Then with my wak - ing thoughts Bright with thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and

be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,
 send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me,
 ston - y griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be,
 stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be,

Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God to thee, Near - er to thee!

No. 198.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

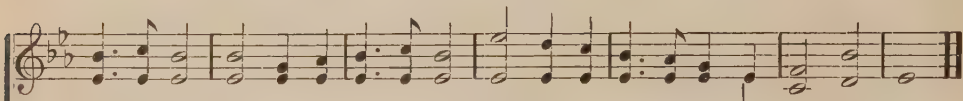
RAY PALMER.

(OLIVET.)

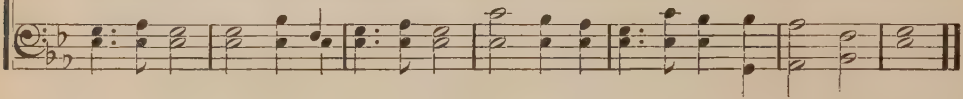
DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire; As thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Saviour.



while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 died for me, O may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changless be, A liv - ing fire.
 turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.
 then, in love, Fear and dis - tress remove; O bear me safe a - bove, A ransomed soul.



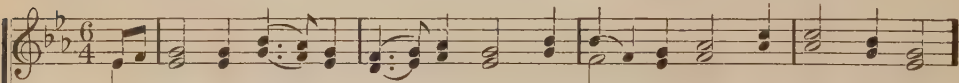
No. 199.

Just As I Am.

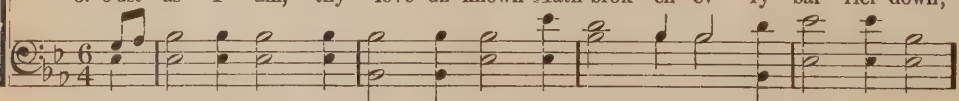
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

(WOODWORTH.)

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, though toss'd a - bout With ma - ny'a con - flict, ma - ny'a doubt,
4. Just as I am, thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve;
5. Just as I am, thy love un - known Hath brok - en ev - 'ry bar - rier down;



And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fight - ings with - in, and fears with - out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be - cause thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!



No. 200.

All Hail the Power.

EDWARD PERRONET.

(MILES LANE.)

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy-al
 2. Crown him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this floating ball; Now hail the strength of
 3. Crown him, ye martyrs of your God, Who from his al-tar call; Ex-tol the stem of

di-a-dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
 Israel's might, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.
 Jes-se's rod, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

No. 201.

The Lord's Prayer.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

p
 Our Father, who art be thy name; Thy kingdom will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.

a tempo.
 Give us this daily bread, And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation,

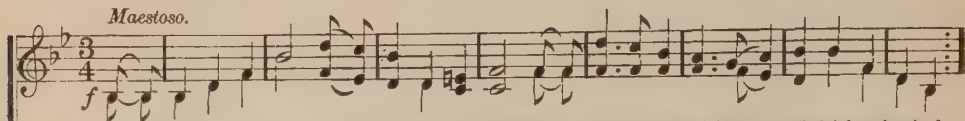
p *f accel.* *rit. p* *pp*
 but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. A-men.

No. 202.

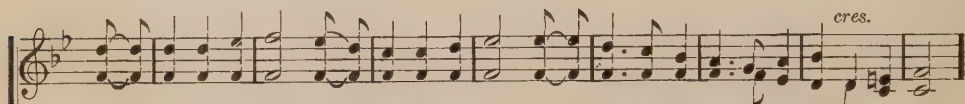
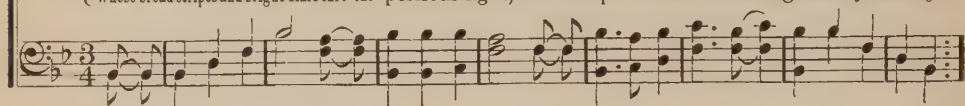
The Star-Spangled Banner.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

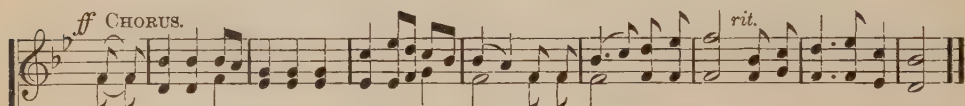
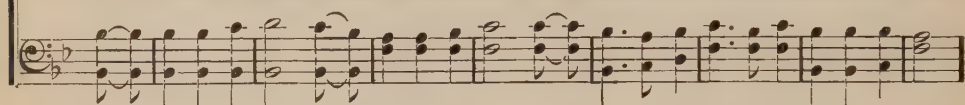
SAMUEL ARNOLD.

Maestoso.

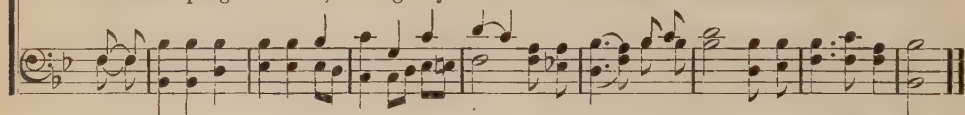
1. { O! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we bailed at the twilight's last gleaming? }
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming? }



And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there;



'Tis the star-spangled banner, O! long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!



- 2 On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
 Where the foes' haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
- 3 O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved homes and war's desolation;
 Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
 Praise the pow'r that has made and preserved us a nation,
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

No. 203.

My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.



1. My coun-try! 'Tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
 2. My na-tive country, thee—Land of the no-ble, free—Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees, Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal
 4. Our father's God, to thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To thee we sing: Long may our



My Country, 'Tis of Thee.—Concluded.

fa-thers died! Land of the pilgrim's pride! From ev-'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake, Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break—The sound prolong.
 land be bright, With freedom's holy light; Pro- tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 204.

IRVIN H. MACK.

Raise the Flag.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

With spirit and enthusiasm.

1. Raise the stars and the stripes of our na - tion, The flag that we all love so well;.....
2. Raise the flag! 'Tis the standard we cher- ish, Pro- tect it, nor reckon the cost;.....
3. Raise the flag! Tho' 'tis shattered and gor-y, It tells how our boys fought and bled;.....
4. Raise the flag of your loy - al de - vo - tion! On high let the emblem be flung;.....

'Tis the sign of our deep a - dor - a - tion, Our faith it for - ev - er shall tell.
 Let it wave, tho' the last man shall per - ish; From view let it nev - er be lost.
 Of their val - or it sings a sweet sto - ry, Its sons on to vic - t'ry has led.
 Floating proudly from o - cean to o - cean, Its prais - es thro' a - ges be sung.

CHORUS. *ff*

Then give three cheers for "Old glo - ry," And proudly let it wave;.....

The stars and the stripes of "Old Glo - ry," Raise high o'er the free and brave.

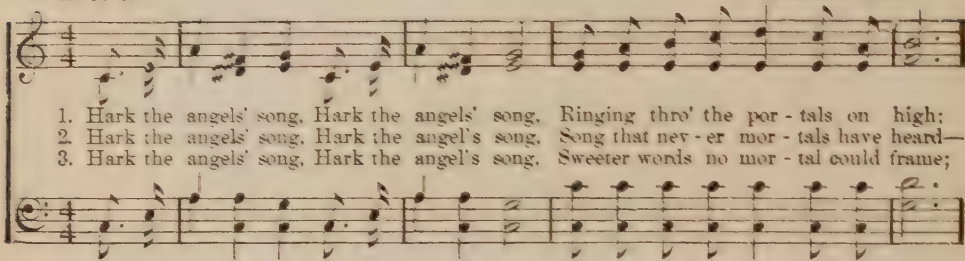
SONGS FOR CHRISTMAS.

No. 205.

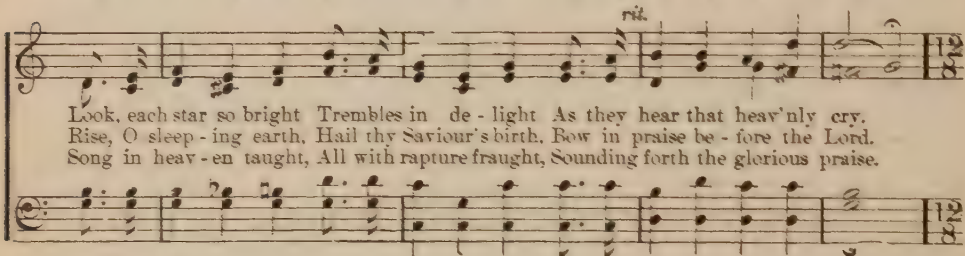
Hark the Angels' Song.

A. J. C.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

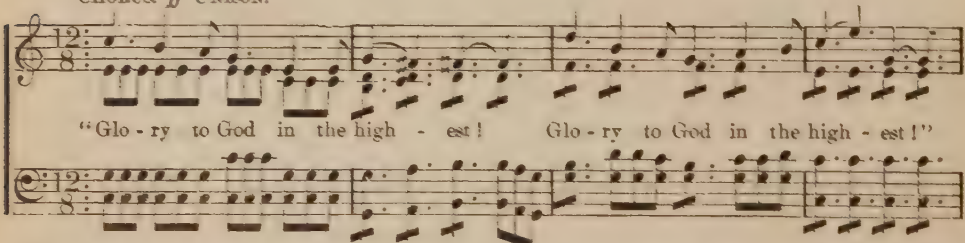


1. Hark the angels' song. Hark the angels' song. Ringing thro' the por - tals on high;
 2. Hark the angels' song. Hark the angel's song. Song that nev - er mor - tals have heard—
 3. Hark the angels' song. Hark the angel's song. Sweeter words no mor - tal could frame;

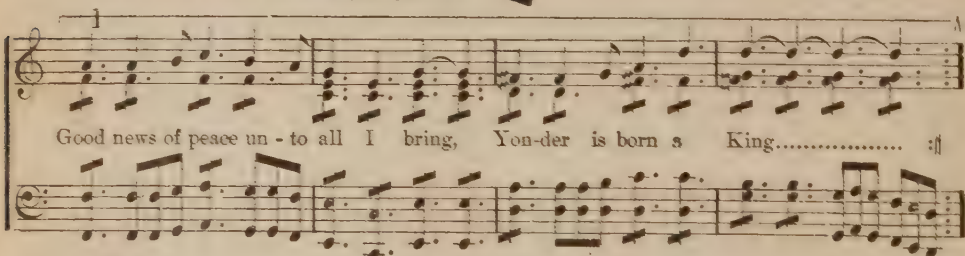


Look, each star so bright Trembles in de - light As they hear that heav'nly cry.
 Rise, O sleep - ing earth. Hail thy Saviour's birth. Bow in praise be - fore the Lord.
 Song in heav - en taught, All with rapture fraught, Sounding forth the glorious praise.

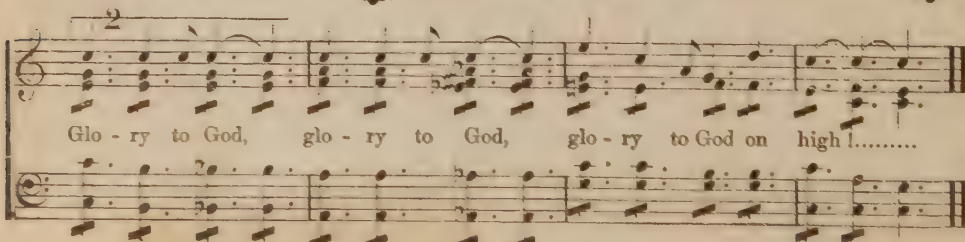
CHORUS. *ff* UNISON.



"Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Glo - ry to God in the high - est!"



Good news of peace un - to all I bring, Yon - der is born a King..... :||



Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God on high!.....

The Bells are Ringing.

A. A. P.

A. A. PAYN.

1. On the Eastern plain the flocks are sleeping, Are sweetly sleeping, are sweetly
 2. Wondrous is the news their tones are tell - ing, Are soft - ly tell - ing, are soft - ly
 3. Still the message round the earth is ring - ing, Is sweetly ring - ing, is sweetly

sleep - ing;
 tell - ing;
 ring - ing;
 O'er them faithful shepherds watch are keeping,
 Round the waiting earth in cho - rus swell - ing,
 Nations to the King are trib - ute bring - ing,
 While sweetest
 They tell of
 To Christ, the

CHORUS.
 mu - sic fills the air.
 Je - sus, born this day.
 Saviour, King of all. } The bells are ring - ing, sweet - ly

ring - ing, The mer - ry, mer - ry bells, the Christmas bells; The bells are

ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing, The mer - ry bells, the Christmas bells.

No. 207.

Rejoice!

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Rejoice! * Rejoice! Be-hold the new-born King; Rejoice! Re-
 2. Rejoice! Rejoice! Proclaim the gift of heav'n; Rejoice! Re-
 3. Rejoice! Rejoice! Nor let the praising cease; Rejoice! Re-

joice! Let praise to heaven ring. All the world is bright With the
 joice! To all mankind 'tis giv'n. As the prophets old Had so
 joice! He brings good will and peace. Send the news a-long On the

ho-ly light From the glo-ry of the skies, And the seraphs fair Are at-
 long foretold, It is now fulfillment's hour; Let us then re-joice With the
 wings of song And re-peat the joyous strain; Let the mu-sic swell, Let the

CHORUS.

tend-ing there Where in Beth-le-hem he lies. } Hail the King! Won-der-ful
 heart and voice As we hail Mes-si-ah's pow'r. }
 cho-rus tell And a new-born King proclaim. }

Prince of Peace is he! Welcome sing, Beautiful anthem of the sky; Hail! He

* The voices should rest on second and third beats to allow the instrument to be distinctly heard.

Rejoice!—Concluded.

comes! Bringing to earth good will to men; King of Kings, bringing to men salvation nigh.

No. 208.

Lullaby.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

SOLO, OR ALL THE GIRLS.

1. Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, An-gels guard thy sleep-ing, Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by,
 2. Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, Sweet the tones are ring-ing, Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by,
 3. Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, Not for thee the mor-row, Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by,
 4. Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, Free from care or dan-ger, Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by,

Faithful watch they're keeping, Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, Soft the winds are sigh-ing,
 An-gel guards are sing-ing, Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, Peaceful be thy dream-ing,
 Hast'ning with its sor-row, Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, Sleep in qui-et rest-ing,
 Rest thee in the man-ger, Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, E-vil ne'er can harm thee,

* CHORUS.
 Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, Peaceful lul-la-by. Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by,

Soft the winds are sing-ing, Lul-la-by, Lul-la-by, Peaceful Lul-la-by.

* Melody in lower part, upper part may be taken by another voice if desired.

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No. 209.

O Radiant Morn.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

J. M. BRETTELL, alt.

1. O ra - di - ant morn, when Je - sus was born, When angels the sto - ry sang;
 2. Ho - san - nas we sing to Je - sus, our King, To Je - sus, the Prince of Peace;
 3. Awake ev - 'ry voice, with singing rejoice, And follow the splendor bright,
 4. Then follow each day, the one narrow way, And when earthly joys are past,

From heaven a - bove, on pinions of love, An answer - ing ech - o rang.
 Whose wonder - ful birth en - raptured the earth, Whose reign nevermore shall cease.
 Let songs nev - er end, but ev - er as - cend To Je - sus, the world's true light.
 We'll dwell ev - er - more with him we a - dore, In heaven's bright home at last.

CHORUS. UNISON. *Quicker.*

mp
 We're march - ing, march - ing, under the star - lit skies, March - ing,

March - ing, where the Redeem - er lies; Sing - ing, sing - ing,

cres.
 Jesus is born to - day, Marching a - long, singing a song all the way.

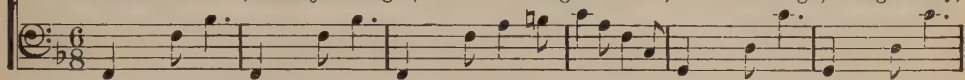
The Star and the Angels.

IRVIN H. MACK.

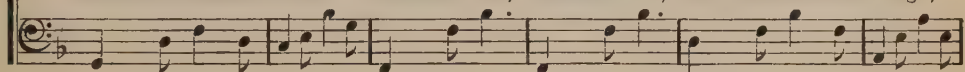
J. LINCOLN HALL.



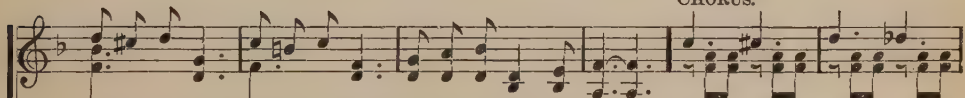
1. Bethlehem star, beautiful star, Shining with guiding ray, Shedding a light, heavenly light,
2. Over the earth, slumbering deep, Angels are hov'ring near, Telling of him coming to reign,
3. Arches of heav'n, streaming with light, Honor the King who came; Glories on high, filling the sky,



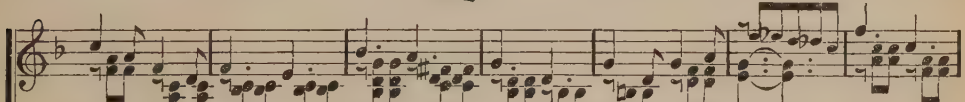
Pointing to Christ the way; Angels so bright, winging their flight Over the si - lent hill,
 Blessed are they who hear. Nations, arise! Honor your King! Share in the joys to - day!
 Praise the Redeemer's name. Wonderful love, wonderful love, Sent from the throne on high,



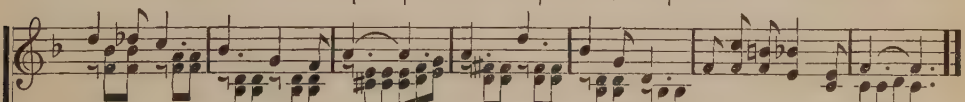
CHORUS.



Car - ol a song into the morn, "Peace unto earth, good will."
 Jesus, the mild, comes as a child, Showing the heav'nly way. } Glow - ing, glow - ing
 Gave to the earth peace and good will, Bringing salvation nigh. }



star of radiant beau - ty, Streaming, beaming o'er the new-born King; An - gels



sang by night, tidings of peace Tell - ing unto earth; Joyful the news they bring.



NOTE.—Have all the girls sing verse, whole school Chorus.

No. 211.

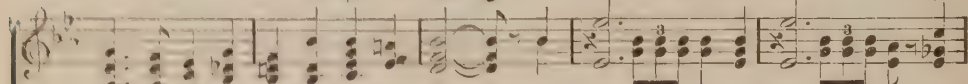
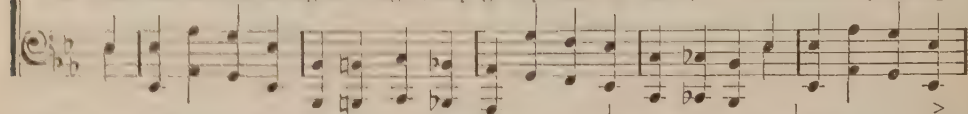
Lead On.

S. C. KIRK.
UNISON.

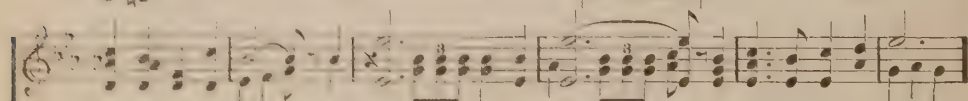
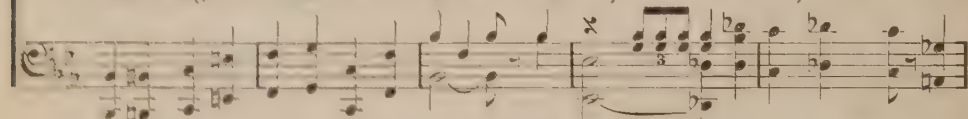
J. LINCOLN HALL.



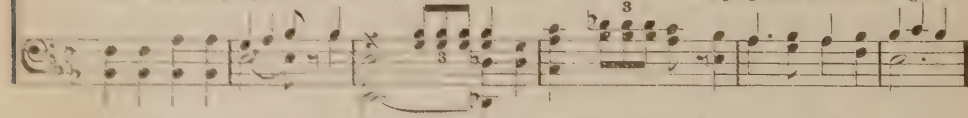
1. Ten thousand bright celestial lights A - dorn the eastern sky, But one, and one a-
 2. O strange and wondrous orb of light, Of all the hosts the gem, Thy star - ry pathway
 3. Lo, now it rests—O can it be!—A - bove yon low - ly home! O can it be that
 4. Farewell, farewell, thou gem of night, Thy glo - ry shall de - cline; But with thy fading



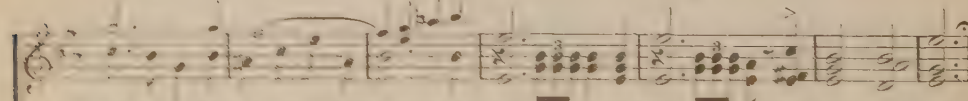
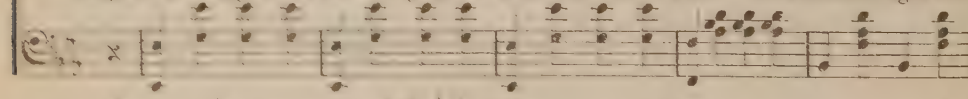
lone, invites The watcher's wistful eye. Lead on, lead on, lead
 thro' the night Leads on to Beth - le - hem! Lead on, lead on, lead
 here has he, The world's Redeemer, come? Lead on, lead on, lead
 breaks the light That shall fore - er shine! Lead on, lead on, lead



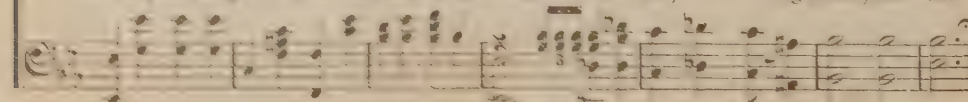
on, thou starry light, Lead on, lead on the pilgrims thro' the night.



Bright orb of night, ce - les - tial gem. The star of Beth - le - hem! The darksome night will

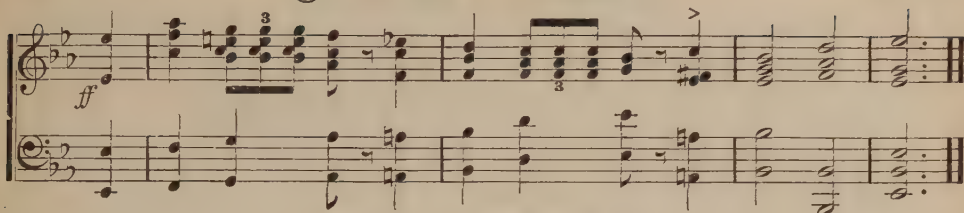


soon be gone. Bright star, lead on, lead on! Lead on, lead on, bright star, lead on!



* The high notes represent the singing of the celestial choir

Lead On.—Concluded.

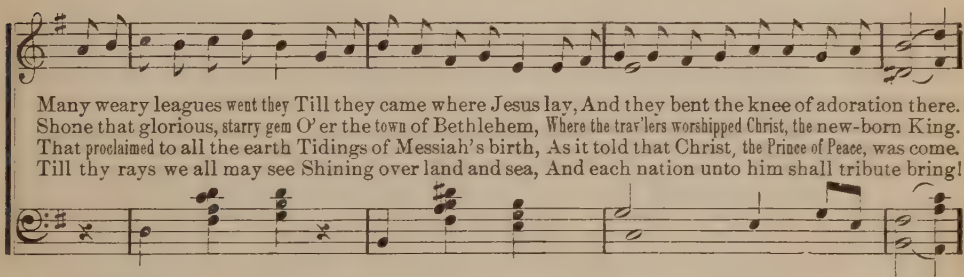
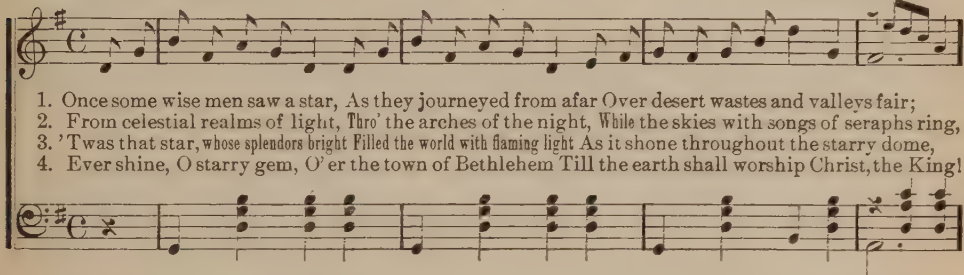


No. 212.

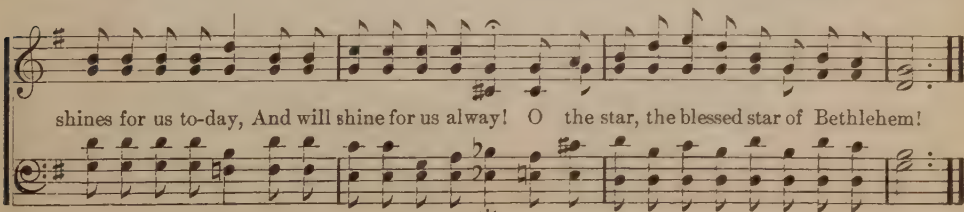
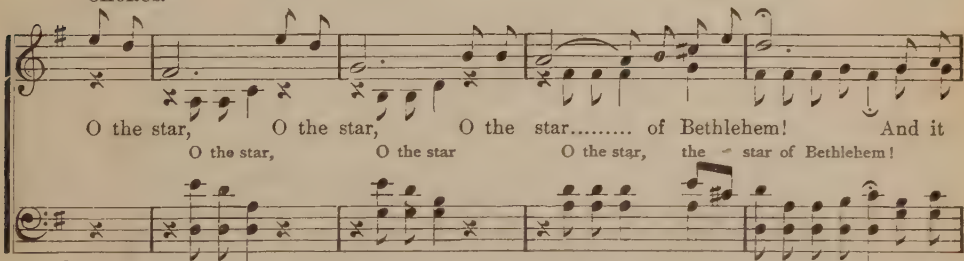
Star of Bethlehem.

B. C. HUNTINGDON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



CHORUS.



Hear the Bells.

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. In the sky the stars are shin - ing, Bright and fair, bright and fair,
 2. Kneel be-fore the King of glo - ry, On this morn, hap - py morn,
 3. Un - to him who brings sal - va - tion, We will sing, ev - er sing,

On a man - ger bed re - clin - ing, See the world's Redeemer there.
 Then re - peat to all the sto - ry, Of a wondrous Sav - iour born.
 Bear the news to ev - 'ry na - tion, Je - sus is our Lord and King.

CHORUS.

* Bells are ring - ing, An - - - gels sing - ing,
 Hear the bells of heav - en ring - ing, Hear the hosts of an - gels sing - ing,

News they're bringing Dawn is creeping,
 Joyful news to earth they're bringing, Of a Saviour born, O'er the hills the dawn is creeping,

Watch are keep - ing,
 While the angels watch are keeping, O'er the Saviour who is sleeping, On this ho - ly morn.

* A very pleasing effect may be obtained by having the girls or a few strong voices sing the upper notes, while the melody is sung. The upper part may be omitted entirely, or sustained by the instruments, at pleasure.

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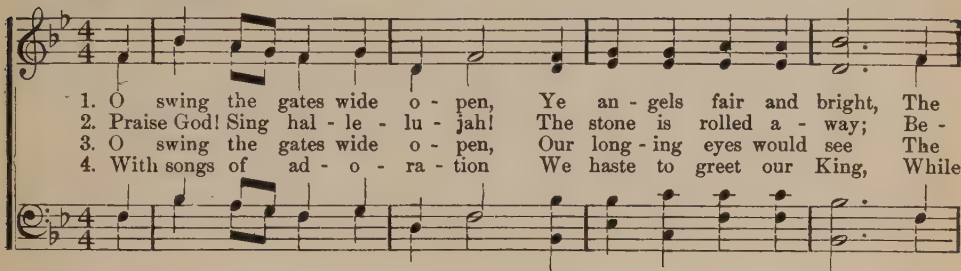
SONGS FOR EASTER.

No. 214.

Swing the Gates Wide Open.

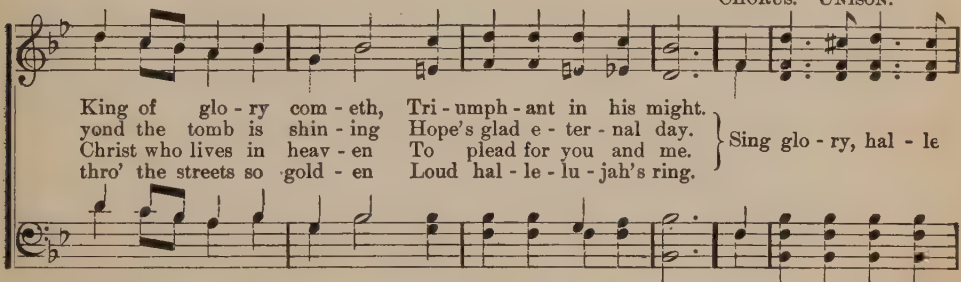
LIZZIE DEARMOND.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

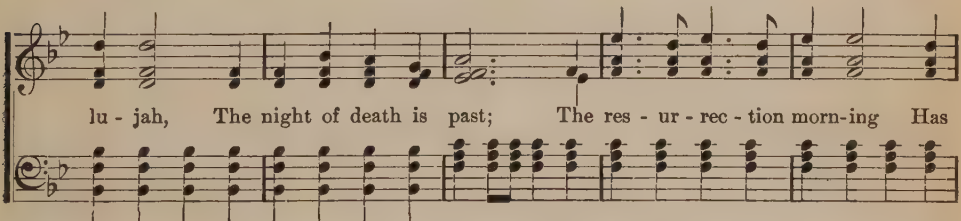


1. O swing the gates wide o - pen, Ye an - gels fair and bright, The
 2. Praise God! Sing hal - le - lu - jah! The stone is rolled a - way; Be -
 3. O swing the gates wide o - pen, Our long - ing eyes would see The
 4. With songs of ad - o - ra - tion We haste to greet our King, While

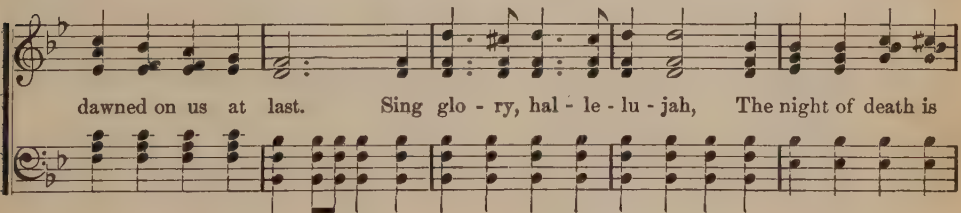
CHORUS. UNISON.



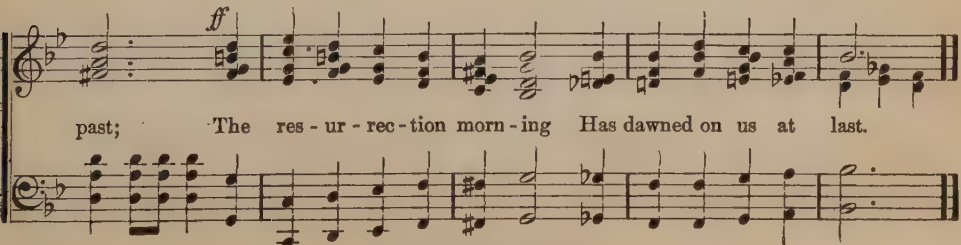
King of glo - ry com - eth, Tri - umph - ant in his might.
 yond the tomb is shin - ing Hope's glad e - ter - nal day.
 Christ who lives in heav - en To plead for you and me. } Sing glo - ry, hal - le
 thro' the streets so gold - en Loud hal - le - lu - jah's ring.



lu - jah, The night of death is past; The res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing Has



dawned on us at last. Sing glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, The night of death is



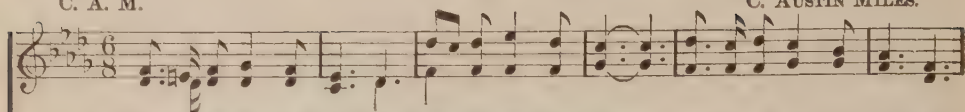
past; The res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing Has dawned on us at last.

No. 215.

Seeking the Master.

C. A. M.

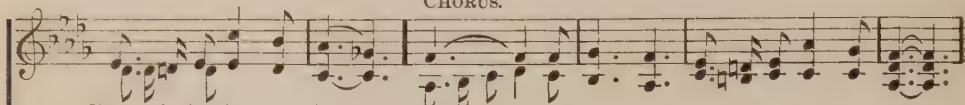
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Whis-pering words of com-fort, Hand in hand they move; Looking in vain, for darkness
2. Seeking their loving Mas- ter, Wand' ring thro' the gloom; While Easter bells are tolling,
3. Slow- ly the day is dawn-ing, Dark-ness dis- ap- pears; See- ing the tomb so emp- ty,
4. "Why do you seek the living Here a-mong the dead? He is not here but ris- en,

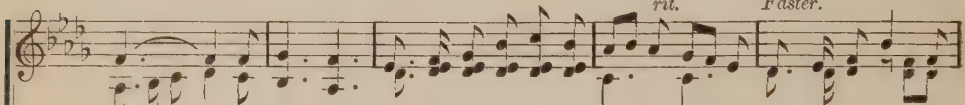
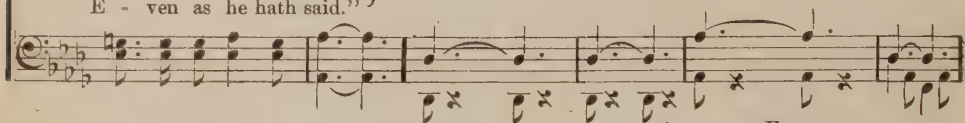


CHORUS.

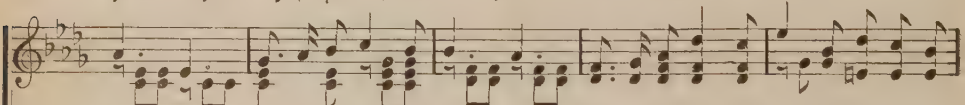
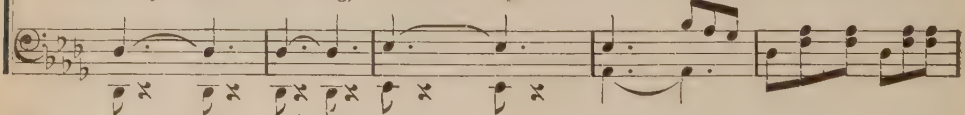


Heav- i- ly lies a- bove.
 Sad- ly they reach the tomb.
 On- ly increased their fears.
 E- ven as he hath said."

Sad - - ly toll - ing, Toll-ing for one who died,
 * Sad- ly the bells are toll - ing,



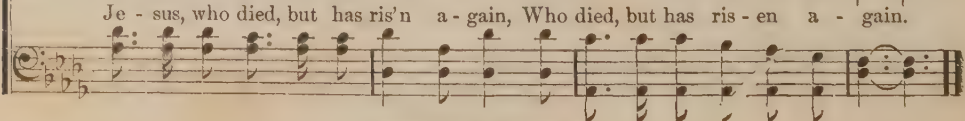
Sad - - ly toll - ing, Tolling for One cruci - fied, O hear them changing their song to
 * Sad- ly the bells are toll - ing,



glad - ness, Ban-ishing fear and sad - ness, Tell-ing to all the wondrous story, Of



Je - sus, who died, but has ris'n a - gain, Who died, but has ris - en a - gain.

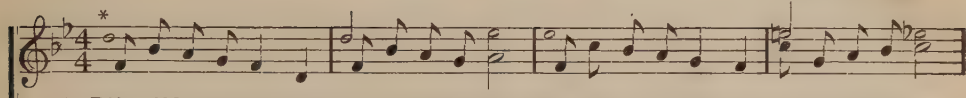


No. 216.

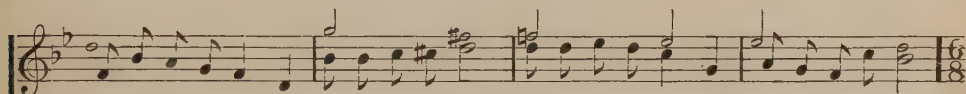
Welcome, Easter Day.

A. J. C.

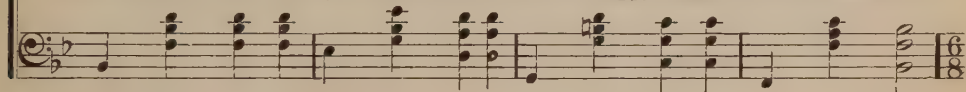
J. LINCOLN HALL.



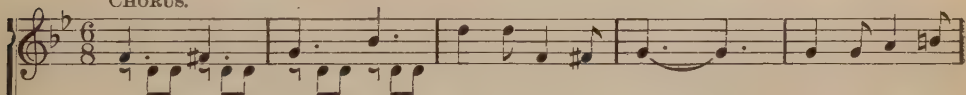
1. Rifts of blue are gleaming thro' the clouds of gray, Streams again are hast'ning on their seaward way;
2. 'Tis no time for sadness! 'Tis no time for gloom! Nature's world is radiant in a robe of bloom!
3. Join in glad rejoicing! Dark despair has flown! Death is captive taken! Hail the Risen One!



Silence turns to singing, gloom is swept a-way; Welcome, happy Easter! Welcome, Easter Day!
 Life and joy triumphant rise from sorrow's tomb! Welcome, happy Easter! Welcome, Easter Day!
 Sorrow reigns no longer! Joy is on the throne! Welcome, happy Easter! Welcome, Easter Day!



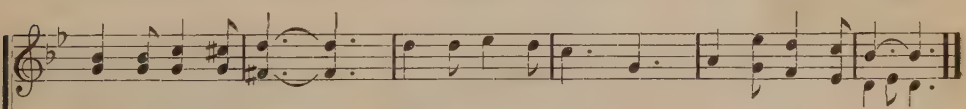
CHORUS.



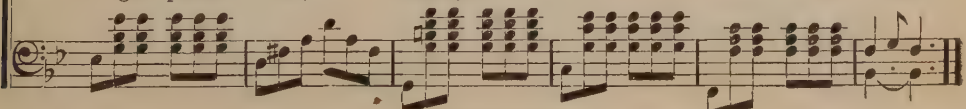
Eas - ter, Eas - ter, Day of life and light! All things with re-



joic - ing hail thy coming bright! Eas - ter, Eas - ter,



With glad promise rife, Telling out the sto - ry of a ris - en life!



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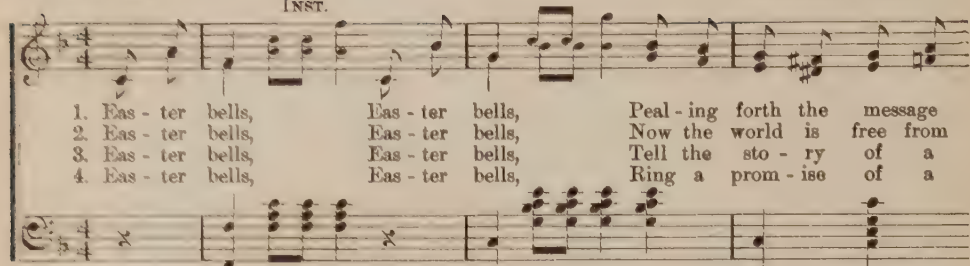
* The small notes are for the instrument only.

Easter Bells.

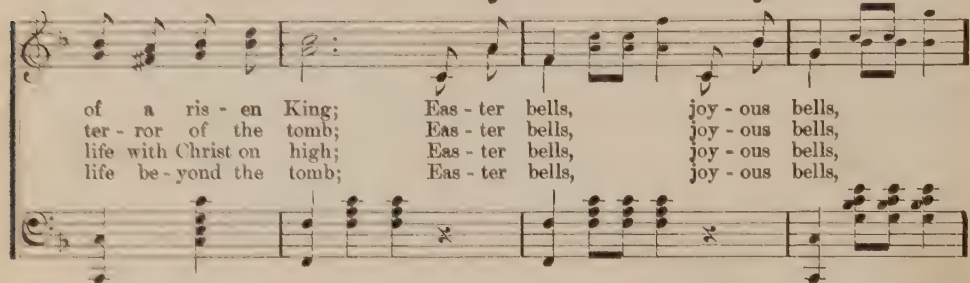
C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

INST.

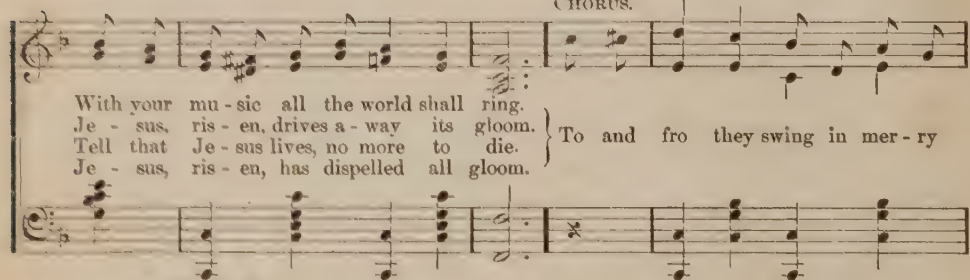


1. Eas - ter bells, Eas - ter bells, Peal - ing forth the message
 2. Eas - ter bells, Eas - ter bells, Now the world is free from
 3. Eas - ter bells, Eas - ter bells, Tell the sto - ry of a
 4. Eas - ter bells, Eas - ter bells, Ring a prom - ise of a



of a ris - en King; Eas - ter bells, joy - ous bells,
 ter - ror of the tomb; Eas - ter bells, joy - ous bells,
 life with Christ on high; Eas - ter bells, joy - ous bells,
 life be - yond the tomb; Eas - ter bells, joy - ous bells,

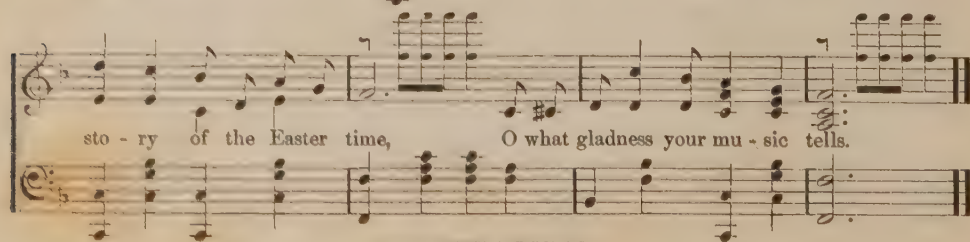
CHORUS.



With your mu - sic all the world shall ring.
 Je - sus, ris - en, drives a - way its gloom. } To and fro they swing in mer - ry
 Tell that Je - sus lives, no more to die.
 Je - sus, ris - en, has dispelled all gloom.



chime, Eas - ter bells, joy - ous bells, Tell the



sto - ry of the Easter time, O what gladness your mu - sic tells.

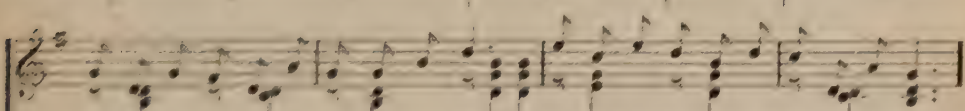
Angel of Easter.

LEZZIE DEARMOND.

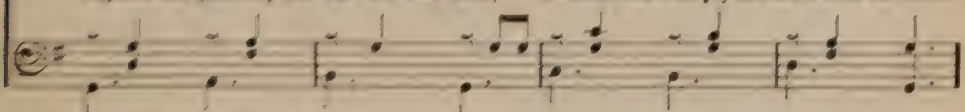
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. An - gel of Easter, speed down thro' the night, Hasten the dawn with its glo - ri - ous light;
2. Bid the ev'ning blossoms their fragrance to lend; Songs of re - joic - ing his footsteps attend;
3. An - gel of Pas - ter, so strong and so fair, Give to the world the glad message you bear;



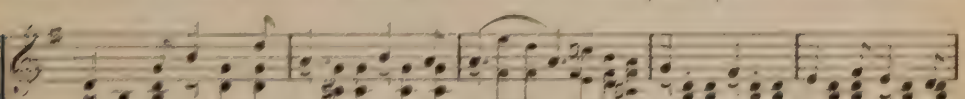
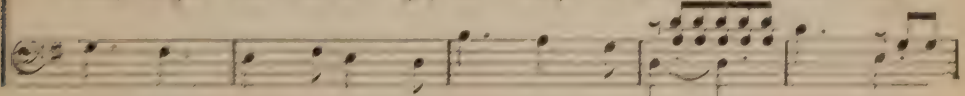
Part back the shadows, the stone from the tomb, Let the bright sunshine its darkness illumine.
Pe - tals are broken, the bells sweetly chime, Crown of the victor greets glad Easter time.
Lighten the pathway the vic - tor has trod; Earth thrills with joy at the touch of our Lord.



CHORUS.



Come, bright Pas - ter an - gel, on wings of love:..... Tell the



old - ones glad of hope from a - bove:..... Sing - ing, hal - le - lu - jah!



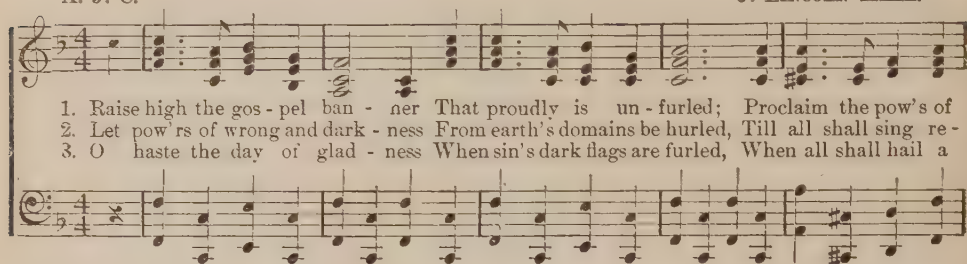
He lives on high!..... Hail, hail, hail the Christ who will nev - er die!.....



Till Easter Shines O'er the World.

A. J. C.

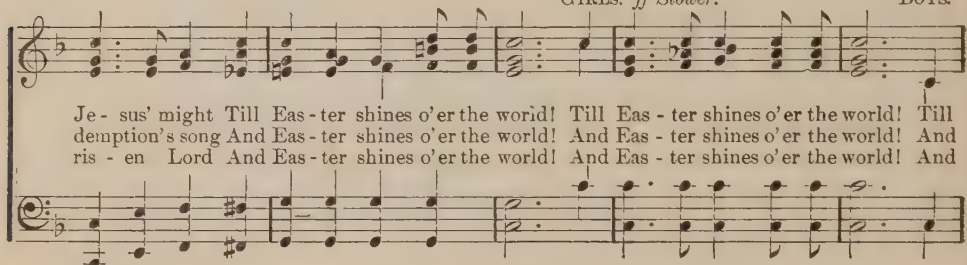
J. LINCOLN HALL.



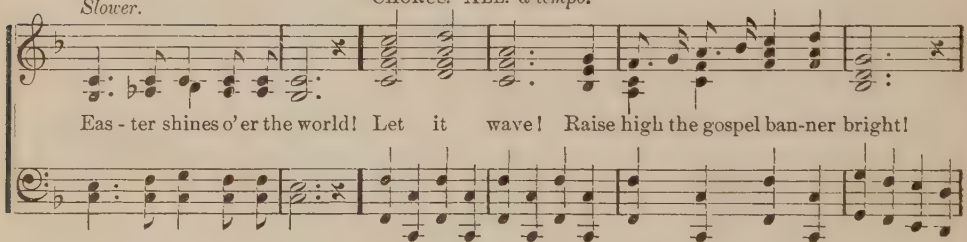
1. Raise high the gos - pel ban - ner That proudly is un - furled; Proclaim the pow's of
 2. Let pow'rs of wrong and dark - ness From earth's domains be hurled, Till all shall sing re -
 3. O haste the day of glad - ness When sin's dark flags are furled, When all shall hail a

GIRLS. *ff Slower.*

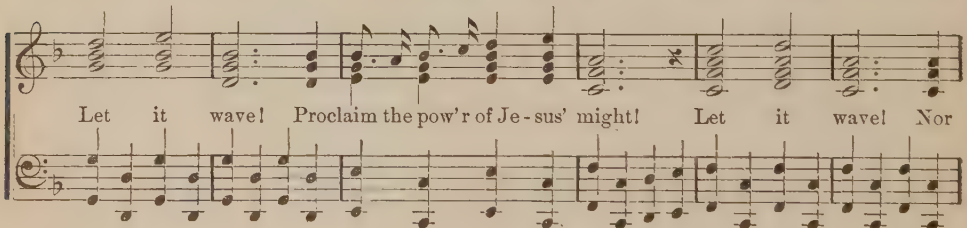
BOYS.



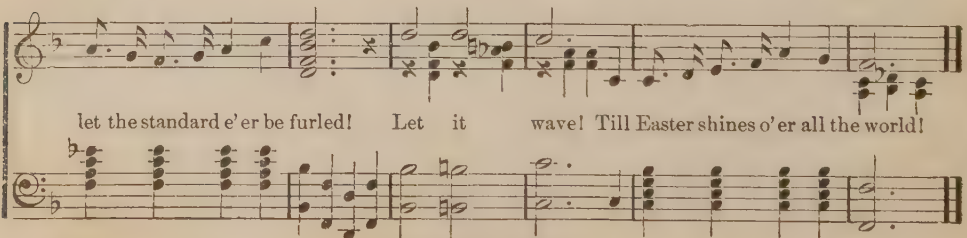
Je - sus' might Till Eas - ter shines o'er the world! Till Eas - ter shines o'er the world! Till
 demption's song And Eas - ter shines o'er the world! And Eas - ter shines o'er the world! And
 ris - en Lord And Eas - ter shines o'er the world! And Eas - ter shines o'er the world! And

*Slower.*CHORUS. *ALL. a tempo.*


Eas - ter shines o'er the world! Let it wave! Raise high the gospel ban - ner bright!



Let it wave! Proclaim the pow'r of Je - sus' might! Let it wave! Nor



let the standard e'er be furled! Let it wave! Till Easter shines o'er all the world!

A Story Sweet.

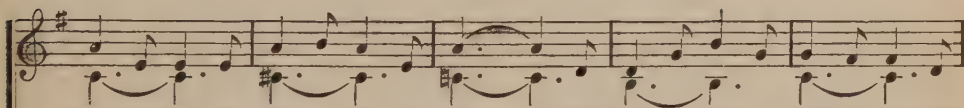
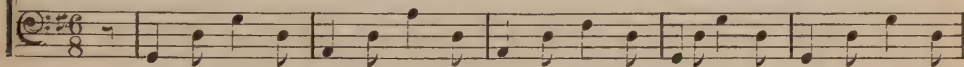
MINNIE A. GREINER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

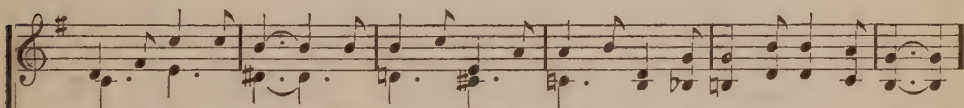
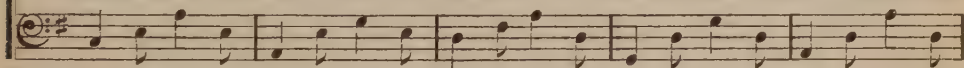
SOLO OR GIRLS ALONE.



1. The morning breezes whispered low A wondrous tale and sweet; Each rustling leaf in
2. The morning breezes wandered wide And ev'rywhere they told The wondrous tale they
3. The morning breezes whispered low The wondrous tale and sweet; And o'er the earth the



ten - der love The sto - ry did re - peat:..... "With - in a rock - y sep - ul - chre The
 whispered first To swaying leaves of old:..... "At ear - ly dawn an an - gel came And
 chim - ing bells The sto - ry did re - peat:..... "O Christ the dead revived a - gain And



cru - ci - fied One slept; Be - fore the seal - ed door a guard Of soldiers vig - il kept."
 rolled the stone a - way, Re - vealing where the cru - ci - fied In death's calm slumber lay."
 from the tomb to - day Came forth in glorious maj - es - ty To live and reign for aye."

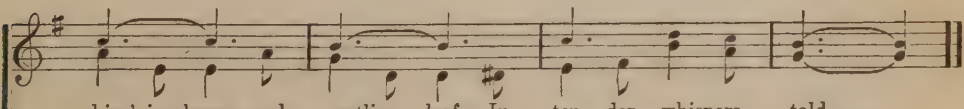


CHORUS.

* INST.



O sto - ry sweet and won - der - ful, Up - on that morn of old..... By



whisp'ring breeze and rustling leaf In ten - der whispers told.....



* Melody in lower notes. A fine effect may be produced by girls taking higher notes and boys singing melody.

SONGS FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

No. 221.

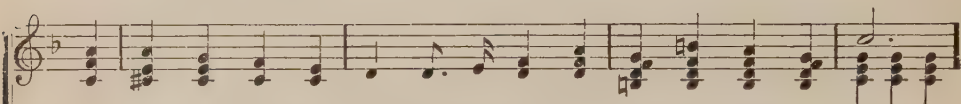
Welcome Song.

MINNA FOOTE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



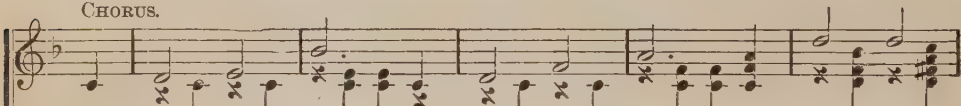
1. Bright gleams of sunshine fill valleys fair, Glad songs of joy are heard ev'rywhere;
2. O welcome, welcome, bright, golden hours, With song of birds and perfume of flow'rs,
3. Our all we bring, our trib-ute of love To Christ our King now reigning above;
4. O Je-sus, Saviour, thee we a-dore, We'll praise thy ho-ly name ev-ermore;



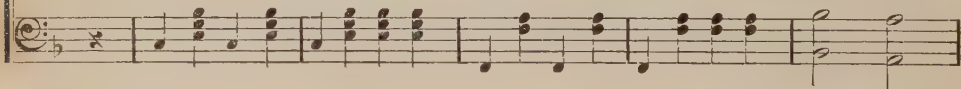
All na-ture seems re-joic-ing to say, "O welcome, Children's Day."
Our hearts and lives we joy-ful-ly bring An off-ring to our King.
We'll serve him now and praise ev-er-more, The One whom we a-dore.
We'll serve thee ev-er, bring-ing to thee Our lives, thine own to be.



CHORUS.



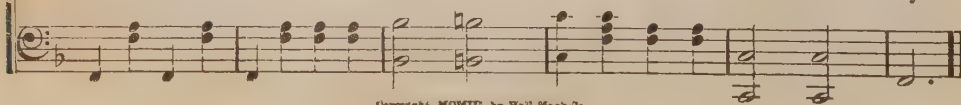
Our voic-es raise in notes of praise, With bright songs



ring-ing, Our trib-ute bring-ing To Christ our King, Whose



love we sing, We'll praise him ev-er for the Children's Day.



No. 222.

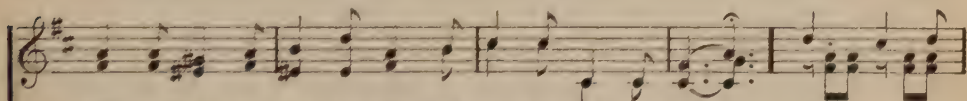
When Roses Awake.

A. J. C.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. When ros - es from their sleep a - wake, And of the earth a gar - den make, When
2. When sunbeams thro' the cloud-lets peep, And dais - ies o'er the meadows creep, When
3. When Na - ture's voic - es sweet - ly ring, In praise of Christ the might - y King, When

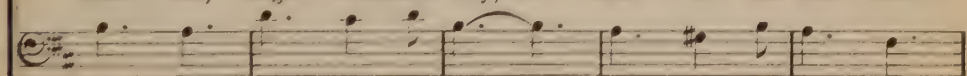


woodlands in - to sing - ing break, We hail the Children's Day!
 streamlets to the o - cean leap, We hail the Children's Day!
 all things heav'nly ti - dings bring, We hail the Children's Day!

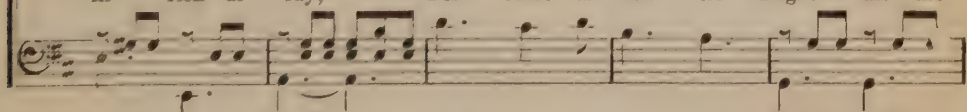
Hail! Queen of



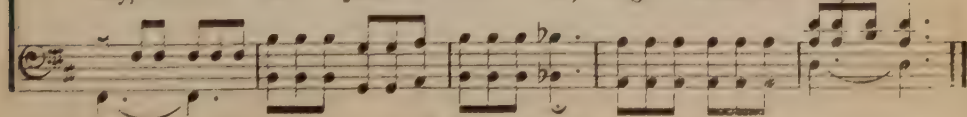
Sum - mer, Bright Children's Day;..... Gath - er the blos - soms



in rich ar - ray; Per - fume of flow - ers bright - ens the



way,..... Hail! Queen of sum - mer, Bright Children's Day.



No. 223.

Songs of Praise are Swelling.

HELEN CRUICKSHANK.

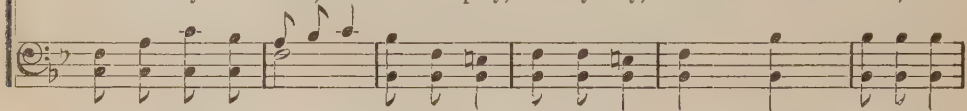
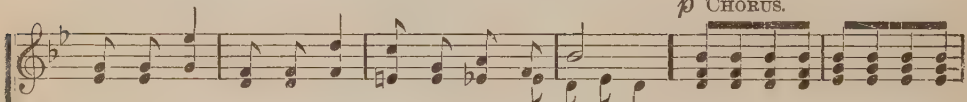
C. HAROLD LOWDEN.

Not too fast.

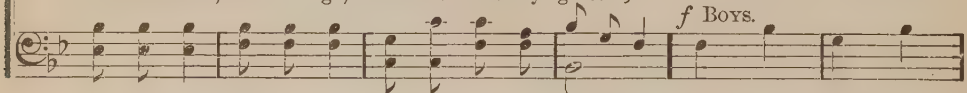
1. Fa - ces bright, with delight, Greet the smil - ing morn; pic - es raise, songs of praise,
 2. Na - ture tells, all is well, God the Fa - ther reigns; dark or light, fair or bright,
 3. Summer flow'rs, in their bow'rs, Trust in God a - lone; So may we, joy - ous, free,



Winter's hour is gone. Silvershow'r, bring the flow'rs, Full of fragrance rare,
 Constant he re - mains: And his love, from a - bove, Round us e'er shall rest;
 Seek his roy - al throne, There to pray, ev - 'ry day, For the faith that lives;

*p* CHORUS.

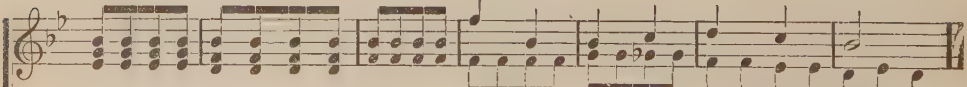
Now is heard, song of bird, Thro' the sum - mer air. Sing - ing, sing - ing,
 Trust in him, on - ly him, He knows what is best. }
 For we know, as we go, Such he free - ly gives. }

*f* BOYS.

God the Father reigns, Praise him, praise him, for his lov - ing care; Ring - ing,



ALL.



ring - ing, o'er the grassy plains, Songs are swell - ing ev - 'ry - where.

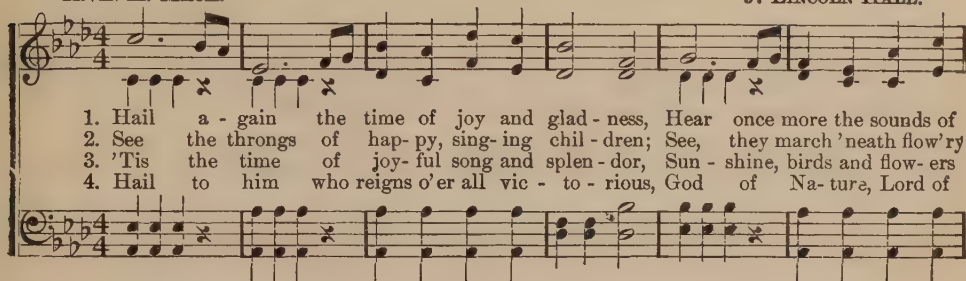


No. 224.

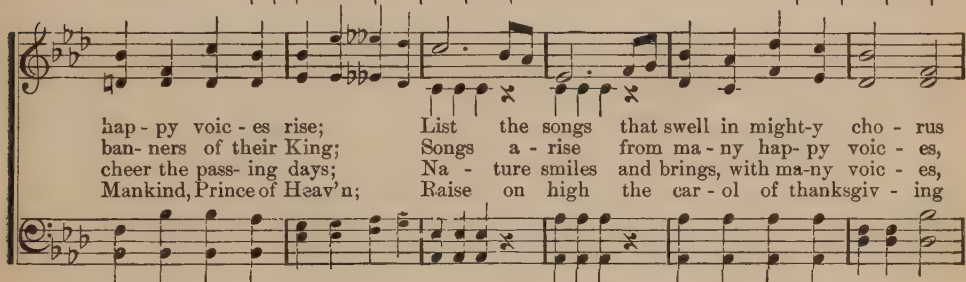
'Tis the Children's Day.

IRVIN H. MACK.

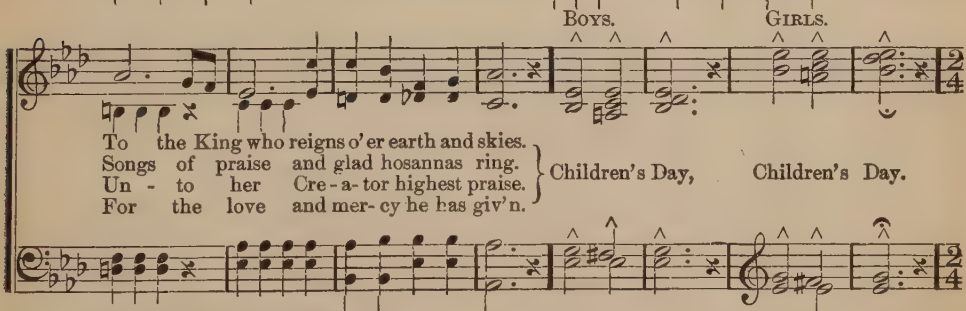
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Hail a - gain the time of joy and glad - ness, Hear once more the sounds of
 2. See the throngs of hap - py, sing - ing chil - dren; See, they march 'neath flow'ry
 3. 'Tis the time of joy - ful song and splen - dor, Sun - shine, birds and flow - ers
 4. Hail to him who reigns o'er all vic - to - rious, God of Na - ture, Lord of

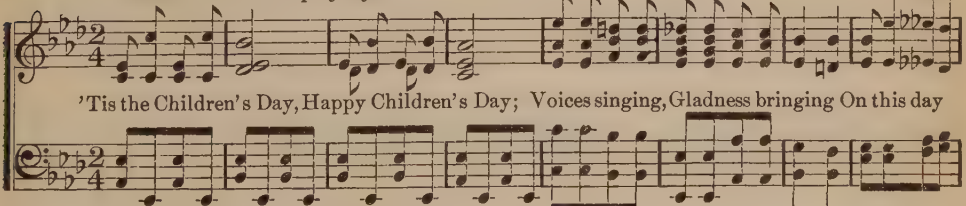


hap - py voice - es rise; List the songs that swell in might - y cho - rus
 ban - ners of their King; Songs a - rise from ma - ny hap - py voice - es,
 cheer the pass - ing days; Na - ture smiles and brings, with ma - ny voice - es,
 Mankind, Prince of Heav'n; Raise on high the car - ol of thanksgiv - ing



Boys. GIRLS.

To the King who reigns o'er earth and skies.
 Songs of praise and glad hosannas ring. } Children's Day, Children's Day.
 Un - to her Cre - a - tor highest praise.
 For the love and mer - cy he has giv' n.

CHORUS. UNISON. *Sprightly.*


'Tis the Children's Day, Happy Children's Day; Voices singing, Gladness bringing On this day



Welcome, Children's Day, Happy Children's Day; Banish sadness, Sing with gladness On this day.

No. 225.

O Time of Joy and Gladness.

A. J. C.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O time of joy and gladness, When nature's voices rise In praise of their Cre-a - tor,
2. From out the gloom and silence, Of winter's weary hours, We hail the happy season,

The King of earth and skies. O time of song and splendor, O shining summer days, With
Of sunshine, song and flow'rs. With anthems of the ocean, And songs of earth and air, We

CHORUS.

thee our hearts would render Glad songs of joy and praise! } O time of song and splendor, O
join in deep de - votion, To own God's love and care. }
MELODY. MALE VOICES.

ALL. UNISON.

shining summer days, With thee our hearts would render Glad songs of love and praise! O time of song and

splendor, O shining summer days, With thee our hearts would render Glad songs of love and praise!

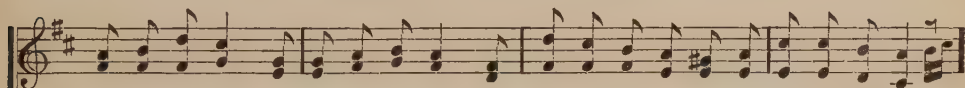
Beautiful Summer.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

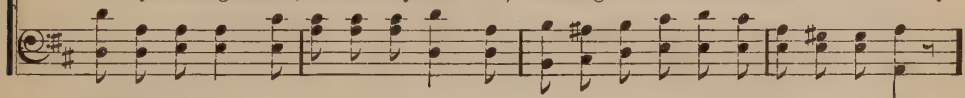
W. A. POST.

Brightly.

1. Beautiful sum-mer, ra-di-ant sum-mer, Stepping so light-ly o'er meadow and plain;
2. Cheerily sing-ing, mer-ri-ly sing-ing, Birds in the tree-tops their hap-pi-ness tell;
3. Beautiful sum-mer, ra-di-ant sum-mer, Na-ture is smil-ing, O let us be gay!



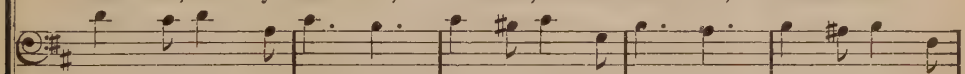
Scat-ter-ing show-ers, bringing the flow-ers, Fill-ing the world with a joy-ous re-frain.
 Sunlight is fall-ing, wind voices call-ing, Chorals of praise ring from mountain and dell.
 Ev-'ry-where gladness, drives away sad-ness, Blessings untold crown the dear children's Day.



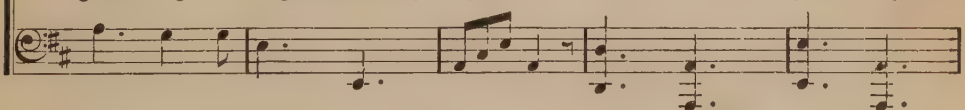
CHORUS.



Sum-mer, love-ly sum-mer, Sum-mer, ra-diant sum-mer, Sunshine now is

*cres.*

gleam-ing a-long the flow-ry way;..... Come with re-joic-ing,



glad prais-es voic-ing, Un-to God the Fa-ther, whose love fills each day.

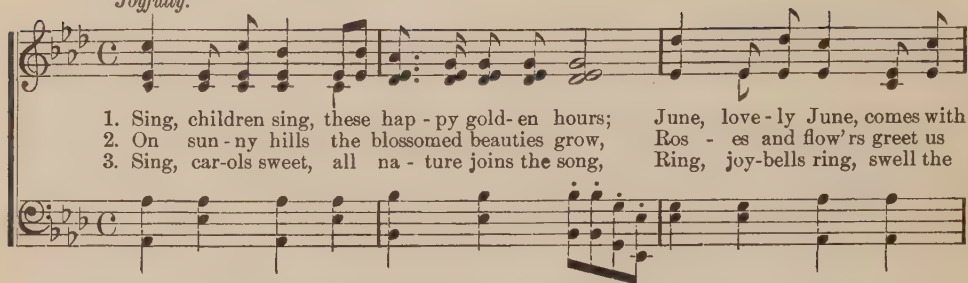


No. 227.

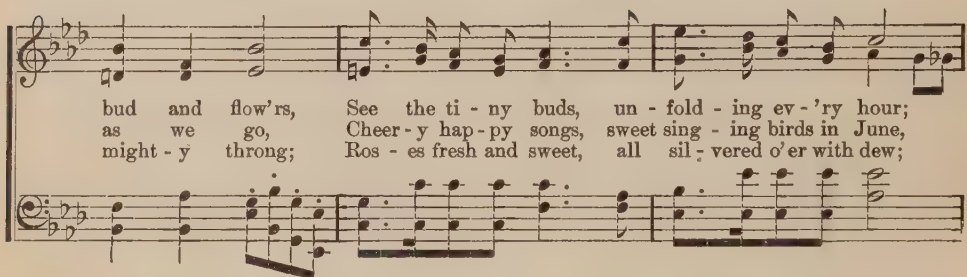
June Praises.

KATE DELAND.
Joyfully.

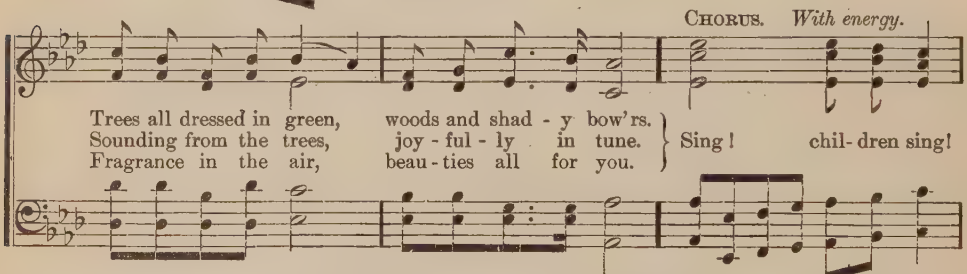
W. A. POST.



1. Sing, children sing, these hap - py gold - en hours; June, love - ly June, comes with
 2. On sun - ny hills the blossomed beauties grow, Ros - es and flow'rs greet us
 3. Sing, car - ols sweet, all na - ture joins the song, Ring, joy - bells ring, swell the

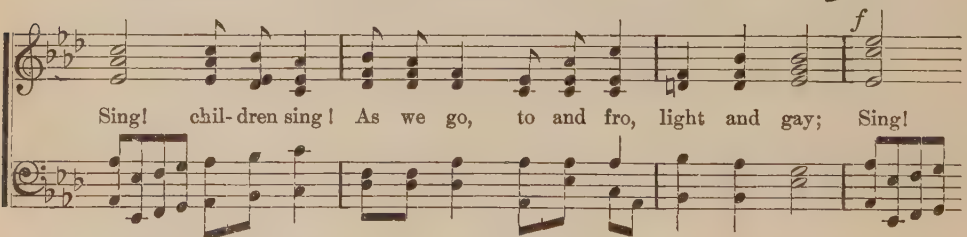


bud and flow'rs, See the ti - ny buds, un - fold - ing ev' - ry hour;
 as we go, Cheer - y hap - py songs, sweet sing - ing birds in June,
 might - y throng; Ros - es fresh and sweet, all sil - vered o'er with dew;

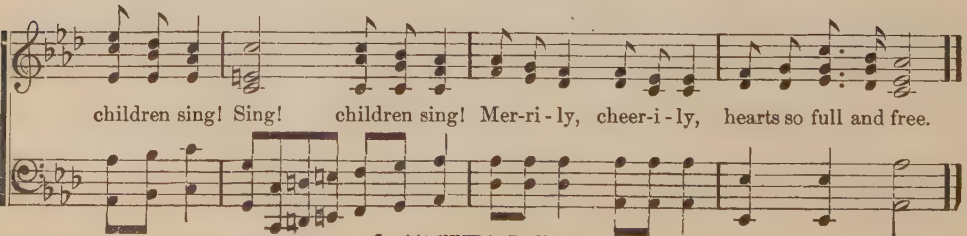


CHORUS. *With energy.*

Trees all dressed in green, woods and shad - y bow'rs. } Sing! chil - dren sing!
 Sounding from the trees, joy - ful - ly in tune.
 Fragrance in the air, beau - ties all for you. }



Sing! chil - dren sing! As we go, to and fro, light and gay; Sing! *f*



children sing! Sing! children sing! Mer - ri - ly, cheer - i - ly, hearts so full and free.

OPENING AND CLOSING EXERCISES.

No. 228.

1. **First Bell.**—Five minutes' signal.
2. **Second Bell.**—Silence.
3. **Singing.**
4. **Opening Prayer.**—Followed by Lord's Prayer, Chanted, No. 201.
5. **Singing.**
6. **Responsive Reading.**
7. **Singing.**—Gloria Patri, No. 174 or 251.
8. **Announcements.**
9. **Study of Lesson.**
10. **Review of Lesson.**
11. **Singing.**
12. **Secretary's Report.**
13. **Distribution of Library Books.**
14. **Singing.**
15. **Closing Sentences—**

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.

"Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for childhood and youth are vanity."—Eccl. 11: 9-10.

No. 229.

1. **First Bell.**—Five minutes' signal.
2. **Second Bell.**—Silence.
3. **Opening Hymn.**
4. **Responsive Reading.**
5. **Gloria Patri.**
6. **Prayer.**—Followed by Lord's Prayer, Chanted, 201.
7. **Singing.**
8. **Reading of Notices.**
9. **Singing.**
10. **Study of Lesson.**
11. **Review.**
12. **Singing.**
13. **Report of Secretary.**
14. **Distribution of Books.**
15. **Singing.**
16. **Closing Prayer.**

No. 230.

1. **First Bell.**—Five minutes' signal.
2. **Second Bell.**—Silence.
3. **Doxology.**
4. **Lord's Prayer in Concert.**
5. **Singing.**
6. **Responsive Reading.**
7. **Singing.**
8. **Reading of Notices, Etc.**
9. **Study of Lesson.**
10. **Review of Lesson.**
11. **Singing.**
12. **Secretary's Report.**
13. **Distribution of Library Books.**
14. **Singing.**
15. **Closing Prayer.**

No. 231.

1. **First Bell.**—Five minutes' signal.
2. **Second Bell.**—Silence.
3. **Singing.**
4. **Repeat the Lord's Prayer in Concert.**
5. **Gloria.**
6. **Responsive Reading.**
7. **Prayer.**
8. **Reading Sunday School Lesson.**
9. **Singing.**
10. **Announcements.**
11. **Study of Lesson.**
12. **Questions on the Lesson.**
13. **Singing.**
14. **Secretary's Report.**
15. **Distribution of Books.**
16. **Singing.**
17. **Closing Sentences—**

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

"For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."—Eccl. 12: 13-14.

No. 232.

1. **First Bell.**—Five minutes' signal.
2. **Second Bell.**—Silence.
3. **Singing.**
4. **Recitation of Ten Commandments.**
5. **Prayer.**—Followed by Lord's Prayer
6. **Singing.**—Gloria Patri.
7. **Announcements.**
8. **Lesson Study.**
9. **Remarks on the Lesson.**
10. **Questions on the Lesson.**
11. **Singing.**
12. **Report of Secretary.**
13. **Distribution of Library Books.**
14. **Closing Hymn.**
15. **Closing Sentences—**

"Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

"Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."—Romans xii. 20-21.

No. 233.

1. **First Bell.**—Five minutes' signal.
2. **Second Bell.**—Silence.
3. **Singing.**
4. **Recitation of Ten Commandments.**
5. **Singing.**
6. **Responsive Reading.**
7. **Prayer**—Lord's Prayer Chanted, No. 201.
8. **Singing.**
9. **Study of Lesson.**
10. **Announcements.**
11. **Report of Secretary.**
12. **Distribution of Books.**
13. **Singing.**
14. **Closing Sentences**

"My son, keep my words, and lay up my commandments with thee.

"Keep my commandments, and live; and my law as the apple of thine eye.

"Bind them upon thy fingers, write them upon the table of thine heart."—

Proverbs vii. 1-2-3.

No. 234.

1. **First Bell.**—Five minutes' signal.
2. **Second Bell.**—Silence.
3. **Singing.**
4. **Prayer.**—Followed by Lord's Prayer.
5. **Singing.**—Gloria Patri.
6. **Responsive Reading.**
7. **Singing.**
8. **Study of Lesson.**
9. **Questions on Lesson.**
10. **Singing.**
11. **Report of Secretary.**
12. **Singing.**
13. **Distribution of Books.**
14. **Notices.**
15. **Closing Hymn.**
16. **Mizpah Benediction:** The Lord watch between me and thee while we are absent one from another.

No. 235.

1. **First Bell.**—Five minutes' signal.
2. **Second Bell.**—Silence.
3. **Lord's Prayer.**
4. **Gloria.**
5. **Responsive Reading.**
6. **Singing.**
7. **Prayer.**
8. **Singing.**
9. **Lesson Study.**
10. **Remarks on Lesson.**
11. **Singing.**
12. **Report of Secretary.**
13. **Singing.**
14. **Distribution of Books.**
15. **Closing Sentences**

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

"And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

—Rev. xxi. 1-3-4.

16. **Prayer.**

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

TO BE USED IN CONNECTION WITH OPENING AND CLOSING EXERCISES.

COMPILED BY REV. S. M. GRUBB.

No. 236. Missionary.

Songs suited to this subject:—Nos. 14, 15, 16, 26, 38, 63, 78, 91. See Topical Index.

LEADER:—And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.—John 10:16.

RESPONSE:—Thus saith the Lord of hosts; Behold, I will save my people from the east country, and from the west country;—Zech. 8:7.

L.—The Gentiles shall come to thy light and Kings to the brightness of thy rising.—Isa. 60:3-5.

R.—Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.

L.—Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.

R.—And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools shall not err therein.—Isa. 35:8.

L.—And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.—Isa. 35:10.

R.—How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

L.—And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!—Rom. 10. 14-15.

R.—Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.

L.—And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.—John 4:35-36.

R.—Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.—Mark 16:15.

No. 237. The Grace of Giving.

Songs suited to this subject:—33, 65, 80.

L.—How is it that I hear this of thee? give an account of thy stewardship.—Luke 16:2.

R.—The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein:—Ps. 24:1.

L.—The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts.—Hag. 2:8.

R.—Every beast of the field is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls of the mountains: And the wild beasts of the field are mine.—Ps. 50:10-11.

L.—A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven.—John 3:27.

R.—Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.—Mal. 3:8.

L.—Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase.—Prov. 3:9.

R.—Bring ye all the tithes into the store house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.—Mal. 13:10.

L.—For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.—2 Cor. 8:9.

R.—Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.—1 Cor. 16:2.

L.—Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. 9:7.

R.—Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts 20:35.

No. 238. For Decision Day.

Songs suited to this subject:—67, 79, 171, 176, 182.

L.—How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him:—1 Kings 18:21.

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

R.—Choose you this day whom ye will serve.—Josh. 24: 15.

L.—If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.—Rom. 10: 9.

R.—Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.—Rom. 10: 13.

L.—Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God:

R.—But he that denieth me before men shall be denied before the angels of God.—Luke 12: 8-9.

L.—Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God.—1 John 4: 15.

R.—At the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth.

L.—And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.—Philip. 2: 10-11.

No. 239. God's Care.

Songs suited to this subject:—10 59, 101, 168.

L.—I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

R.—Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

L.—He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

R.—Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day.

L.—Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day.

R.—A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.—Ps. 91: 2-7.

L.—It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man:

R.—It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.—Ps. 118: 8-9.

L.—Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin:

R.—And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

L.—Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?—Matt. 6: 28-30.

R.—It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.—Phil. 2: 13.

L.—And he changeth the times and the seasons: he removeth kings, and setteth up

kings: he giveth wisdom unto the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding:—Dan. 2: 21.

R.—My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.—Ps. 63: 8.

L.—But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me: thou art my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.—Ps. 40: 17.

No. 240. Temperance.

Songs suited to this subject:—78, 86, 100, 121.

L.—Dearly beloved, I baseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lust which war against the soul.—1 Pet. 2: 11.

R.—Ye that love the Lord, hate evil:—Ps. 97: 10.

L.—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20: 1.

R.—Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright:

L.—At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.—Prov. 23: 31-32.

R.—Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh:

L.—For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.—Prov. 23: 20-21.

R.—Because he transgresseth by wine, he is a proud man, neither keepeth at home, who enlargeth his desire as hell, and is as death, and cannot be satisfied.—Hab. 2: 5.

L.—Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness!—Hab. 2: 15.

R.—Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them!

L.—And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts: but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands.—Isa. 5: 11-12.

R.—It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.—Rom. 14: 21.

L.—Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness.—Rom. 13: 13.

R.—Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.—1 Cor. 9: 25.

L.—Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.—1 Pet. 5: 8.

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No. 241. Duty.

Songs suited to this subject:—97, 106, 110, 113.

L.—Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth.—Ps. 60: 4.

R.—It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure. Do all things without murmurings and disputings.—Philip 2: 13-14.

L.—Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.—Eccl. 9: 10.

R.—Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.—Matt. 6: 33.

L.—Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.—Acts 3: 19.

R.—Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.—Acts 25: 13.

L.—And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.—Luke 6: 31.

R.—Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine.—2 Tim. 4: 2.

L.—Pray one for another, * * * the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—Jas. 5: 16.

R.—Rejoice evermore.

L.—Pray without ceasing.

R.—In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.—1 Thes. 5: 16-18.

No. 242. Love.

Songs suited to this subject:—18, 51, 103, 116, 178.

L.—We love him because he first loved us.—1 John 4: 19.

R.—For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life.—John 3: 16.

L.—I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.—Jerem. 31: 3.

R.—He that loveth not knoweth not God: for God is Love.—1 John 4: 3.

L.—Herein is love, not that we loved God but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

R.—Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

L.—No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us.

R.—Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit.

L.—And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.—1 John 4: 10-14.

R.—My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and truth.—1 John 3: 18.

L.—Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.—Ps. 41: 1.

R.—As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.—Gal. 6: 10.

L.—Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

R.—Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another.—Rom. 12: 9-10.

No. 243. Joy in God's House.

Songs suited to this subject:—21, 48, 49, 56, 94, 172.

L.—And Jacob awaked out of his sleep and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not.

R.—And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

L.—And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it.

R.—And he called the name of that place Bethel, but the name of that city was called Luz at the first.—Gen. 28: 16-19.

L.—I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.—Ps. 122: 1.

R.—As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

L.—My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?—Ps. 42: 1-2.

R.—How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

L.—My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

R.—Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

L.—Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.—Ps. 84: 1-4.

R.—A day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.—Ps. 84: 10.

L.—And they, continuing daily with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread from

house to house, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart.

R.—Praising God, and having favour with all the people. And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.—Acts 2: 46-47.

L.—The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him.

R.—God is a spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.—John 4: 23-24.

No. 244. Sowing and Reaping.

Songs suited to this subject:—24, 113, 155, 169.

L.—While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.—Gen. 8: 22.

R.—For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

L.—Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.—Isa. 55: 12-13.

R.—We came unto the land whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey; and this the fruit of it.—Num. 13: 27.

L.—Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that coucheth beneath.

R.—And for the precious fruits brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon.—Deut. 33: 13-14.

L.—He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

R.—He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth.—Ps.—104: 13-14.

L.—Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation.—Ps. 68: 19.

R.—And he said, So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground.

L.—And should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how.

R.—For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.

L.—But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come.—Mark 4: 26-29.

R.—The harvest is the end of the world: and the reapers are the angels.—Matt. 13: 39.

No. 245. Eternal Hope.

Songs suited to this subject:—45, 69, 167.

L.—I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:—Job 19: 25.

R.—I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.—Job 19: 27.

L.—I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction:—Hos. 13: 14.

R.—If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

L.—But now is Christ risen from the dead, and became the first-fruits of them that slept.

R.—For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

L.—For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.—1 Cor. 15: 19-22.

R.—We know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.—1 John 3: 2.

L.—Behold, I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.

R.—In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

L.—For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

R.—So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

L.—O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

R.—The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

L.—But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. 15: 51-57.

R.—Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.—Ps. 16: 10.

No. 246. The Light of the World.

Songs suited to this subject:—10, 68, 81, 156.

L.—And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.—Gen. 1: 3.

R.—For from the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering: for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of hosts.—Mal. 1: 11.

L.—The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READINGS

land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.—Isa. 9: 2.

R.—Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.—Mal. 4: 2.

L.—The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?—Ps. 27: 1.

R.—Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

L.—For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

R.—And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.—Isa. 60: 1-3.

L.—Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

R.—Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candle-stick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

L.—Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—Matt. 5: 14-16.

R.—For ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord: walk as children of light.—Eph. 5: 8.

L.—Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.—Ps. 23: 4.

R.—And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.—Rev. 22: 5.

No. 247. Rejoicing.

Songs suited to this subject:—12, 42, 49, 163, 165.

L.—Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

R.—Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

L.—With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.—Ps. 98: 4-6.

R.—The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.—Cant. 2: 12.

L.—I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon.

R.—His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon.

L.—They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon.—Hos. 14: 5-7.

R.—Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin.

L.—And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.—Matt. 6: 28-29.

R.—The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

L.—It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing.—Isa. 35: 1-2.

No. 248. The Lord's Coming.

Songs suited to this subject:—19, 35, 61, 99, 153.

L.—In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

R.—And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.—John 14: 2-3.

L.—I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.—John 14: 18.

R.—Who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap.—Mal. 3: 2.

L.—Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ.—1 Pet. 1: 13.

R.—To the end he may stablish your hearts unblameable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his saints.—1 Thes. 3: 13.

L.—Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not.—Luke 12: 40.

R.—Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another: and so much the more, as ye see the day approaching.—Heb. 10: 25.

L.—He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.—Rev. 20: 7.

No. 249. The Holy Spirit.

Songs suited to this subject:—89, 180, 193.

L.—And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions:

R.—And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit.—Joel 2: 28-29.

L.—For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring.—Isa. 44: 3.

R.—Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him

L.—He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings: and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me.

R.—These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you.

L.—But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.—John 14: 23-26.

R.—And ye are witnesses of these things.

L.—And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you.—Luke 24: 48-49.

R.—And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.

L.—And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

R.—And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.

L.—And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.—Acts 2: 1-4.

R.—Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

L.—But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit:—1 Cor. 2: 9-10.

No. 250. Patriotic.

Songs suited to this subject:—202, 203, 204.

L.—Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord: and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.—Ps. 33: 12.

R.—He ruleth by his power for ever; his eyes behold the nations: let not the rebellious exalt themselves.—Ps. 66: 7.

L.—We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work thou didst in their days, in times of old.—Ps. 44: 1.

R.—Our Father trusted in thee: they trusted and thou didst deliver them.

L.—They cried unto thee and were delivered: they trusted in thee and were not confounded.—Ps. 22: 4-5.

R.—Thou art an holy people unto the Lord thy God: the Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be special people unto himself above all people that are upon the face of the earth.—Deut. 7: 6.

L.—Be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude for the battle is not yours but God's.—2 Chron. 20: 15.

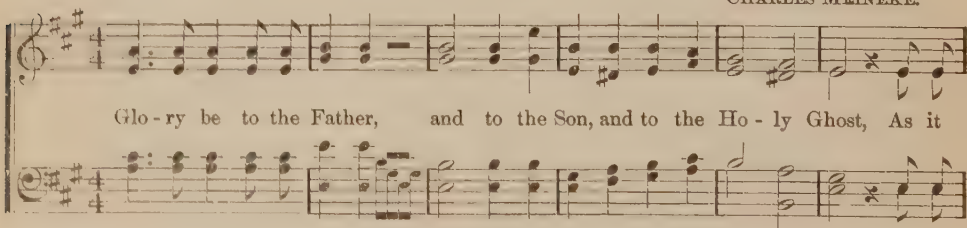
R.—Praise thy God O Zion. For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates, he hath blessed thy children within thee.

L.—He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.—Ps. 147: 13-14.

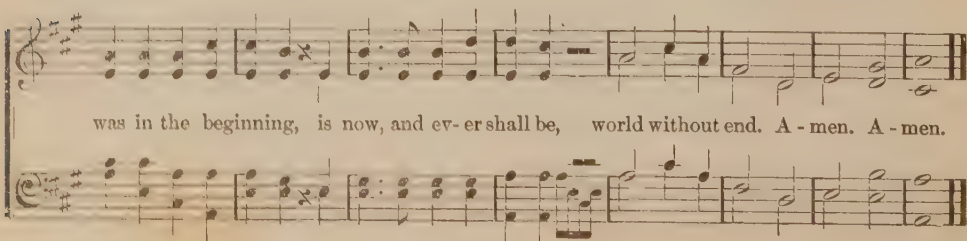
No. 251.

Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.



Glo-ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost, As it



was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end. A-men. A-men.

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